Of Leaves and Stars
by irrationalmoony, LadyAmina

Summary

Almost a year out of Hogwarts, Lily finally manages to convince Sirius and James to get more acquainted with muggle technology and buy phones. Sirius, of course, texts the wrong number.

Notes

Ongoing rp we thought someone else might enjoy too.
Chapter 1

Prongs,
As requested, you are my first official Text Message. I just hope I have the code number correct. Right after this I'm trying Evans because there are too many damned buttons on this thing, why do they have to be so complicated?? Really rude of her to help you before helping me, to be honest. Contact me at your earliest convenience.
~Padfoot

I have just so many questions, I don't even know where to start.

Prongs,
What?
~Padfoot

Padfoot,
I'm afraid you've failed your friend, you've got the wrong number.
~RJL

Not Prongs,
No! I was so careful, I copied it exactly, I thought. I blame him. I don't know how yet, but I do. Sorry, thanks for your time, R JL.
~Padfoot

Please if you could just answer these, I really feel like I need to know.
1. This is your first text massage? Like not just the first on a new phone, first, first?
2. How old are you??
3. Why do you have a phone with buttons, how old are you??
4. Why do you insist on signing every single text?
5. “Contact me at your earliest convenience.”? Who talks like that, how old are you??
6. Are those nicknames, please say yes

RJL,
1. This is my first mobile phone, yes. 2. Old enough. 3. I have the phone Evans told me to get, she didn't seem to think I was ready for the flashy flat thing she has. I'm old enough. 4. Well I'll just stop that now then. 5. I talk like that. Old enough. 6. Yes they are.

Addressing the person at the beginning isn't necessary either, they know you mean them, you're texting their number. If you manage to get the right number, of course.

Okay, thank you.

You're welcome. Good luck.

Oh that's it, then? I don't get to ask any questions?

I suppose it would be only fair, go ahead.

1. RJL?? Are you a fiction novelist or a mysterious benefactor of some kind? Who refers to themselves like that?
2. How old are YOU?
3. Why are you still talking to me?

1. I didn't want to give you my name and I don't have a nickname, so initials were the only options. And I don't like how just 'R' looks, so I went for 'RJL'
2. Old enough
3. You amuse me

1. If you'd called yourself R there would have been pirate jokes.
2. Alright. Are you old enough to drink?
3. I'm so glad.

Thank god I didn't, then. I am.

Between 18 and 40?

I was 19 last month

Oh happy birthday!

Thank you, it was wild.

Oh was it??

You've no idea.

Give me an idea.

It was such a beautiful night, I stayed up til morning, but then when I woke up I barely remembered a thing. Plenty of evidence though about what went down. Truly a killer night.

You are being far too vague, I must know everything.

Nah, it wasn't really all that special, I just had another party a few days back and it was basically the same.

I haven't been to a decent party since graduation.

Which was when

Nearly a year ago.

High school or uni?

High school.

So you're my age

and you didn't have a phone until now

I never had a need!

How have you never had a need for a phone, are you a witch

What no
Okay then if you're not a master of psychokinesis, how did you communicate with your friends all these years?

I talked to them.

With my face.

Okay but outside of school and hanging out, when you were at home

Well living with Prongs that's pretty much not a problem, and Wormtail is over all the time anyway.

Okay I'm just gonna drop it

If you so choose.

So you were never lying awake at night not able to sleep and wishing you could call a friend?

You were just like, eh, no problem waiting til morning

Yes, exactly.

Ughhhh fine. Dropped.

Good luck.

You're frustrating

I take back my amusement

Oi

I am plenty amusing.

I'm so unamusing that you just stopped texting me???

Is this proper messaging etiquette???

yes

Oh hello.

We determined why I keep texting back, but why do you?

We did not, you claim to be unamused and yet???

Well now I'm curious
Because I'm interesting.

Sure, let's go with that

Are you always this rude?

Pretty much, yeah

Charming.

Charming is my speciality

Oh is it?

Always has been

Let me tell you, it's not going well.

It's not my job to try to impress you, if you have a problem, just stop replying

Maybe I don't want to.

Well then at least tell me more about yourself

Oh no no no

You already know more about me than I do about you.

You tell me something.

I'm tall

You're tall.

yes

How tall is tall?

Tall enough

Tall enough toooooo???

To reach the top shelf

This is terrible.

Now I have this horrifying faceless tall image of you. Are you as creepy in real life as you are in my imagination?

Even more

I, too, am tall.

How tall

Tall enough.
Tall enough toooooooooo??

Reach a shelf.

Oh, so you're short

I said I am tall enough.

Aha

Shut up, nobody asked you.

Awww you're tiny aren't you

I could kick your arse is what you need be concerned about

Sure you could

I will climb you like the unnatural tree you are, tall person, and fight you face to face.

I much prefer kissing people when I'm face to face with them

Soooo charming

I'm trying to challenge you to a duel here.

Oh, I've never been in a duel!

You know what I mean!

Fight me.

Nah

See, I could take you.

Out to dinner? You'll have to work a bit harder for that

You are infuriating.

Yet you keep replying

Because I'm bored.

Well don't I feel special

Special and charming.

Mhm.

Tell me another thing.

I hate my father
Wow.

Okay.

Too dark?

Let me try again

I have green eyes

Oh no no let's go back.

Hate is a strong word.

And also me too.

Wait forward for a second. What kind of green?

I know it is, and I don't use it lightly

I don't know, just green

I dislike my father. I hate my mother.

You're going to need to give me more than that. Maple leaf green, or sage leaf green, or ginko leaf green?

Just green

No more on father?

Tell me to drop it if I should drop it.

He hates my entire existence, there's really not much to say.
Uhm

One thing at a time.

"Just green". How can you describe that as "Just green"???

And how can you send pictures?

And I try not to over-empathize, usually, because it seems insensitive, but I think I really do know exactly what you're talking about.

Fine, there's some brown and yellow in there too, it's not just green

I was asking for leaves, you've got the whole forest.

Hello, did you leave?

How do I send pictures??

Oh, right

Well I don't know your phone, probably easiest for you to go to pictures and select it from there and then share it

Yay for great parents

It says I don't have any.

Well did you take any?

I'll cheer to that for my adoptive parents.

No.

I'll cheer for my mum

Well that would explain it, wouldn't it

Tell me about her?

And how do I take pictures?

She's wonderful. Always supportive, even of things she maybe doesn't understand too well. And she makes the best scones.

How do you not

Never mind

Select the camera icon and then try pressing the middle button

She sounds wonderful.

Okay hold on.
no

No?

those can't be your eyes

Well it's one of them

It's too pretty

I can't stop looking at it

Awww thank you.

Fuck

Still with me, Tall Person?

Remus

Excuse me?

My name

Oh!!

Hello, Remus.

Hi, pretty eyes

Sirius

Hi, Sirius

Um

Pronouns?

Yes.

She/her is good right now, that will change.
And you?

Okay, you'll let me know, yeah?

If you'd like.

I would.

He/him

They/them if you must, I'm fine with it

But he/him.

He/him will be just fine then.

Thanks.

Of course.

Listen, I have to go to class soon

But I'd like to talk more later

Yeah?

If you don't find me too infuriating.

Only in a good way.

Have an enjoyable class.

Thank you. I have a feeling I'm going to have a hard time focusing today.

Good luck.

Be sure to sit in the back so the other people can see.

Bit bitter, are we, little star?

Fghjkmmikl

Sorry.

I'm sorry.

I dropped the phone.

It's fine.

Sturdy.

I'm not bitter.

No worries, it happens.
And of course you're not.

Being seated behind tall people is the worst.

But sitting in the front isn't cool enough?

Is that a question?

Your struggle is real.

So real.

Go suffer somewhere else for a few hours.

I'll be here when you get out.

ttyl

What???

Did you drop yours too?

Nope

Consider that your homework

What the hell???

;)

Are you having a stroke?

Turn your phone 90 degrees right

I don't understand.

lmao

????????
Chapter 2

O ok
Idk wat u were saying
Lol lol
Jk
I c it now
U said ud brb
R u still n class?
I'm gonna need you to stop and get back to normal words
Y
This s a-ok
No.
Yyyyyyyyyyy
It's annoying
U r
Well, okay then. Bye
Nooooo come back I'll stop
Promise
I promise!
Okay, I'll stay.
Thank you
So you looked things up?
I'd be hard pressed to find a book with the definition of "ttyl" in it, I think
Nah, Prongs shared some newly acquired wisdom
I meant more if you googled it, but okay
They as bad as you?
Ah no, I didn’t search with the internet. I will consider that next time
Whatever I am, he's worse, I assure you

I don't knoooow

He did know all those things you didn't

Oh shush

Talk, don't talk, go away, don't go, shush,

Which one will it be?

Ummmn yes.

Do you not know how questions work?

Ummm yes.

Okay..

The answer is talk, please, and don't go away

Tell me more about you and I'll consider it

Well you already know I live with Prongs, you know how I feel about my parents

I have twelve piercings.

Where

Hmmmm

Nah

Next?

Nah???

Tell me

I need to know

Noooope

Why not

Are they all in your ears and you're afraid I'll think you're not cool enough?

How dare you?

That's totally it

You're trying to goad me and it's not going to work

If you say so
Just know that that's what I'm gonna believe until you prove me otherwise

4 in one ear, three in the other. That's it for ears.

How many others on your face?

Nooope

None? The rest are all imaginary, you say? Well okay

Tell me something about you

I don't have any piercings, but I have a few tattoos

Oh

Oh?

Mmmhm

What?

Hmmm

Nah

Next?

I at least told you how many in my ears, you have to give me something

Four of them are animals

Four

How many total???

10ish

Ish?

It's complicated

Definitely explain

Maybe one day

Fiiiiine

What class were you in earlier?

Creative writing

Wow

Is that something you do?
Write? Yeah, sometimes.

Is it just one class or are you in uni?

Uni

English and history

Oh so you're a nerd

Yeah, gonna stuff me in a locker now?

Maybe

Great, a popular kid

Um

No.

Just believe nerds should be made fun of?

Also not what I said

If I shove you in a locker it's because it's you, not because you're a nerd

oh that's better then

I'm far too punk for popularity

true punks don't say they're punk

Impossible logic, because I just did

poser

Only for cute photos

awww, a cute punk

I'll allow it

Do you have any siblings?

1ish

Definitely explain

Well does one technically have ANY blood related family once they've been officially disinherited?

That depends on how you feel about them

Well it also depends on how they feel about me, so there you go

Okay. I'm sorry.
It's fine.

My father's awful, and did some really shitty stuff, but he never kicked me out

I know it's all because of mum, but still

Well, to be fair I ran away first

The notice of legal detachment came later

Wow

How lovely of them

It was

The best thing that ever happened for me

You mentioned adoptive parents?

I've lived with Prongs ever since, first with his parents, then a few months ago we got our own place

He's your...

Best mate

So what do you do?

I'm a starving artist, minus the starving

Hah

You any good?

Wouldn't you like to know

You paint?

Sketch mostly

People? Nature? Bowls of fruit?

Whatever comes to mind

How many bowls of fruit have you drawn in your life?

Zero

Do you do commissions?

The goal is to someday

How much for a bowl of fruit?

What
How much would I have to pay you for a sketch of a bowl of fruit?

But I would have no way to give it to you

Have you ever heard of post?

True

Well there you go

Okay

A bowl of fruit then

Yes, but I'm going to need at least the estimate price first, please

What do you think is fair?

I can't possibly say

I don't know how good you are

Also I don't know anything about art

Then we'll see what's fair when it's done

Alright, it's a deal.

***

rise and shine, little star

I'm up

you're already up???

why

it's so early no one should be up yet

You're up

yes but i'm being forced into it

By whom?

an alleged friend

Why?

shopping
Ooooh fun, for what?

no

no fun
clothes

Probably fun

What kind?

idk, just clothes

Is it for an occasion?

no

that i could forgive

i don't understand why we have to go so early nothing's even open at this ungodly hour

So Forest Eyes is not a morning person, noted

very much no

Nor is he a shopping person, also noted

very very much no

What is something you do like?

sleeping

Remus
dog star

Tell me something you really really like

chocolate fr

chocolate.

Chocolate what?

uh

frappes

Frappes

You're a frappe drinker

Omg
yep, that's me, love frappes

What are you hiding, wolf child?

my hate for people who call me that

Also noted, I'm sorry

What are you hiding concerning chocolate frappes?

nothing of importance

Tell meeeeeehee

nope, i think you've learned plenty of new me information, time to share a bit yourself

Ask me anything

why are you awake

I'm always awake early

gross

Prongs wakes up to run everyday at 5 and I've never been able to sleep through his alarm. Though at this point is just habit, I think

at 5

he goes to run

to run

at 5

run at 5

in the morning

Oh yes

what the fuck

It's

Unfortunate

does he hate himself

Oh on the contrary

ugh that's even worse then

He's the worst

is he like
healthy

Unnervingly so

is he annoying about it

Oh my sweet tall tree friend, I have two words for you

Kale Juice.

okay well that's it for this, then

we can't be friends, i'm sorry

Not me!

Him!

Don't be friends with him!

well you're best friends, so being friends with you is still too close to kale

I won't ever make you drink kale, I promise

promise on something you care about

I promise on my bike, I will never make you drink the awful green stuff Prongs leaves lying around all the time

you have a bike?

Well no but I will

It's a work in progress

you can’t promise on a bike you haven’t even bought yet

I’m not buying it, I’m building it

you’re

okay

so you're promising on scraps of metal?

I'm promising on the one thing in my life I have full confidence I will manage to see through

okay.

Okay?

yes, okay, i accept your promise, we can continue this friendship

Oh, excellent

is it okay to call it that?
Well I've sent twice as many messages to you as I have to Prongs, so I'd say it's valid.

Okay

My friend thinks it's a bit strange.

They do?

Yeah, but she doesn't really trust technology, so I'm ignoring her opinion.

What's she like?

Cheerful.

Oh I bet you're loving that.

She always wants to do stuff.

Like what?

Like go out, or write a song, or bake, or skip down the street.

I vote you do all of these things.

Ugh, you would.

I do.

Your vote doesn't count.

Rude!

What's rude is you stealing Remus' attention when he should be paying all of it to me and how I look in this dress. He'll talk to you later, bye.

What?

Oh.

Okay, bye.

Ttyl!!!!
Is that on a hanger?

Are you

Are you trying on a corny jumper?

*Maybe.*

**You don't Try On corny jumpers**

*You do when you don't have any intention on buying them but you lost a bet.*

What was the bet???

*Not important.*

Nothing has ever been more important, what was the bet???

**Really, nothing?**

In all of history, nothing has ever been more important than you knowing what the bet was?

Sincerely nothing ever

*My friend thought that the cashier was checking me out, and I told her it's their job to check out everything, and then she said if she can get their number for me in under thirty seconds I have to try on a jumper of her choice.*

And you got the number?

*I got the number.*

Well with eyes like those
I was never even close enough for them to see my eyes.

Well that's the only thing I have to go on, unless you verbally abused them but in a flirtatious way. You'd probably be good at that

Mmm probably

Are you going to use the number?

No

Awww why not?

Oh are you seeing someone?

Are you Aro?

I didn't mean to ask if it was a dumb question

I'm not seeing anyone and I don't plan to. Not aro either

Okay

Gotta ask it, feel free to ignore it

Why?

God, where to even start

Anywhere you'd like

I don't do romantic relationships because there are things about me I'd have to keep hidden from the other person, and that doesn't seem right. And if they knew about them, they'd leave, and I wouldn't blame them, no one deserves to be with someone like me. No, I can't explain further. And I don't do sexual relationships because I don't like how I look and am not comfortable in my body, and that's for several other reason than me being trans. And that's just my side of things, without taking into account that no one would ever want to be with me anyway.

Wow

Okay

I'm sorry

You asked.

Not sorry I asked, sorry if I brought bad things up unnecessarily

Thanks, though

It's okay.

So did you leave with the kitten jumper?

Maybe.
You didiiid

It was really soft on the inside okay shut up

Oh you didn't have to admit you LIKED it

Ugggghhh

Could've stuck with "I lost a bet" but sure

I already told you buying wasn't part of the bet

True enough

Was that the only thing you got?

Yes and I regret it already

I'm sure you're adorable in it

Not the point

So your friend

She's pretty scary

She can be.

Did you have any fun at all?

Oh, loads

Really. She's great

Good, then

You'll find out I complain a lot and am fairly grumpy especially in the morning, but I do also know how to have fun and enjoy things.

Oh

Oh

Oh

So what you're saying is

You're a POSER

That is not what I'm saying.

That is what you said.

I just enjoy things more than I let on
Isn't that technically the opposite of a poser

No you're posing as a grumpy, jade, cat jumper wearing nerd

I am grumpy.

Sure sure

And I'm getting grumpier by the second.

Are you pouting?

No.

I don't pout.

Oh you definitely pout

Who asked you

You

My mistake

I can hear the pour in your texts

Fine, so I'm maybe pouting a bit, whatever

I'll have you know I'm very cute when I pout.

That I believe

Ugh

You can't win

That's fine, I'm used to it.

Noooooo don't just accept it like that, that's sad

And that's how you win by not winning.

Oh my god

Just saying.

You're a professional

Winner? Yes.

I'm in awe

As is right.
I spent today purchasing fruit

Excuse me?

Oh!

Oh oh oh! For my commission??

Yes

What did you get?

Like everything

The flat is covered in fruit

Did Prongs see it yet, does he think he’s died and gone to heaven?

Oh he's not allowed to touch any of it until I'm done

He's in hell

You're cruel.

I like it.

I'm going to stretch this out as long as I can

Wait, are there oranges?

Yes, of course, why?

I would like to request that they not be included.

Okay, no oranges

Thank you.

Is the reason for this to remain a mystery?

They're disgusting, everyone knows that

Everyone

Everyone knows that oranges are disgusting

Everyone

Well if they don't, they should

I'm pretty sure
Pretty sure

There are more people who enjoy oranges than people who don't

Those people are wrong

You're wrong

There is nothing good about oranges

They smell nice

Not nice enough to forgive their other flaws

What are their flaws exactly?

A) It's impossible to eat them without your fingers getting all sticky and orange and it doesn't go away for the longest time. B) Peeling them is a nightmare, tbh all fruits that require a knife to be eaten should be eliminated from this world. C) The gross white bits. D) They don't taste good at all. E) Some even have the seeds still in them. F) Their name is completely unoriginal. G) All their glory comes from orange juice, which is for some reason widely considered as the default juice, which is terribly unfair to all other juices, especially the pumpkin juice, aka The Best Juice. H) They forced their way into chocolate, resulting in the world's grossest combination. I) They think of themselves as the most common citrus next to lemons (which are at least useful for seasoning, but somehow still receive more criticism), and get the most attention even though there are so many other and better citruses around that no one pays attention to or even knows the name of. Basically they're The Straights of the fruit world.

Wow

Fight me.

How do you fight this insanity?

"The name is completely unoriginal"

Well it is.

"All their glory comes from Orange juice"

Fact.

A+ on the pumpkin juice though, I'll give you that

THANK YOU

"They think of themselves as"

I don't think oranges have the capacity for concrete thought

Oh don't get picky about the phrasing, that's not the point

Your defense of lemons is inspiring

Feel free to include as many as you want in your work
I shall

*I'm happy about how serious you're taking this whole thing*

I appreciate you not making that into a Sirius pun.

*I figured you got tired of those at least a decade ago*

Something like that

Except when I do it. Then it's okay and hilarious

*Oh, obviously, yes*

Obviously

*Do the star comments bother you?*

Hah no

Those are at least creative

*Okay, making sure*

Thanks

---

Is that

*My shoulder? Why yes, yes it is*

You have a STAR tattoo???

*Oh is that what that is?*

Huh
Yeah, I guess I do

You have a star tattoo

I have a star tattoo

Wow

Take all the time you need to process this

It'll be a minute

I'll wait

I think I'm okay

You sure?

Nope

✮✮✮

What

What?

Oh you have a shite phone, I forgot

It's star emojis

Star what?

Emojis

Christ. Like little pictures?

If you say so

God, you're worse than Alice

Alice would be the technology-hating, shopping-loving friend who scolded me?

Yes

I think I'd like Alice

Yeeeah, you probably would

Seems I texted the wrong wrong number

Ouch

Nahhh you know you're my favourite

Am I?
Of course

I don't see any proof

Stilllll texting you aren't I?

That hardly proves I'm your favourite

I'm not texting anyone else with regularity

Me neither, but that's only because I don't have friends

You have Alice

Yeah, but she hates phones

Then I am special

Of course you're special, Sirius.

And you've never tried to make me drink kale, or put a rat in my shoes, so you're basically my favorite person

Someone. Put a rat. In your shoe. ???

That'd be Wormtail

What did you do to them??

Why do you assume I started it?!?

No one just decides to put a rat into an innocent person's shoe.

Oh god, was it alive or dead?

Wait no

I don’t want to know, don’t tell me

Either way, no one would do that for no reason

Wormy would

Would, not did.

I may or may not have lit all of his pants on fire

Theeeeeere we go

I put the fire out!

You want me to applaud you for putting out a fire you started?

Yes
Well done.

Aww thanks!

Unbelievable.

So flattering

So how's my drawing coming along?

Drawing

Drawing?

I thought

It's a painting.

Omg

You said you mostly sketch??

But you asked if I painted!

And then you told me you sketched!

And I said draw me a bowl of fruit!

Oh my god I'm getting a painting??

Yes

Oh god

You do not have to pay me for this

I mean you never did, obviously, but I need you to know

Yes I do, I commissioned you

You do not have to pay for a painting you didn't order

Noooo

Yes

Noooo

Yes, I want to have the first official piece of the famous Sirius [middle name] [last name] - “Padfoot”

You will

Yes, but you said your goal was commissions, and I want to be the start of that
Ugh

*You can frame one of the notes and everything*

The only note, more like

*We said we'd talk about the price when it's finished*

Yes but I feel awful

*Please don't?*

Well not awful

But like I've coerced you somehow

*You haven't*

Okay

*And if it turns out you're shite at painting,*

*Nah, who am I kidding, I'd still buy it*

Your faith in me is inspiring

*Use it and go work, then*

But then I'd have to stop texting you to hold brushes and things

"And things"

*I see you're a true professional*

*And I'm going to bed anyway*

Oh

Alright then, that works

Goodnight, Forest Eyes.

*Night, little star*

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Chapter End Notes

Remus has been trying to take a decent picture of his star tattoo ever since he's learned Sirius' name, but it took a fair while, since all but four of his tattoos are magical and not very keen on keeping still.

On the other side, Sirius has been struggling to paint the muggle way. Also, he had to
call Lily to ask what “a Note” is.
There were also a lot of close calls and retyped texts (“You're worse than Alice, and she's a witch”). And you're always safe to assume that most 'god's were originally 'Merlin's.
Also in the first chapter when Remus asked Sirius if she's a witch, before she realized it's was just a joke, she threw her phone and had a mild panic of the “oh shite fuck I broke the statue of secrecy and I've only had this thing for three hours” variety. We just thought you might like to know :)

Rise and shine Remus J.L.!

No

Good MORNING MOONSHINE

Sorry you can't be sunshine because the sun is a star and I have a monopoly on those

Go away

Make me

Did you fall back asleep or am I receiving a silent treatment?

Remuuuuuuuuuuus

You're bluffing

You're asleep

I'm not

Aha!

Go back to sleep

No thanks

Fine then just leave me to sleep

But you're not sleeping

Because someone keeps annoying me

Is it Alice?

Want me to fight her?

I'm putting you on silent

You can't ignore me

You can try
But you can't ignore me

Watch me.

You can't, I'm special

Stoooooooop

Please

I don't like being ignored

*How do you take your tea?*

Depends on the tea

*Well what kind and with what would you enjoy right now?*

Hmmmm

Earl Grey, one sugar, bit of milk

*Okay, I can live with that*

You?

*Whatever the other person's having*

As long as it's not in a tea bag

*What a strange combination of nonchalance and snobbery*

*Tea bags are a crime*

Do you see me disagreeing?

*No, but you never know with one sugar people*

*I changed your order to two, one is just ridiculous*

Changed

Are you having my tea right now?

*I am*

Awwwwwwwwwwww

*Except you ruined it with too much sugar*

Did not. It's perfect now.
Ew

You can’t even taste just one sugar!

Exactly????

It’s wasteful

If you don’t want to taste it, just don’t put any at all in

Sugar is so very not there to be tasted???

It’s a flavour enhancer

To highlight otherwise subtle notes in the tea

If you want to taste the sugar, skip the tea and drink sugar water

Whateveeeeer

Brilliant counter argument

Well I am sitting on a counter

Of course you are

Where is this counter?

In the kitchen?

What kitchen?

Oh, that. I’m still at home

You know asking you questions is like physically painful?

What is home? Home is with parents? Home is at Uni? Home is the side of the road with a conveniently placed kitchen counter?

“Still at home” in this context usually means still living with your parents

Thank you for clarifying

I wasn’t actually trying to be difficult this time.

It's a natural talent

A really great one to have

I can see how you’d find it useful

Mhm

No class today?

Later
What class?

Poetry, language and society, nations and empires

Sounds interesting?

I enjoy all of them

Right, because nerd

Yes, I enjoy learning, how very uncool of me

Who ever said that nerd = uncool?

You're giving that kind of vibe

Well I assure you I don't mean to

Okay

What do you do besides class and shopping?

Text cute boys

Oooooh

You should introduce me to them

No

Why noooot?

They'd all stop talking to me

Wow mean

Mean is you wanting to talk to other boys

Am I not interesting enough?

Never said that

I read and write and sometimes I bake

What do you bake?

Chocolate chip cookies

Yummmm

It's the only thing I can make, but I can make them really really well

What's your secret?

Magic
Ha ha

Old family recipe

So just chocolate chip cookies then?

Yeah

I tried making mum's scones, but that didn't end well

Wow

Nothing deadly

That so does not reassure me???

Let's just say you're not the only one who can start a fire

When I do it I MEAN to do it

Irrelevant

Kinda relevant!!

Nah

I'm afraid for you

Nonsense

So afraid

Trust me, cooking won't be the thing that kills me

Intriguing

Don't worry too much about it

Well now I have to

Really, you don't

No choice

Suit yourself

What do you read?

If I just say books, are you gonna get mad again about how frustrating it is to ask me questions?

Yes.

I read books.

Reeeeeemuuuuuuuuus
I don't like crime or murder mystery novels. Also not a huge fan of sci-fi or fantasy, though when I'm having a really bad day I like to curl up with a horrifyingly bad young adult novel about vampires or werewolves. Anything else goes, and yes, I am a nerd and have read all the classics. Multiple times.

N
E
R
D

Yes, we’ve been through this already

I'm revisiting the locker shoving idea right about now

Most people agree I should be locked up

Top five favourite books of all time, right now, go

Pass

You may not

It's an impossible question

Answer it

No

Do it

Give me the option of a different question, and then I'll answer one

Okay

Either answer that question or show me something you've written

You can ask me anything, and that's what you want?

Hmmm yes

In no order: les mis, the iliad, the little prince, the bell jar, the princess bride

Is there a Nerd emonji?

Because you need a Nerd emonji

There's glasses emoji, is that stereotypical enough for you?

Sure, I suppose

 İslam - glasses, heart, book

I approve
Oh do you?

I'm so relieved

I live for your approval

Well you may rest easy, you've earned it

So what about you?

I have all of my approval at all times

Hilarious

Favourite books?

Uh

Mostly things you've probably never heard of

Try me

Well

I'm not really a read-for-pleasure kind of person I guess

What do you do for pleasure then?

I'm more hands-on

I draw or I work on the bike

I keep this place in order because James is an utter mess, to be honest

Is that Prongs?

Oh yes

James and Peter, Prongs and Wormy

Do I want to know the stories?

Maybe someday

Alright

But I get both of them tonight

Peter coming over?

Yes

And also Lily, James's far superior girlfriend

You're so nice to your best friend
Oi

I am

So far you've called him inferior, a mess, shamed him for his healthy lifestyle and refused him fruit

None of this is untrue

Are you one of those people who can't say nice things about his friend and is uncomfortable with any loving feelings?

Um

Ummm

No.

Okay...

Thing is

Here's the thing

The thing is that

You know you don't have to tell me anything if you don't want to, right?

No this needs to be said

If you know anything about me at all you need to know this

Alright

I can say all of the things I want to about Prongs because he is everything to me. He's all of the family I never had. He and his family took me in when I was a dumb kid with exactly nowhere to go and by that time we were already closer than any siblings I've ever seen. I know his thoughts before he thinks them and he knows mine. We grew up together. With the exception of a few summer holidays a long time ago, we've shared a bedroom since we were eleven. I can lean on James for anything. If you never know a single other thing about me, know that I love my friend and he knows I love him because I tell him all the time. No, I am not one of those people who can't say nice things and who's uncomfortable with loving feelings.

Okay.

It just seemed to me like you have the kind of friendship where you jokingly insult and tease each other a lot and I'm all for that, but I just wanted to make sure there's the other things too, because I find it that if those things aren't said as well, you can kind of forget or start doubting things, or worse, start taking the jokes too much to heart, and that can really suck.

But you don't seem to have a problem with that, so I'm glad.

No, there's too much between us for that nonsense
Good

What about Alice?

What about her

Well you pout about shopping and how she doesn't have a phone

She means a lot to me and I tell her that plenty

Okay

We haven't been friends for that long, less than a year

How did you meet?

At a hospital

Oh

?

She's studying h

Sorry, phone slipped

She's studying to be a doctor

Oh nice

Yeah, she's really loving it

And she's good at it too

But how did you MEET?

She kind of sort of maybe saved my life

She did???

Possibly

Were you a patient?

Or did you somehow manage to set a waiting room on fire whilst visiting a sick grandmother and she put it out?

Funny.

Probably not for the grandmother

Yes, I was a patient. My doctor was an arsehole and switched my meds and Alice spotted it. It's possible I would've been fine, but she's sticking to her story

And you've been friends since??
Well she insisted on it

I don't really

Do friends

You have to do SOME friends

There are a few people I'm semi-friendly with at uni

That's good

We nod hello and they borrow my notes

That's

That's not friendly

Well it's not unfriendly

I guess?

It is what it is

Well there's me, I'm friendly

Well you don't really know me

I'm trying to but you answer questions like a criminal evading charges

Fine, ask me something and I'll answer completely honestly

Do you do the hospital thing a lot?

Monthly

Okay

It's usually just a check-up, but sometimes there are complications and I have to stay there for a few days

Sounds like lots of fun

It's been better for the last two years since I've been of age, it used to be worse

I'm glad it's better

Yeah

My father used to make all the decisions and we didn't exactly agree on them.

From what you've said I wouldn't imagine he would

Yeah
Are you okay?

I'm okay

Maybe just hoped for a lighter question

What do you write?

You don't have to show me

Short stories mostly. Sometimes a poem creeps in.

Ooooooh he's a poet

Yes, add it to your "Why Lupin is a nerd" list

Lupin?

Remus J Lupin?

Ughhhhh

Yes

Your fault, you handed it to me

Yeah yeah

Tell me it was on purpose

It has to have been on purpose

I don't know what you're talking about

You know exactly what I'm talking about but I already promised I wouldn't say it

Yes, it was on purpose

Mine too very much

My middle name is Orion

Wow

Your biological parents were really committed to this stars thing, huh

It's a Thing

My brother's name is Regulus Arcturus

It's not really fair that they named you after the brightest star but didn't let you shine.

I'm shining now

Good.
James calls it my self fulfilling prophecy

Ooh, I like that

Me too

My middle name's

Nah, not gonna tell you

What why not?!

You know enough

I don't know your favourite colour

It used to be yellow, but I think now it might be grey

Oh

Interesting

Mhm

Grey though

So boring

You see, I used to think so too, but I've been proven oh so very wrong

Oh yeah?

Yep.

I made you something.

You made me something.

Mhm

Do I get to know what it is?

Mhm
I would like to return it.

It is yours

Do I get the physical copy?

It will be in with the painting

That you don't get to see until it arrives

Would you rather I shred it, or use our more common destruction method and burn it?

Please shred it, I don't trust you with fire

I can handle fire perfectly fine, thank you

Sure

So do you have a favourite colour?

Yes

All of them

Thought as much

Allll of them

Except grey

That's fine, I can like it enough for the both of us

Good

I guess someone has to

What about animal?

I'm a bit of a dog person

Have one?

Nope

Any other pets?

Just Prongs

I don't have any either, animals tend to be afraid of me

Afraid of you?

Is it because you're a tree?
Possibly, it definitely seems like they can sense I'm not fully human

Hah hah

I used to have a bunny when I was really little

Awww

His name, of course, was Bunny

It's only logical

I sure thought so

What was Bunny's fate?

We had to give him away when I was 5

I'm sorry

It's fine, I got over it

Okay

Lily says hi

Pete says hi

James says "I've told you to say hi at least six times and I'm pretty positive you never have, but why not? Let's try one last time - 'Hello Mysterious Phone Friend'."

Hi Lily hi Pete hello James

I'm not going to tell him you said hello

But you'll tell Lily and Pete?

Yes

They're pleased

But you want James to hate me?

No I just want this to drive him mental

Oh that's okay then

Thank you

So are you all just hanging out or

Yes
It's Wormy's turn to cook, so we're mostly watching that catastrophe unfold

*What's he making?

*What's he trying to make?

Some sort of a casserole thing

My kind of person, just throwing stuff in a pot

Oh no not you too

Even cooking???

Baking, okay, fine, baking requires some skill I suppose, but cooking???

Are you saying cooking doesn't require skill?

Like barely

I'd get my mum on the phone if she were at home, she'd tell you what she thinks of that

Don't make your mum yell at me!

Oh she wouldn't yell, it'd be much worse than that

Oh no

Oh yes

Does she cook?

She's a chef

Oh my god

I'm so sorry

Mmmhm.

I fucked up so bad

Oh no, she loves people who think her job could be done by anyone

Nooooo

I'll make sure to tell her when she gets home, don't worry

Doooooooooooon't!

Why not, she always appreciates nice comments after long dinner shifts

I'm soooooooooo sorry

Sure you are
I am!

"Like barely"

What have I dooooone

I won't tell.

Really?

Really.

Thank you

Not right away, at least

I'll wait until one day you come visit and she cooks and you compliment her food. And then just before dessert, I'll tell her all about this conversation.

So I'm coming to visit, am I?

Sure, focus on that to hide your dread

By the time we get to dessert I will have charmed her so completely she won't even believe you

I'll save the conversation, obviously

SO COMPLETELY SHE WON'T EVEN BELIEVE YOU

This "conversation" never happened

I'd like to see you try

Oh I will

Right, sure

Watch me

Okay I have a question for YOU. When a PERSON says HELLO it is POLITE to say HELLO BACK. particularly when one says HELLO TO EVERYONE ELSE IN THE ROOM. So my question is: WHAT DID I DO

You've got some false information there.

I said 'hi' to everyone else in the room.

Padfoot said you were VERY SPECIFIC

Let me point something out to you: Padfoot said.

Excuse me while I hurt your friend, please
YOU JUST LET HIM

I thought you had my back!

did he h

hurt you?

He tugged my hair

i'm sorry

My hair is sacred Remus

i'm sorry

Sacred

i'm sorry

I forgive you

you're okay?

Once I achieve retribution I will be perfectly fine

Are you worried?

yeah

Nooo don't be, I'm fine, I am

James would never hurt me

He would mess up my hair which hurts my soul but he would never Hurt me

okay

Now help me plot revenge

yeah, no, of course he wouldn't, friends don't

do that, friends don't hurt each other

i have to go for a bit

talk later

tomorrow probably

sorry

Okay
"James. James I fucked up. Iiiiii fucked up, James, I don't know how but I fucked up he's not going to talk to me again I fucked up, what did I do? This is the first time he's excused himself from the conversation since it started. James what did I do?????"
I'm sorry

I'm still not quite sure what I said but I'm sorry for it and if you tell me I want to fix it

Or at least apologize properly for it

Not talking to you so suddenly feels wrong

I'm sorry.

It wasn't your fault.

What was it? Can I do anything to make it better?

You can't

But it's fine, I'm fine, I'm okay

Okay

I'm sorry

Please don't be

I just

I can't really explain

I'm afraid of hurting people

You don't have to explain

I didn't mean to upset you

I overreacted

No??

Idk

If it bothers you it bothers you, it wasn't an overreaction

I guess

Do you want me to drop it?

I can't explain properly, so might as well, yeah
But you know if you need to talk or want to talk you have someone to do that with, yeah?

*It's not that simple*

Oh I understand that

Wish it wasn't a thing, but I understand it

*Did you have a good rest of the evening?*

Oh yes!

We had leftovers.

The casserole did not go well.

And then Lily introduced us to karaoke

Which was eventful

*What did you sing?*

Well I TRIED to sing Bohemian Rhapsody myself, but wound up requiring assistance, which was quickly granted

*It's not like anyone can resist singing along anyway*

Exactly

Thank you

*Hey is you hair long?*

*I've been imagining it long*

You have an accurate imagination

*And dark?*

Bordering on creepy imagination

*I just thought it'd go best with your eyes*

My hair goes with everything

*I'm sure it does*

It is Important.

*Sacred, I've heard*

See, you understand
But of course

It was my first big Fuck You to my mother

She hated my hair long

What was the second?

Purchasing my own clothing

I know that feeling

When did you do that?

Well, I. Hm. I didn’t so much purchase my own clothes as I did turn what I had into what I wanted

Ooooh that's even better

Do you sew then?

Uhh sure, I guess you could call it that

What would you call it?

TRANSfiguration

Ohmygod

Perfect

But hair was the first step for me too, just that I cut mine off

Awwww

How short?

Very very short

I was trying to make a point

And now?

Now it would still classify as short, but not nearly that short, I really didn’t like it then at all

Might get an undercut again though

Undercut

Again?

Yeah, had one when I was...16, I think

What colour?

Ehhhh
Sort of light brownish

Huh.

What

Nothing

You huh'd

Huh isn't nothing

Huh is huh

And means...?

You have green eyes and shoulder freckles and you're going to have an undercut

How do you

Oh christ, the picture

I have freckles everywhere, if you must know

You have freckles everywhere

Pretty much, yeah

You

Okay

Problem?

No.

No I do not have a problem with your eyes or your hair or your freckles

Good to know

I do have a problem with your height.

Yeah, but that's just because you're short and bitter, I'm not taking that personally

Well you should

Nah, don’t think I will

Okay good

6’2

Noooooooo

Too tall
Sorry

5'something

Tiny

You don't know!

Small

I could probably reach you in heels

To throttle you

Do

Uh

Do you wear those a lot?

Frequently

Boots

Okay

Okay?

Mhm

Fuck

Nice, yeah?

Sure yeah uh huh sure nice nice could be a way to describe them yup
I regret telling you how to take photos

I have 216

You’ve only had the phone for a few days

Correct

And you have 216

What are they of??

Dunno, things I see

Can I get some examples?
Oh

*I meant just to tell me, but that works too, that works better*

Oh, oops

*Descriptions and stories behind them, please*

Roses from this garden I pass on the way to the shop sometimes and they smelled even better than they looked

Sheets in the morning, I just like how crinkley sheets look

Your hand?

Yes my hand

Prongs and Lily are deer, this is just a fact, so those are just portraits of them

Uh, sure, alright

All of my painting stuff is out right now because of fruit, so those are just some aesthetically pleasing brushes

The shelf with James’ and my records, we share custody

Pretty

Thank you

It’s rather cute that you do that

What?

Take pictures like that
I want to draw all the things I take pictures of

*The drawings, too?*

**Hah hah**

*Sounds like a nice project*

**Well it's not poetry**

*I don't write that much*

*I've read one today though that reminded me of you a bit*

**Of me??????**

*Yeah*

**I'm a muse**

**What poem?**

*I don't mean to presume anything, it just talks about how the person's favourite colour is all of them, so my mind just went to you*

**Tell me iiiiit**

*Google 'Colour wheel' by Stella Seibert*

**Okay**

**Remus**

*Yeah?*

**I don't know what to say**

*You don't have to say anything*

**Okay**

*Sorry if I*

*I don't know*

**No.**

**It's beautiful**

**It's everything**

*Okay*

**Thank you**
You're welcome

You can do that.

Do what?

Send me things like that

Poems and nice words

Oh. Alright.

If you want to, I mean

I want to.

Okay

And you can send me pictures of things you see and really like.

That sounds good

It's a deal, then.

Good

And if you happen to stumble upon some nice words yourself, I wouldn't say no to those either.

If you do with pictures

I think I can do that

I should go

Sleep

Shopping in the morrow

Ew

Have fun

I will

Dream of colours

***

Remus!
Sirius!

Oh that's me

That's you, little star

I

Have a job

Doing what?

I have a job

I got a job

I am employed

Oh! You just got it??

Yes!

I thought you said you were going shopping

Yes.

Yes, but you also had a job interview?

No

You just bought a few shirts and then picked up a job as well?

I didn't buy any shirts

You know how you call me difficult when it comes to questions?

Well, that.

What happened, how did you get a job, where did you get a job?

I am now a proud employee of Lush

Oh that's just fucking great

I really needed to add "smells incredible" to my mental image of you

I went in for shampoo and they said they were having a party, so I thought, "yay, a party", turns out it was a "hiring party". Well I was minding my own business and I just mentioned to someone else why the ingredients in one of the shampoos would be really good for keeping in moisture and they asked if I wanted a job

My hair smelling great upsets you?

Yes it does
They just asked you if you wanted a job.

Why???

Yes

Well the one girl did, and then asked me all the other questions

Because.

When do you start?

Tomorrow

Congrats

It's my first job

And you didn't even know you wanted it

Exciting stuff

Well

I am

I'd imagine so

Okay

Is this stupid?

What?

This

Us talking?

No.

Because I talk to you

Like I really talk to you

And I guess it really isn't reasonable to have expectations. I dunno. I feel like I know you, but at the same time I don't. I can't predict your reactions or guess what you'll say.

Well of course you can't, we're just getting to know each other, we've been friends for less than a week

Yeah

I don't think it's stupid.

At all.
Sorry. I'm just pretty excited about this and you're the first person I told, and I'm starting to think maybe I shouldn't be excited about it and I hate that calm-after-the-excitement feeling

No!

No, Sirius, you definitely should be excited about it. It's gonna be great, you seem like the kind of person who'd fit well in there.

And I'm honoured you told me first.

Okay

Is it something you wanted, a job?

It won't interfere with your art?

I didn't think I'd ever be able to get one? I have no experience and no credentials. James and I have been living off an allowance from his parents while he goes to school and I

Well I do whatever it is that I do

But now that I consider it, it feels like the next big leap of independence

I'm happy for you. Honestly.

Thank you

You'll do great

A job, I have a job, oh wow

Did they tell you what you'll have to do?

Just that I'll be working with people, which is good, I'm best with people. I'm not so good on my own.

That's good, then

I think it is

I'm sensing a transition into the nervous stage, go back to excitement, you've got nothing to worry about

I can't be trusted with a job, Remus!

Of course you can!

I am not that responsible

So you'll learn to be

You're always up ridiculously early anyway, so you know you'll never be late, that's a good start

Yeah
Enjoy this now, and if it goes bad tomorrow, WHICH IT WON'T, you can worry about it then

Okay?

Okay

Okay okay okay

Thank you

No problem

So which shampoo did you get?

Seanik

I

Don't know why I asked, I have no idea what that is

It smells like clean freshness and has bits of seaweed in it

Mum got me a bath bomb from there for Hanukkah, that's my entire knowledge of Lush

Which one?

Uhh

It had moon and stars on it?

Awww Twilight

See, you'll be great, you know stuff

I'm studying

NERD

Looking at a catalogue full of pretty things is not nerdy!

Is if you're studying it

Well you would know all of the technical qualifications

Should I leave you to it?

I suppose

Alright

I can't do this

What's causing you trouble?
There's so much to remember

You don't have to know everything

Don't I???

No? They won't just leave you to do the job alone at first, a more experienced employee will be with you to help and train you

Do you think they will?

I'm sure of it

Okay

You will be.

Okay

Thank you

What did James say when you told him?

"You weren't already working there?"

But he's ecstatic, he thinks I'm going to buy him things

Well you do get a discount now

I do?

I would assume so, most stores have the employee discount

I'm sure they'll tell you everything tomorrow when you talk salary and benefits and vacation time and the likes

Okay

Don't start panicking again

It's a lot

I know, but you can do this.

I can

I can

Okay
Oh

Thank you

Mhm

A lot

You're welcome.

I needed this

I'm here anytime

James is at Lily's tonight

Well I finished all the work I had for uni while you were studying like the nerd you are, so I'm free to spend the whole evening with you through texts

Awww yay

If you want

I can also leave you alone if you'd prefer

Um no?

Please don't?

Alright.

Just checking.

What did you have to do for Uni?

Read a few chapters for history, finish an essay for lit.

Good essay?

Yeah, it was fun
Fun

Yes, fun, shut up

What was it about?

The values of the Homeric hero

Oh wow

Look, I managed to work in how Achilles and Patroclus were totally boyfriends, what more could you want from an essay

!!!!!!!

Well they were

Obviously

Oh I got in so much trouble for inquiring about that to my tutor when I was little

You had a tutor?

A few times a week until I went away to public school, then just over the summers

I was supposed to go to boarding school

Didn't work out

Why not?

If that's an okay question

The nice explanation is that they had no way of ensuring my safety in regards to my medical condition

Oh

I'm sorry

It's alright, I got over it

Did you go to state then?

Home-schooled until high school

I would have died

I used to love those few hours a day at the beginning. They were the only time it seemed like my father actually cared about me. Because he thought maybe I had some potential after all. And I'd study and practice so so hard, so that I'd be good even at the things that I wasn't a natural at, just to impress him. Realized after a few years that I'll never be good enough for him no matter what I did, so I stopped trying for long enough for him to give up on me and agree I can go to m

my local school instead.
And you still live with him?

Yeah

I'm sorry

I'll get out eventually

You will.

Yeah

There's always an out.

So they say.

There is

Can we change the subject, please?

Yes

Which do you like better, fruity scents or earthy scents?

Earthy

Noted

You?

Depends

I'm particular about my fruity scents

How so?

Nothing artificial, or overly sweet, citrus things are yes by themselves but not mixed with other fruits, better when they're the light, floral kind of fruity

Noted

Favourite ice cream flavour?

Vanilla

Ew

THANK YOU

What??

Vanilla is a pointless ice cream flavour

My favourite is chocolate chip

More acceptable, okay
Vanilla is only okay if you're using the ice cream as a vehicle for some more important flavour.

I can tolerate it on a side of a stack of waffles.

Is that a thing???

What, waffles?

And ice cream

I must try this.

Okay but the waffles have to be chocolate.

Oh wow.

It's the only right way.

I'm writing it down.

Good.

Is this something your mum would make?

If I ask nice enough.

Awww.

Making toast is the height of my breakfast food abilities.

Remuuuuus.

I don't like eggs so I never tried making those, and pancakes require way too much work for the morning.

You don't like eggs? You don't like what kind of eggs?

Any.

You can't just blank out not like eggs, there's too many ways to eat them.

I can survive scrambled.

You astound me.

Thank you.

Wowwwww.

Whaaat.

You.

I'm amazing, I know.

Not arguing with that.
Ughhh you can't just agree

Oh but I do

It's fine, you'll change your mind soon enough

Try me

I'd rather not

Probably wouldn't work anyway

I hate being here alone.

Too quiet?

Yes

I have music on but it's still too

I dunno

Lifeless

What are you listening to?

Turn it to side 2

Oh?

1 is scratched and doesn't play properly

Oh

You

You're listening???

Well I'm about to

Ahhhh
I just

I listen to music sometimes and I wonder if there's anyone who's listening to that very same song at the same time, and what they're like and what they're thinking about. And I guess the chances of there being someone are pretty high, but you can never really know for sure

And I just thought maybe you could.

Know for sure.

Tell me when to start

Count to 10

Okay

And you're really listening?

I'm really listening.

That's

Really nice

I know it doesn't really help

How?

How?

How could anyone construe this as not helping?

This is the least lonely I've ever felt on my own

Oh

I don't know. I guess I was just afraid you'd find it silly

No

I like this

Okay

I do too

Can't believe you have this

I've acquired a pretty decent record collection through the years, the shop I go to has a £1 bin for really old (though unfortunately also more often than not damaged) ones

Ohhh nice

Mhm

How many?
Enough that if I had just been more patient I could've saved up for the few new ones that I actually really wanted

I am suddenly embarrassed by my little shelf

Which is only half mine in the first place

No! Don’t be

The bottom shelf are my mum’s, and a lot of the others are practically useless or just have really bad music in the first place

It's a great looking collection

Thanks

I'm gonna get up on this table and sing now

You're

Well okay

I'll continue lying on the floor not singing

Come on you have to sing along just a little

Do not

Come oooon

Okay, I'll hum

Just a liiiiiittle singing

Fine, but very quietly, it's late

Yessss

Be careful
I am being chhjkkllm

Sirius???

I'm okay

I think I'm okay

Did you fall?

Maybe

Siriiuuuuus

I'm fine!

Do not climb back up there

So

I should climb back down?

Christ

Yes, and go to bed

But that's less fun

Beds can be plenty fun

Not when they're empty and cold

It's not empty if you're in it

Feels empty

I know.

But my eyes keep closing and I don't want to fall asleep first, because I don't want to leave you alone

Okay okay

Thanks for keeping me company tonight

Anytime.

Good night, Nerd

Goodnight, clumsy

I am not?? I fell once!

Shhhhh

Sleep
I am not clumsy

Sure you’re not

I am fucking graceful

I'm certain

You don't know!

Getting real defensive here

See and now you fell asleep before presenting any evidence to support your claim, so I really have no other choice than to keep believing that

Sleep well, Sirius.

And good luck tomorrow.
Chapter 6

No! You have no evidence to support the accusation in the first place! I fell one time. Clumsy people don't wear the heels I wear, so there's your evidence

You weren't wearing heels when you were singing on the table

Beside the point

Is it?

Yes

I think it's a rather relevant piece of information

I was barefoot

See if you at least had socks on, then I'd understand, because those can be slippery. But now there's really no excuse for your clumsiness

Ughhhhhhh I'm not clumsy!

I guess we'll never know

We do know, we know right now!

It's gonna be a mystery forever

You're awful

Good morning to you too.

Yeah yeah yeah good morning

Ready for your first day?

Not at all

Trying to figure out what to wear

Comfy shoes because you'll probably be on your feet all day

Ummm okay

You do own some normal shoes, right?

Define normal

Flats

I have flats I can do flats

Great, do that then
Hate these days.

Thursdays?

Those too

Days when what I want to wear and what I want to look like aren't the same things.

Ah.

I'm sorry

It's fine. It's whatever

Would it help if you told me what you want to wear, or would that make it worse?

Well when I imagined it yesterday when she was telling me the guidelines for dressing, I had this leather skirt all picked out in my head. But it's not a Skirt Day. But I was excited about wearing it, so everything else looks marginally unappealing.

Just try and think about how great it's gonna feel when it will be Skirt Day.

Yeah

And I'm sure you'll look great in whatever you do end up wearing today

So you're a nerd AND a kiss arse

I definitely don't think I'd say no to kissing a nice arse

Oh my god

Just saying

Changing your contact name to Dirty Nerd now

You're the one who brought it up

You know very well how I meant it

And you knew I was only trying to be nice and make you feel better

Worked

Good.

Thank you

Anytime

I'll let you know how this goes as soon as it's over

Have a good day
You were right!

About what!

They explained a lot more today

Oooh, good!

It is

So much fun

I love it there

Tell me more

Everything smells fantastic??? James always does all of the shopping because he understands

Well he's the one with all the money

And he only uses shampoo he can get for under a pound for Personal Reasons, but he started getting me things from this place around Christmas and he's been getting me things there ever since and I always love them, but I've never been around them all at once before and it's like overwhelming in the best way

Everything is so colorful and smells so good, it's my favourite place

You're cute

What

You're cute when you're excited

You don't even

Shush

I bet you have one of those huge grins on that just won't go away

So what if I do? I had a good day

So I'm happy for you

Oh

Congrats on your first successful work day, really.

Well I learned about a few of the different ingredients and selling points, and the girl said I can use the labels to help me explain so that will be easier than I thought. And everything is so fun and interesting and I wish you could feel my hands right now they're so soft and they smell so good

What do they smell like?
Like gardenia and shea mostly

*Just say flowers next time*

I smell like flowers.

*Working again tomorrow?*

Yesss

*You just can't wait, can you*

I have a prospective outfit and two back-ups

*Good, smart.*

I will probably go in a different direction entirely but oh well

*Good to be at least a little prepared, very responsible*

Ew gross

*You're responsibleeeeee*

Am not, you take that back

*Responsible*

I'm going to do something irresponsible to counteract this

*Planning on being irresponsible on purpose is so not punk rock*

It is if I do it

Suuure

Hmph

*You probably can't even remember anything to do, that's how responsible you've become*

Shut uuuup

I'll think of something

Um

*Okay I know this shouldn't really be a big deal, and it's just one of those things people say, and it's not exactly fair of me to ask this, because I say it too, but do you think you could maybe not tell me to shut up?*

Oh

Yes, I'm sorry

Thanks for telling me
I waited too long with Alice and then it was a Thing, and I don't want it to be a Thing

It doesn't have to be

Is it the being silenced or the words themselves?

The first, kind of. I can brush off the words most of the time, it often doesn't even register, but then sometimes it's just...really bad. Alice told me once jokingly to “never speak to her again”, and, well. Not exactly the best two weeks of my life.

Remus

I know, I know

Please don't ever shut up

Oh

Um. Okay.

Good. Thank you

Thank you

I really like

You not shutting up

If you could maybe mention that every now and then that would help a lot

I can do that.

Thanks.

Two weeks?

Yeah.

I just thought she had enough of me, that that was it.

And then I sent her an

a package with a few things she left at my house, because she forgets things everywhere all the time

And she showed up at my house right away all confused as to what was going on

And we talked, and she was sorry, and I was embarrassed, and she was kind, and I was sorry, and it was all okay.

This was recent

You said you've only known her a little while

It

Yeah.
It was last month

We talked a few days after my birthday.

I'm sorry

It's all good

I'm glad it is now

Me too

Alice sounds great

She is. She's a genuinely kind person. Maybe doesn't quite understand certain things sometimes, but she's learned not to push.

That's the important thing

Yeah

I'm friendship spoiled

James too perfect?

Yes

And Lily and Pete

Tell me about them?

Pete's been with me as long as James has. We met our first night at boarding school, they made the mistake of putting the three of us in a dorm together. James and I were friends instantly, before we even got to our sleeping arrangements, and then a few days later he started talking to Pete regularly and inviting him into our conversations and he's just been with us since. Not living with him since being out of school is weird, but he comes over as much as he can. He's got his own issues going on at home, though. And then Lily. The light of all of our lives. James had this embarrassing crush on her for years and years in school, real persistent, never got anywhere with it until he stepped back and proved he was a person, not an obsessed nutter. But she was my friend before that. Bought me my first eyeliner, let me spend time in the girl's dorms when she could see I was struggling. Outright fought a kid who made a nasty comment about my alternating use of boys'/girls' toilets. I don't know who I'd be without Lily. Or any of them. I was an unpleasant child, I think. I think sometimes I still am an unpleasant child. But they all helped me grow better and they all had a hand in getting me out of that house and having an identity of my own. It's a deeper than friendship bond with all three, I'd die for any one of them.

Wow

I can't even begin to imagine that

But they all sound wonderful
The whole thing sounds wonderful.

It is, it's the very best part of my life

May I ask where you're living this life?

Bit outside of London

Okay. Just wanted to have an image in my head of where to place you

I'm in the middle of Nowhere, Wales

How did I manage to mess the phone number up so badly as to message someone in Wales???

How exactly do you think phone numbers work? There's no area codes for cell phones other than the country one

Soooooo they don't like

Go in order?

In what kind of order exactly would you like them to go?

Well I don't know, I'm not a phone expert!

Clearly

Do you like Wales?

Not particularly

It's fine, I guess

Okay

When I was little we used to live in Cardiff, where my mum's from, but then we had to move more out to the country.

Had to?

It was best I was kept away from people

What?

Never mind, doesn't matter

I quite like London, though

Ookay

Yeah?

Yeah, I usually walk around a bit if I'm feeling well enough after my hospital visits, and the couple of times I let Alice drag me out the people were more welcoming and open than what I'm normally used to.
Well we try

Have you always lived around there?

Other than school, just about

Where was school?

The boarding one that I was supposed to go to was in Scotland. My father's from there and went there too, so when I didn't that was a nice cherry on top of all the other disappointments.

You were going to go to boarding school in Scotland?

Yes?

I think you would have liked it there

Yours was there?

Yes.

Nice

I loved it

Maybe not tell me more about it

Okay

I'd like to know, just maybe not right now

That's okay, really. I don't need to talk about it

Okay

Help me study?

Sure, what can I do?

What is your skin like?

Uhh...a bit dry?

Might I suggest some Skin Drink moisturizer?

And an Oatifix face mask a few times a week?

And how exactly will those help?

The oats and mushy banana gunk in the Oatifix should combat dry skin overall

And there's avocado in the Skin Drink for moisture, and also aloe vera and rose which are veeery soothing to the skin
Mhm mhm, and what would you suggest for my hair, which sometimes has the opposite problem?

How so?

Well in general it's really curly and pretty soft and nice, but then sometimes I can't really be bothered to wash it for...a longer period of time, and it gets a bit...less nice.

This is a pretty long time not to answer a question, I think if I were a real customer I would have left by now.

I'm thinking.

Ookay

Would a picture help?

No

M God

...?

Um

Maybe

Wait

I'm waiting

Maybe curly wurly

For the

Those curls

Or I Love Juicy to get all the oils out
But you said you prefer earthy scents and that one is definitely definitely fruity

Alright, well, thank you very much for your help, kind salesperson.

Mmmh

You okay there?

Yeah

Yes

Yep

Okay..

You should get that undercut.

Yeah, you think?

Yes.

Okay, I think I will

Yeah???

Yeah, why not

Wow

Wow?

Gonna be wow

My hair's gonna be wow?

Yes.

You like curls.

They're alright.

You're totally into them.

I like them just fine

Mhm

I'm gonna leave you to study a bit more while I go wash them

Get them nice and clean for the hairdresser's

Uh huh

Do that
I will

Oh, and my shampoo smells of tea tree.

Just thought you might like to know

Since that's your profession now and everything

Thanks

You're welcome.

Mmhm

I feel very refreshed but at the same time also very sleepy

Sounds like the perfect level of comfortable for sleep

But it's not that late yet

Does that matter?

I guess not

Do you usually go to bed late?

Sometime between midnight and 2

Oh wow

Well my classes are mostly in the afternoon and I'm not a fan of waking up ridiculously early like some people

It would make your life easier

How

You'd be more awake when I'm awake

And you make my life easier?

It would make my life easier

You don't need me

You've already got great friends

Whoa no

What is that?

The truth

No?
I don't need any of my friends any less just because I have other ones. There isn't a friend quota I'm trying to fill.

i shouldn't even count as one

you've only just met me, and maybe i'm new and mildly interesting and entertaining right now, but that won't last

you have friends that you'd die for. i could never fit into something like that.

Where is this even

Okay, I'm probably going to explain so badly, but I'm going to try

just forget it okay

i'm sorry

No

Please

i should just go to bed

don't bother, okay, it doesn't matter

Just

Have sweet dreams, okay?

sure

you too
Okay look. When James isn't around, I miss him. There's a James-shaped hole there. And ALSO there's loneliness. And I can combat the loneliness by inviting Pete over or, like last night, talking to you. And that makes me less LONELY but it doesn't make James there and it doesn't make his absence filled. And when I'm getting ready these past few mornings waiting for you to wake up, I can talk to someone, I can talk to James, but it doesn't make me any less excited when you do text. I do consider you a friend, and maybe that's incredibly stupid but I already asked if it was and you already said it wasn't. I like talking to you. I do have other friends, but you're the only one of my friends who's Remus. I need that.

okay

Okay?

i don't really know what to say

Okay

i just feel

I feel like you're becoming friends with this censured version of me. Because there are things about me I can't tell you, at least not yet, and they're not all pretty. And I know you're a good person, but I can't expect you to still want me in your life after you find out the truth, nor can I blame you for that. But fuck, it's gonna hurt. I already like you so much that I'm genuinely upset about going to sleep early because it means I have to stop talking to you, and I'm afraid to even think about what it's going to be like later on, what this is gonna grow into. How you're gonna get hurt too. How it's gonna be my fault.

Do you want to stop talking to me?

No.

No, I really, really don't.

Then

Tell me something. Trade me something. It doesn't have to be your worst, but tell me something you're afraid to tell me and I'll tell you something in return.

I have scars. I can't tell you how I got them, but they're all over my body; on my chest, on my arms, on my back, on my legs. Across my face. They're not pretty to look at or feel nice to touch, and I've tried to cover the worst of them with tattoos, but that doesn't really do much else than draw even more attention to them.

Okay

You have scars

Okay
Take your time to process

No?

I'm done processing, no need. You have scars. Okay. That is okay with me. I am not offended by your scars.

Easy to say over text

I cannot imagine liking you any less because of a physical deformity or abnormality.

Okay

Your turn, then.

I think I was once a tormenter

In what way?

We, James, Pete and I, we used to give this one kid a really bad time in school. And I mean, he was a right arse, slimy little bigot, and he gave us as good as he got, but he's not the point. I am. It was wrong and awful what we did but we did it.

What's the worst thing that you did to him?

We humiliated him

In front of a lot of people

He'd called Lily a name and we

It was bad

Okay

It wasn't, and it happened.

Can you still be friends with a person like that?

I can

Really?

So you have scars and I'm a bully

And we're still talking

Really. Because I know what I was like when I was younger, and if I had the friends you have and someone had been a jerk to them... I don't think I'd do anything that drastic, but I definitely wouldn't stop you from doing it, and that's just as bad.

We're still talking.

He didn't always start it
I got that. And I'm not trying to excuse your actions, and I definitely think you should feel bad about it. But that's just it, you feel bad about it, and for the right reasons, which makes me believe you've grown and you wouldn't do things like that anymore.

Of course I wouldn't

Well then I can accept that for what it is, a part of your past.

Yeah

So I have scars and you were a bully.

And we're still talking.

We are

I really don't want to hurt you, Sirius. I don't want to be that person.

Then don't

It's not that simple.

How could you hurt me?

Be as non specific as you need to, but what are you worried is going to happen?

There's no way to be unspecific about it

And you really really can't be specific?

I can't, I'm sorry

I just want to ease your worry

I know

I won't let you hurt me

It doesn't really all depend on you

No.

I control me. If I say I won't get hurt I won't.

You know that's not how it works

Don't.

I'm an adult. I can take care of myself and I don't need people to protect me from my own decisions.

That's not how I meant it, that's not what this is about

It feels like it is
I know we're still talking, but it still feels like you're going to pull away at any minute and say it's for my own good

*It probably would be*

*But I won't.*

*I don't want to and I won't.*

**Swear?**

*I promise.*

**Thank you**

*I've never felt this selfish before*

**You're not**

*I am*

*I don't want you to feel selfish*

*I'll work on it*

**There's nothing you can tell me?**

*I'm sorry*

*I'll stop asking. I am too*

*I*

*I'm not a bad person, I'm not, I just*

**You don't have to explain yourself to me**

**I already believe you're not a bad person**

*Okay*

*And I will tell you. Just not yet.*

**You will?**

*Yes.*

*Okay*

*Thank you.*

**Good morning, by the way**

*Good morning. Tea?*

**Are you offering???
Asking what you’d like so that I know what to have

Something herbal

Hibiscus, chamomile, elderberry, or mint?

This morning, hibiscus

Good choice

Thank you, thank you

You on your way to work?

On my way out the door now

Text me when you’re done?

Believe me, I will

Okay. Good.

Have a nice day

I diiiiiiiiiid

Hands smell as nice as yesterday?

Almost

I played with less of the lotion

Played with other things instead?

Colours

They let me play with colours

Was it magical

It was magical.

Well I’m glad one of us had a good day

Oh no what happened?

How about rather than me bringing your mood down, you bring mine up by telling me something nicer instead?

I practiced on myself and so there’s two shades of blue on my eyes and shimmery purple on my lips, I think that’s nice

That definitely counts as nice
Right?

I'm vibrant

Would love to see it

Oh I bet

It would really cheer me up

fuck

So now you know one more piercing

Uh huh I did not miss that

Already added it to my list

So observant

Mock me all you want I don't care my heart fucking stopped when I opened that

Oh?

I didn't really expect you to send anything at all, let alone that

You said it would cheer you up, of course I sent it

Of course you did

Did it work?

Very much so.

Thank you

Anytime
Oh yummy

I decided I deserved it

I agree, you do

It may already be my second one

Does it look larger in the picture than it is in real life?

No?

It's like half a pint

Wow

It's not that much

Enjoy it

Eh

Only eh?

It's delicious, it's just hard to enjoy food alone

Ahh I get that

Yeah

Well now you're having it with me

I asked for another straw, but they wouldn't give it to me, so we'll have to share mine

I don't have any communicable diseases, I promise

All good then
Thank you

For what?

Sharing, obviously

Anytime

You're the best

No, I'm pretty sure that's you

Switch that around a bit. Be sure I'm the prettiest.

Oh I already am

Good

Your observation skills are on point today

Weren't earlier

??

I sat next to a jerk in class, and I knew he was a jerk before, but I wasn't paying attention because I was late and I just took the first free seat I saw

And he was polite and left you alone?

Not exactly

Want to talk about it?

He's not exactly original with his insults, so I managed to ignore him for a good long while. But when he started purposely misgendering me and I kindly asked him to leave me alone and take it up with my socks if he has a problem, things turned a bit ugly.

Well, uglier.

Fuuuck that

Take it up with your socks

You are made from the extra special star dust, Remus

What happened then?

Yes, well
Ohmywow

Then I got kicked out of class.

He did too, yes?

Nope

You're kidding

I'm not

That

No.

That is some phobic

What is his name?

Not important

I want to know.

Why

I want to make a call

You want to make a call.

Yes.

And say what?

I don't know yet

Let this be my something irresponsible

No
Please

I'm not going to

I won't be mean

No.

I hate letting it go.

It's not your battle to fight.

So?

I want it, I'm asking for it, I formally request this battle

No.

I don't need you defending me

It's not like that

I can handle it myself

Oh I'm aware of that

You and your socks

Screw you

What no

No, I meant that

I'm sure

Remus no

I just needed you to listen

I needed you to listen and agree that it fucking sucked and that it wasn't fair, and then talk about something else. Because I've already thought about this enough and I don't want my whole day to be about this, I don't want a few bigoted comments from a phobic arsehole to affect my entire mood. He doesn't get to have that. And you don't get to come in and save the day and make yourself feel better and use my situation to do your 'something irresponsible'. Because you're not the one who'll still have to sit in class with him three times a week and suffer the consequences. I told you no, I told you no a few times, and no means no and I need you to listen to that. Listen to it, and hear it, and respect it.

Okay

I'm sorry

I get where you were coming from, and I appreciate it, I do. I just don't like people pushing me aside and handling my problems in the way they see fit without taking into consideration what I want or
even entertaining the idea that maybe I know what's best for me, not them.

I never meant it like that

I never intended to defend you or whatever

I hate letting people like that just go about their lives

Because you CAN defend yourself but the next kid they do it to might not be able to. And it's not your responsibility to defend yourself on behalf of that next kid, but I can't stand knowing about it and just sitting on it

And what exactly would you have me do

Nothing

I don't know

You said no and I pushed and I'm really really damn sorry

It's fine

Doesn't feel okay

Doesn't on this side either

I'm sorry you had a bad day

I'm sorry I made it worse when I meant to make it better

I'm sorry I ruined your good one

You didn't

Thank you for wanting to help

Thank you for putting up with me and all of my issues

It doesn't feel like putting-up-with

Thank you for that too

When do you have that class again?

Monday

Wear good socks

1, I always wear good socks

2, I'm not going to that class

Skiving? A nerd like you?

Don't worry, we'll come back to the sock comment
I have better things to do for those 90 minutes

Like?

Like covering a car with post-it notes

What?

I'm going to put post-it notes over the entirety of his car

That's

One way of doing it

There's a slight twist to it, but you can't know about that part

What why??

Technically because it's illegal

Then I must know

Iiiiii really cannot tell you

Will I get to know afterwards?

Also no

So I just live in suspense forever???

Pretty much, yes

That's awful

Maybe I'll tell you one day

Comforting

Sorry

You can have another 100% honest question if you want, to make up for that

Hmmmm okay

Tell me something that always makes you smile

Blowing bubbles

Awww

Like with gum or with soap?

Soap

I don't like gum
Noted

What about you?

Dunno

Lots of stuff

Okay, what was the last one?

Finishing a painting.

I imagine that's very satisfying

It is

It also means I need an address

Oh!

You finished my painting!

Yes I did

Okay well there's no way for this to end badly

7 Willow Road
SA11 5NJ Ystradfellte
Wales

Excellent thank you!

I'll see you in ten minutes.

Cool, I'll put the kettle on

Chamomile please

You got it

Mmm

Are you happy with how it turned out?

I think

I am

Good

Maybe

Don't go doubting yourself now

I'm not, I'm not
Good. I'm sure it's great.

Now, how much?

You'll tell me when you get it

This won't end well

Probably not

So can you just tell me

No

Because I don't want you to pay at all

Well that's not gonna happen

Exactly, so I see no other way

So now I get to decide between making you feel guilty by paying too much, or offending you by paying too little. Excellent.

How much money is in your pocket right this very instant?

25 pounds and a few k coins

Right. Well whatever that adds up to, that's a million pounds right there. Adjust to scale as you see fit for the piece.

I should think of my 25 pounds as a million pounds?

Yes

You're ridiculous

Okay

So I've been told

In the best way

That I've been told less

Well you should be told more

Starting now is good enough for me

You signed it, right?

Sort of

Sort of?
I left my mark

Well that's okay then, as long as you leave the same one on all your future works

Yes

Can't believe you actually did it

Welliil of course I did

Of course you did

Yeah

I'm amazed by you as a person

I'm pretty fascinating

Oh yeah? Tell me more

I am brilliantly modest. Possibly the most humble person in the entire world.

Uh huh

Wanna see a cool trick?

Sure, blow me away

:-)

Turn your phone sideways

That's

That's your cool trick?

James figured it out

There's a bunch

:-)

:-D

:-(

James figured it out. James discovered smiley faces.

Clever little phone smiley faces!

I hate to break your spirit, little star, but James did not invent smiley faces

What do you mean?

I mean everyone already knows about this
Everyone?

Well apparently it's possible that some people don't

But yes, everyone

Okay but what about this one

<3

It's a little heart!

Everyone knows that one too

Damn it

Sorry

I thought they were so cute

Oh you have so much to learn

Teach me

Nah, this is way more entertaining for me

Nooooooo

Yes

So mean

¯\_//(ツ)/¯

WHAO WHAT

There's a long way ahead of you, young padawan

Oookay

Seriously though, what did they teach you in school

You learned phone smilies in school?

No...

Well neither did I

Right, but you

Never mind

I what?

Nothing, I already said I won't question your lack of this kind of knowledge
Thank you

*I didn't know certain things before I got to high school either, so. Yeah.*

Like what?

*Like social cues*

Funny

*Had those railed into me by the time I made it to age 5*

*So not really funny at all.*

Really not.

*I'm sorry*  

Me too

*I want to tell you social cues are overrated anyway, but I get the feeling you have a very different perspective on that*

*Yeah. Thanks, though.*

*I'm sorry*  

It's alright

*It's kind of one of the reasons I like talking to you*

*What is?*

Well it's not like there aren't social cues in texting. Like you don't use formal salutations, for instance, which you quickly taught me. But the cues are completely different than anything I was forced to learn as a kid. I like learning these, I like figuring out how to communicate more clearly with you. It's just so different than the things I've spent so many years trying to unlearn.

*You're a fast learner*

Thanks

*I really like talking to you.*

*It's*

*It comes unusually easy most of the time. Not really used to that.*

It does

*I don't talk to anyone else this much.*

I definitely don't text anyone else this much
Should probably go to bed

Probably

I don't want to

Me neither

Tell me something else about you

Like?

Like when did you start drawing

Third year in school

Never knew I could before, no one ever let me, let alone showed me how. Until James and Peter and I needed someone to draw something and it came out really good

What was it?

Our best kept secret.

Oookay

Sorry

That's alright

Thanks

Yeah, of course

Secrets are secrets

Your turn, tell me one thing before sleep

Like?

When was the last time you blew bubbles?

I

Hm.

I don't remember

Must've been last summer or something

Was it nice?

I don't have any memories of it not being nice

Fair enough

Goodnight, Sirius
Goodnight, Remus

***

Good morning, Sirius

Good morning, Dirty Nerd

Tea?

Well I never got that chamomile

Hmm okay

Thank you

That doesn’t make much sense

True.

How long have you been up for?

Two hours

Are you at least still in bed?

Would you feel better about it if I said yes?

Yes

Then sure

And what are you actually doing?

Laundry

...I’m going back to sleep

Noooooo

You’re being gross

It’s clean laundry! How is that gross???

You’re doing it voluntarily at 8am in the morning.

Would you rather I do it after lunch?

Yes

Okay
Okay?

Okay I'll stop

I'm no longer doing laundry

You

You don't have to do that

Well it seemed to bother you

Well I definitely don't approve of it, but that's hardly a reason to stop

That's all the reasons

You're being ridiculous again

I do that sometimes

Pretty often

It's my specialty

I quite like it

Why thank you

Mhm

So should I assume you have not left bed?

Well I got up to make tea, but I'm back now, yes

Do you do that a lot?

Pretty much every day

How?

What do you mean how

How do you just stay in bed?

Tell me if it's an insensitive question

How do you not??

I'd go mad

It's nice and warm and cosy

So lonely though, and too quiet

Beats the rest of the house
I suppose

You have your best friend living with you. I have a father who hates me and works from home most of the time.

I know

I mean I don't

But I'm sorry

I just

I feel the most safe and comfortable in my room so that's where I spend most of my time.

That's good

Yeah

And kind of cute

Cute?

Yes

How is that cute?

Sleepy Remus, cozy Remus

I do have my softest pyjamas on

How soft?

Very very soft

Sounds nice
M

What even

Those socks

*Are also very soft, yes*

And warm

*I'd probably stay in bed too*

*Nah, you've got a job to get to*

**Not today I don't**

*How come?*

*Wait*

*What day is it*

**Saturday**

*I haven't been trained for weekends yet*

*Saturday*

*It's Saturday*

*Yes?*

...*I'm going back to sleep*

**Really???**

*Yeah, go finish doing your laundry*

**Wait really really??????**

*Yes*

Ughhhhh waiting is agony

Are you still sleeping?

I'll take that as a yes

How about now?
How about now?

Remuuuuuuus

Wake uuuuup
Wake up wake up wake up

Remus it is NOON
What are you DOING????

You're wasting all of your awake time
I'm growing older awaiting your return

I miss youuuuu

Wake up

You'd be growing older anyway, that's just how time works

Yes but now I'm growing old with you! Awww so nice

Hi

How was ALL the sleep?

Hi, it was wonderful, thanks for asking

Good

So what did you do during ALL this time?

Finished laundry went for a walk got lunch

Oh that's not that much, I can catch up

You can catch up?
I can have lunch and think about what it would be like to take a walk

You're fascinating

Rather boring, actually

Well that's a matter of opinion

I suppose

What are you imagining when you imagine taking a walk?

Walking to the nearest pretty tree and sitting down with a book

Even in your taking a walk fantasies you're sitting down

It's my second favourite position to be in

Second favourite?

Yeah, lying is obviously the best?

And they say I'm ridiculous

Because you are

You too

Never denied it

This place never ceases to amaze me

I'm missing some information here

I'm just sitting at this cafe watching the people

And...?

And they're all just going about their days

And that's amazing?

Yes

May I ask why you find this so very amazing?

Dunno, the way they all do things

Different than how I grew up

Ahh, okay

Yeah

Pick one and make up a story about their life
Ooooh yes

...and share it with me

Oh

Okay

I mean you don't have to if you don't want to

Okay so there's a woman who hasn't put her mobile down the entire time she's been in here and I saw the barista give her a Look, like she was being rude

But what HE doesn't know is that she's on the phone with her father, who's just come out of a fifteen year coma, and her airplane flight to see him doesn't leave until tonight and she doesn't want to stop talking to him until she absolutely has to, so she's going to stay on that phone until the last second.

Awww

Why was he in a coma?

He fell out a window.

Fell or was pushed??

Oh heavens, was he pushed?? Do you know something about this????

Maybe

What happened?????

He was mistaken for his twin brother, who's a crime lord

Whoa

I know

Should I tell her??

I think you should. She deserves to know.

I'm going to tell her

Do it.

He'd agreed to pose as his brother that day, to protect him. The brother went to a safe house and started a new life but is slowly edging back to the life of crime. We're worried it's all going to have been for naught.

Oh nooo
Also she and I are getting dinner later tonight, she's really sweet

Oh

Nice

Very

And it turns out she was talking to her sister, but I think we were close

Glad she found you charming instead of creepy

Oi

I'm always charming

If you say so

I am

I have very endearing eyes

Like I need to be reminded of your eyes

My eyes are just fine, don't be mean

Your eyes are not “just fine”

They are too

They're not an entire topographical map of an enchanted forest, but they're alright

That is so far from what I was getting at

Hmph

Your eyes are fucking gorgeous, Sirius

Don't act like you don't know that

No my eyes are grey

I'M gorgeous and it shows in my eyes, but the eyes themselves are just grey.

What, no??

I mean, yes, they're grey, but they're not “just grey”. They're beautiful.

Eh

They're the prettiest I've ever seen. And please note that I haven't seen the rest of you, with the exception of your lips, which I refuse to give further comments on.

You refuse?

Yes.
Why?

Because.

Fine, I'll ask this nice lady

You do that. And have fun tonight. I have some school work to get to now.

Oh

Okay

Enjoy that, nerd
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

So how did the date go?

And good morning

Date?

Good morning

Dinner

Oh!

That was very much not a date?

It wasn't?

It was really nice though, we spent most of the night playing your game and making up stories about the people around us.

Definitely definitely no

Oh

Well I'm glad it was nice.

I don't date much

And I've never tried dating a girl

May I ask why not?

I just don't tend to find myself romantically attracted to women, I suppose

I meant why you don't date

Oh that

Uh dunno

I just think I'm a lot

And I'm unwilling to do the coy mysterious thing I think most people do when they start dating, where they hide all their quirks and bad habits and pretend to be normal

I don't think you're a lot.

To be fair, there is that whole never-met-me-physically thing. I've never seen your scars and you've never had to put up with what James kindly explains as me "being passionate about
everything"

I'm aware of that

It's just a lot for most guys, I think

Won't be for the right one

Hah sure

Want me to drop it?

Oh I don't mind talking about it, it's just talking about it never makes me any more hopeful

I'd rather drop it then

That's fine

Tea?

Black

Earl grey, lady grey, or darjeeling?

Lady grey

The only edible thing with oranges in it

You're so prejudiced against oranges!

I am, I admit it

And unwilling to change

Tut tut

Yep

The worst

I'm the worst?

The best worst but yes

I'll take it

Good

Oh M

My god

Ughhhhh

...my mum says hi.
What???

Hi mum!

What???

We're having breakfast and she said to either put my phone away or tell her who I'm talking to so I told her and she said I have to tell you hi.

Tell her it's really nice to meet her

No

You're not doing this

You're not gonna bond with my mum

Remus, you tell her, you tell her right now

Will not

Remus!

Sirius!

I have not yet been to the post office, I will hold your fruit bowl hostage until you exchange my pleasantries with your mother!

Fine fine fine

Pronouns today?

Yaaaay

He, today please

"Sirius says hi back. He also wants you to know he thinks your profession is a joke."

NO

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT

I don't think her profession is a joooooke

"No, wait, I got it wrong, sorry. He doesn't think your profession is a joke, he thinks it shouldn't even be classified as a profession."

That is not what I said ever!

"Yes, I agree, that is rather rude of him."

I'm going to write her a letter.

"He says he's gonna start stalking you now."
Stop ruining my chances!

*Your chances for what exactly?*

My check list

*Your check list?*

Yes my check list of people that have to like me

So far it's your mum and Alice and if this doesn't go well that gives me AT MOST a 50% success rate

*Oh, Alice already doesn't like you*

But I haven't actually tried to win her over yet

*Good luck with that*

I'll have them both in time

"Mum he doesn't actually care about you, he just wants you as some kind of a trophy...yes I don't understand either."

Stop helping!

*Why is it important that they like you anyway?*

Because

It's important

*Why?*

Because they're important to you

*She likes you, you can calm down*

Does sheeee?

*Well she said so*

Personally I don't get it

Oi

*I like you too, Sirius.*

Good okay

*I have to go now, Sundays are kind of our days, but I'll text you before bed?*

Okay

Enjoy your Sunday
You too.
I will

How did you spend it?
At Wormy's
You?
Gardening
You garden?
*Keeping mum company while she gardened
Of course she gardens, she's a gardening chef
Your mum is the stuff of fairytales
What does she grow?
Everything
Eeeeverything?
Everything. It's a huge garden.
Cacti
Yes
?????
Bananas.
Yes
How???
Magic
Hahaha
Cannabis
Not anymore
Beautiful
What did you four (?) do?
Two, James had practice and Lily was with friends
We watched films

Sounds nice. Practice?

Sports

Yeah, I figured that much, but which sport?

Foot ball.

I'm not sure there's an answer to that which I'd find acceptable, but football is especially bad

But don't tell him I said that

After your mum this morning?! Of course I'm going to tell him!

Noooo

You just wait until he gets home, young man

That's not fair!

It's exactly fair!

Is not!

How so?

Mum saw all my texts, she knew what was really being said

You showed people our private conversations?!?!?

No, I just let mum read over my shoulder this morning

That's the same thing!

Would you rather that I'd have just let her believe you were saying all those things?

No

Well then

Still telling James

Fine

:-P

That one has a little tongue

Thank you for explaining

You're welcome

It's so hard to make fun of you when you're genuinely excited about learning new things
How do you mean?

*I mean I'm finding you explaining this very cute*

Your thank you was sarcastic, wasn't it?

Yes

Damn it

*Question before sleep?*

Yes

*Best birthday?*

Easy, first one at

The school I went to

I never found out how they figured out when it was and they won't tell me to this day. My family wasn't very big on birthdays so it didn't occur to me to be excited about them, or really even acknowledge them. But my first birthday at school Peter and James threw me a huge party, well it seemed huge to an eleven year old with no basis for comparison, with presents and a cake they'd stolen and everything

*They stole a cake?*

From the kitchens yes

*That's...sweet*

It was

And the kitchen staff was very accommodating, it wasn't real thievery

*When is it?*

November

*I don't get the exact date? Do I have to somehow figure it out on my own like James and Peter did?*

Hmmm...yup

*Good thing I still have months to do it*

True

And you?

You already know it's March

Yes but what was your best birthday?

Oh
Why?

I'm not telling you, you're just gonna call me a nerd again

Pleeeeaasaaase

I got an acceptance letter from the school.

And a really good chocolate cake

That is

I don't know what to say

Most people would probably go for 'extremely pathetic' or 'kind of sad', but I vote you stick with the nerd thing

You're an incredible nerd

Mhm

I'm switching your contact name again

To incredible nerd?

Yes

You've been incredible far more frequently than you've been dirty

I should work on that

You probably should

Maybe I'll have a dirty dream

I wish you all the dirty dreams

Thank you

And some sweet ones too

A combination would be nice

Mm true

Goodnight, incredible nerd

Night, pretty eyes

***
So I didn't have any dirty dreams, but I did get off in the shower

W

Excuse

F what

The water pressure in my shower head is excellent

I

I'm glad

Mhm, me too. Tea?

What

Tea, what kind?

Um

Hibiscus?

Mmmkay

Okay

Shouldn't you be on your way to work by now?

Oh

Fuck

Right

I'll text you later

Looking forward to it

I survived my first day of not actual training

Congrats!! Tell me more while I finish this up

What are you finishing?

???????
You did not

I did

Originally the plan was to make a rainbow, but then I really really liked all the colourful post-its which I never normally buy, so I decided to keep them for myself and he can have the plain ones. Doesn't deserve colours anyway to be honest.

Really he doesn't

I'm so

So impressed

And you don't even get to know the really good part

Why won't you tell me??!?!

Can't

I'm so curious it hurts

Sorryyyyy

Whyyyyyyyyy

Shhh here he comes

That makes no sense!

Shhhh

....

okay

He's so confused

Okay now he's getting angry

Take one off take one off take one off
Yessssss

Take another take another take another

Oh this is beautiful to watch

I am so happy this is happening

He's so pissed, I love it

Muttering to himself

And more and more confused

Oh, now he's yelling, okay

What did you do???

"Who the fuck is Mr Moony?!“ oh M

my god

The thing is he's a jerk to so many people, anyone could've done this and it would make sense

Oh beautiful

Other people are gathering around

Someone tried to help and took one off and said “oh what a charming note” I'm dying

But what do they say???

Weeell that all depends on who's reading them

But you saw them, they're blank

Sort of

What does that mean???

Like I said, maybe I'll tell you one day

Hmph

Tell me about your day, grumpy

Well my very first customer was this older woman who loved my hair and wanted a tour of the entire store. So that happened for an hour

Wow, okay

She was wonderful

I'm glad

I hope she comes back
I'm sure she will
Well she bought enough stuff that she really doesn't need to for quite a while
She'll be back
You're so sure?
Yes
Well I trust your judgement
Good
Oh! James is home
You're in trouuuuublllllllle
Ughhh I thought you told him last night
Trollop he is he never came home
Why did he have to now
Cause he misses me when he's away
Well shite, what am I supposed to say when you answer like that
"Or maybe he just needs his tooth brush"
Okay, good one, but no, that sounds too much like that arsehole part of your brain trying to convince you people don't actually care.
I would agree if it were anyone but James
Tell me more about you two
That's too broad, I need questions
I don't know what to ask, I don't know what it's like to have someone like that
Well
I don't know what it's like to not
I think we have abnormal boundaries? Or an abnormal lack thereof? It's just what's natural for us, and then every once in awhile we get an off look or someone says something and I have to remember that that's not necessarily typical behaviour of best friends
Example?
Like if we're in a room and he's sitting on the sofa and I have the option of sitting a) next to him, b) across the sofa, or c) in a chair somewhere else in the room, 10/10 times I will sit in his lap.
Hah

That's wonderful

It's fine when we're home, but we get curious looks in public for things like that and the kissing and everything.

Those are just the normal "Oh, a queer couple" looks though

People love assuming things.

Oh how they do

Sorry that I did

The other day, about the dinner

Oh no, don't worry about it

It wasn't offensive or anything

Still

No, really

It didn't even have a twinge of bad feeling in it

Okay.

Ooooooh he's maaaad

Nooo

He wants to taaaalk to youuu

M

God, okay

Answer me some questions

Ask away

1. How DARE you?
2. Did you actually say that or is he using you as a cover?
3. HOW dare YOU

I've thought about it and I stand by what I said.

You did say it?!

Yes, football is a terrible sport.

Football
Right, yes, football, football is my life, how can you say that??

What do YOU like, then?

Maybe qu

questions like that should be avoided

I'm not a big sports person.

I am personally offended

Explain to me what's so good about football

Well

You know

The

I can't, it's my life, I'm too close to the subject

Well you've convinced me, I see what a wonderful thing it is now

Have you ever played a team sport?

Not voluntarily

Half of it is the fun of the game, sure, but half of it is the team. Spending several hours a day, several days a week getting to know people who you could honestly consider friends, celebrating wins together, commiserating losses, supporting each other. And even if you're all completely different people, you have this one thing in common, one point you all agree on, and there's never a loss for what to talk about and nobody judges you for your passion, in fact they embrace it and encourage it.

Okay

Okay I hear what you're saying

But

The point you agree on is getting a ball into a net.

I mean we agree on football in general, supporting teams outside our little one, being passionate about the sport itself

It's just such a boring sport??

"It's boring" is not a valid argument against someone who enjoys something so genuinely

Alright, that's fair.

Aha

I'm not judging you for liking it, but I'm going to continue thinking it's the worst
Ugh fine

Here, have your boyfriend back

What

Ignore him he's rude

Sorry

Did he rail you about the importance of statistics? Because I get that speech once a week or so

Nope, it was all about passion and love

He's rude and gross

I agree

Just facts

Give him back for a second?

Oh fine

Did I change your mind???

Yes, I love football now

Good you should

...anyway,

Sirius would really really really like for you to make him a nice, big, kale smoothie. Not sure why he's doesn't want to ask you himself, but he went on and on about how good they are earlier. I think he just doesn't want to admit to you that he likes them after denying it for so long.

I fucking knew it

Don't go telling him about it, okay?

Be the bigger person.

They keep disappearing when I leave the flat, I KNEW he was drinking them

He loves them.

Thank you for telling me

You're welcome, I thought you deserved to know.

I do.

Want him back?

Yes, please.
Did you tell him you like football? He's smirking like an idiot now

I told him I love it

Kiss arse

Don't say it.

I won't say it

Though I'm sure he has a nice one what with all that running around

It's fine

Fine or fiiiiiiine

It's

Fine, fine, he has a great arse, but mine's still cuter okay? Okay.

If you say sooo

It is okay???

Okaaaay

It is and it's all me, I don't spend every hour of free time playing qfootball, this tone is all Sirius

Mmmhm

Ask anybody

Fine, give me James again

Really????

You said to ask anyone and he's the only one who's available to give his opinion right now

So, yes, really

He's spent most of this evening with my phone

Heeeeeeere

I haven't said anything, I swear

I believe you

I just have a quick question

Yes?

Sirius claims to have the better arse between the two of you, is this true?

Oh please
I'll take that as a no

Well I guess it depends on what you're looking for in an arse

We were just discussing which one would be better to kiss

Well mine is muscley and probably delicious, because let's be honest, I'm delicious

Would your girlfriend be willing to confirm this?

I should hope so

Hmm okay. But Sirius' is definitely also very cute, right?

His is only better if you prefer soft and curvy

Sounds comfy

Comfy, yes, but the important thing is kissability

Well we'll just have to wait and see about that later

I beg pardon??

Don't go around calling people boyfriends if you're not ready for comments like that

Who even are you??

I'm Remus, nice to meet you

So do you kiss lots of arses, Remus or just your boyfriends', if that's the case?

Nah, I can't say I do

Then what is your basis if comparison?

Don't have one, that's why I'll withhold my judgement for now

Hmmmmm

Hey, um

This is fun and all, but could you possibly put Sirius back on?

Please

As long as you realize I am going to refer to you exclusively as "the boyfriend" for the rest of forever.

Even once Sirius gets one?

Probably more then

It'll be confusing and great
You sure know how to have good fun

I'm great

So I've heard

Awwww does he talk about me

Okay okay okay

He's getting antsy you take him

Did he tell you about how kissable my arse is?

Does he like me?

I get what you meant yesterday now, about needing people I like to like you.

I don't think he likes me.

Oh he does, he's James, he likes everyone

That's not exactly reassuring

Well he's really into your conversations when he's HOGGING MY PHONE TO TEXT YOU

Just

Okay.

Just?

Just who even am I

What?

He asked who even am I, and my first thought was “no one”

And I know we've talked about this, and you've said we're friends and stuff, but I just don't get it

You're there with him right now and you're wasting your time texting me? Why

You are very much not no one

And I'm wasting both of yours

I'm not wasting anything on you, it's well spent

It doesn't make sense

Is the only reason you're bothering with me that you have no one else to talk to?

What

No
If you had friends that were always around would you not?

Of course I would

But that's different

How?

Because you're you and I'm me

That doesn't make sense

You wanting to talk to me doesn't

But I like talking to you

Why

Because you're

I dunno

Engaging. Interesting. Snarky and funny and cute and incredibly nerdy

i'm not

i shouldn't have friends

i'm dangerous

i don't deserve friends

You what?

Remus where does that thought even come from?

it's true

How?

How are you dangerous?

i can't tell you

Okay so you're dangerous

Am I in danger right now? Talking to you? Is something bad going to happen to me because I'm talking to you?

no

Then I want to be your friend

And you don't not deserve that

i don't
Why do you think that?

im a monster

Not to be presumptuous, I know I don't know your whole life, but you're not a monster

You're a fuzzy socks wearing, post-it-note bombarding, freckley nerd who just wants someone to listen. And I know that's not all you are, but it is part of who you are and none of that is monstrous

Whatever you may be, you are not all monster.

you'll change your mind

I won't

im not worth it

Let me decide that for myself

Please

i already promised that

You did

But it seems like you're trying to convince me again

I like you. I'm not trying to dismiss your faults, I just genuinely like you and I want to be allowed to like you

okay

Is it?

i'm sorry

i'm sorry i get like this all the time

Hey no

Don't apologize

i don't actually own that many fuzzy socks

You own at least two great pairs of socks

no, they'll all great, i know that

there's just not that many fuzzy ones

Well excuse me
Oh my god

Those are adorable

thanks

I love them

thank you

For everything

No need for that

I might try going to sleep

If you must

Questions first

Oh!

You go first this time

I went first yesterday

Exactly, you're clever

Who's the arse kisser now

I like kisses, can't argue that

Tell me about your first one?

Oh boring, that was Prongs

Should've known

Just tell me about A kiss then, a really good one
You could tell me

I was 16. He was perfect. We ditched gym class. It was still too cold to be lying in the grass, but we did anyway. Looked at the clouds, making shapes. And he took my hand, and I turned to face him, and he nodded, and I kissed him.

Wow

That sounds so nice

It was

I want that

Me too.

I haven't had a lot of really good kisses

That was my only one

But it sounds like a really nice one

Yeah

What is it like?

I've heard from Prongs but that's just Lily

For me it was like time stopped for a while. Everything else too, none of it mattered, just our lips.

Mmm pretty

I'll let that be the end of the story.

Is there more of it?

Just the sad part

You don't have to say

Okay.

Goodnight, then

Oh

Okay

Goodnight

Chapter End Notes
If you didn't get sad enough about Remus' birthday, think about it some more: tiny Remus whose father kept telling him he won't get a letter but also kept talking about how amazing Hogwarts is and he gets a letter and he's so happy and he can go to school and he can learn and he can be normal and he can get away from his dad and the letter says REMUS and the chocolate cake is the best chocolate cake and the moon isn't for another two weeks and he also got a book he's really excited to read and it's a perfect day and then it all gets taken away from him.

Have a nice day :)}
Chapter 9

Okay it's 5am, you can't possibly be awake right now, right?

Good morning

Jesus fucking christ

No, it's not morning yet, it's the middle of the night

It's been the morning for several hours

No that's not how it works

Not how you work

I don't work at all at this time, I just got up to go to the loo

Goodnight

Nooooo come back

Come baaaack

Hmph.

I'm back

Oh hiiiiiiiiii

Thank you for gracing us with your presence FINALLY

Hello

Good morning, sleeping beauty-full freckles

Uh huh sure

I'll think of something better later

Maybe more accurate

Oh that was plenty accurate

Tea?

Hmmmmm
Have earl?

I do

Let's go with that

Okay

What are you putting in it?

Uhh nothing, I can't be bothered

Just plain earl grey?

Yeah

Remus Shoulder Freckles Lupin, you need to get your life together

No thanks

What does today look like?

Like hell

Why?

Group project

Ooooh fun!

No.

But fun

??? No

Group things are great, you get to only do part of the work and collaborating is fun

You're one of those people.

Oh nooooo you're the kid that asks the professor if they can work alone, aren't you?

Well I guess this is it then, we really can't be friends.

No

Because when the professor says "no, go find a group" I'm the girl that comes over and sits with you and tries to make it as unstressful of an experience as possible for you

Yeah?

Yes

There's an alternate universe out there somewhere where we meet via group project

And you actually do your work and do it well and on time?
Group projects only work in the fun way if everyone actually does what they're supposed to. I have yet to experience that.

Maybe this time.

Ew, an optimist.

Ugh a pessimist.

Not really, though.

Good.

You've got work?

Yesssss.

Mgod, you're such a puppy.

I like it!

I can see that!

Are you making fun of me?

Just a tiny bit, and not in a bad way. Your excitement is terribly endearing.

Hmmmmm.

I really never mean it in a bad way.

Oh I know.

Couldn't bring me down anyway.

Good.

i

okay
just a minute please

Oh okay, take your time

So

I see it's a skirt day.

It is!

I'm really really really glad to see that

I mean I like not-skirt days just as much as skirt days, I was just really looking forward to this

It looks fantastic

Why thank you

You're so very welcome

Tell me all about your group project while I'm gone

Well I don't know anything yet but sure, I can keep you posted

"No, Ms Lupin, find a group." Great start.

Okay some girls who borrow notes from me sometimes took pity on me

They're nice, so that's good, but they also don't tend to take things seriously

Ughhh we don't even get to pick our own theme

Oh sweet Merlin and Agrippa

"The History of Witchcraft"

This should be fun.

You have to do a group project about the history of witchcraft?

Correct.
That's

Interesting

Mhm

What are you going to do exactly?

You know, I think I might take a back seat on this one, actually

Really?

Really????

You? The Nerd nerd?

Yep

I already know a lot on the subject, the research wouldn't be all that interesting

So I might just sit back and have fun watching what the others will come up with

That sounds like it could get so offensive so fast

I'll go over everything at the end and fix it

Thank you

Thank me?

Yeah

Why?

It's important

I agree

That means more to me than I could say

Sirius

Yeah?

Are you

What?

Did you have a good day at work?

Oh yes!

It's all starting to become less new-fascinating more familiar-fascinating

How many compliments on your outfit?
Yeah?

I felt good about it. More times than I felt bad about it.

So many compliments

That's wonderful

It is

You definitely deserve them

Awww thank you

Yours are best

I don't know about that, but they are sincere

Exactly

You still up?

Yeah

You okay?

Not particularly

Can I ask?

Just a headache

Ouch, I'm sorry

It's alright, it'll go away eventually

Is that all?

Is that not enough?

It is, I didn't mean it like that

I know, I'm sorry

Don't be

If texting is making it worse, I'll understand

No
It's not, no.

Okay

You stopped for awhile, so I wasn't sure

Sorry

Again, nothing to be sorry about, I just want to know you're alright

I will be

Okay

It's always okay to text you?

Yes

Okay

Always always

Okay okay

Good good

Thank you thank you

I don't know about you, but I don't think my attention span can keep that up

Tell me about the rest of your day then

Well I did get upset with this one guy for being a condescending prick

I'm listening

I was at a little nearby cafe on break and the guy behind me was going on and on about "kids being impulsive because they feel invincible"

It was gross

Did you accidentally spill coffee on him

Tea.

...really??

And not by accident

Didn't bother at all making it look like an accident

Well, you couldn't really help it, it was an impulsive decision, you felt invincible

No, I made it very clear that it wasn't

I don't remember exactly what I said while I was pouring Earl Grey onto his shoes, but it was
something like "Please be clear that this is not a decision that comes as a result of feeling invincible. I have thought through this action very carefully. My impulsivity comes from the knowledge that everything is impermanent, including me, and I could be gone tomorrow, so I can't waste an opportunity today. Right now that opportunity is making sure you don't forget this moment ten minutes from now. They've been calling your order for the last two minutes, you should probably go fetch that." And then I offered to clean the floor but the girl at the counter wouldn't let me. And she said my next Earl is on her.

_I love everything about that_

I probably missed some things but that's the gist

_Did he say anything back?

Oh he did not. He got his whatever-he'd-ordered and left

_Good_

_I thought of you._

_Of me?_

_Yes_

_What would Incredibly Dirty Nerd do?_

_That's your name in my phone, by the way_

_I tried to think of what the post-it-note equivalent act of passive aggression would be for the situation_

_I'm flattered_

_Though I'm not sure I can agree with the name_

_How so?_

_The shower is a very clean space_

_Oh good, we're talking about it again_

_Well you keep bringing it up_

_I do not!_

_I just told you what your name was in my mobile!_

_Do you know, I couldn't say the word "shower" without losing my train of thought the whole day yesterday?_

_I WORK IN A SHOP THAT NEARLY EXCLUSIVELY SELLS SHOWER PRODUCTS, REMUS_

_Awww you thought about me_
That's not the point

I think it is

It's not

It so is though

When you said you

Oh m never mind

It's late it's getting so late, when did it get so late?

It's not that late, little star

Well you know me, always tucking in early

Mhm, okay then, have a good night

And maybe since you've thought about me so much, next time I'll think of you

Jjkmnm

Sweet dreams ;)

That one's winking

Ii see that

Thanks

Wait

Wait

Yes?

We didn't do questions

Oh!

Well go ahead

Oh I had one

I know I had one

Take your time

Okay

Oh!

Who is Mr. Moony?
It was among a lot of the other things you said that didn't make sense about the post-it event

Oh

Well I didn't exactly want to sign my name

Whose name did you sign?

It's just something I made up

So you named yourself Mr. Moony

No, it's far worse than that

What???

When I was little and there was a

When I got scared

I'd sometimes pretend I wasn't me

Because if I wasn't me, nothing bad could happen

Oh

So I was Moony

What was Moony like?

Brave

Would it

Do you mind if I change your contact name to that?

You want to start calling me Moony?

Well

Yes

I think it worked, Remus, I think you grew up to be Moony

It suits you. You are brave.

I'm

Okay

Are you sure?

If it's not, that's fine, too

No, it is, it's okay
It's not the first time I've used it

Then you are hereby Moony, Incredibly Dirty Nerd.

We can't just go with Moony?

Your contact is just Moony, but the subtext remains in my brain.

That seems fair

I think so

Your question?

Waffles or pancakes?

Waffles.

Correct

Awww

And yum

No judgement that I'm eating waffles at half eleven?

I'm learning not to underestimate your strangeness

Appreciated.

Is this late dinner or early breakfast?

It's a midnight snack

You

Nope

Nope

I said I wasn't going to underestimate you
Just be proud of me that I made them without burning the house down

Both proud and grateful

Sleep now?

Oh

Sure

Yes

Okay

Goodnight Moony

Goodnight
Mum picked the tea today, green

It'll do

She's not letting me put any sugar in it

Good????

Why would you try?????

Because it's 276% better that way

Absolutely not

Midnight waffles I will accept. Sugar in green tea I can't abide.

Ughhh you two are the worst

Oh no, Pumpkin, we're not the worst. The one trying to put sugar in his perfectly good green tea is definitely the worst.

Pumpkin?

Like the juice

Hm

I don't hate it

I'm on a roll with these

I have a whole host of names to call you that you don't hate now

And I don't even know your last name

But you know my middle one

True

It's Black.

Hm

Black. Most Ancient and Noble.

I hate it.

I'll stick to just Sirius, Orion Black doesn’t suit you at all
That's sweet of you to say

It's true

Sorry I brought it up

Don't be, I'm fine

Okay.

Class today?

Just one

Oh good

I mean

Yeah, sure

Not good?

Just means coming home earlier

Is your mom still going to be there?

No

What would happen if you just didn't go home?

There's nowhere else to go

You could find a tree

The weather is shite

And I don't like just hanging round at uni because there's too many people, and the library isn't any good either

No book shops to linger in for your blessed nerdy heart?

The staff hates me because I so rarely buy anything

Could you see if Alice is free?

And just flo

fly to London?

Well if you could do that then

Then there would certainly be a lot more options for you in the first place

I could go not buy anything in lush

Yeah, that
And you'd just be okay with that?

I'd be lots of things with that

Maybe I'll do that then

Maybe you should

Maybe one day

One day soon

Maybe warn me, okay?

I won't just show up, I wouldn't do that

Okay

Because pretty people are really pretty and I really like pretty people but I'm not sure how I'd handle curls and green eyes and freckles and scars just walking right on into the shop

It would probably end up with me being unconscious and then I could take a nice visit to your hospital

I'm not pretty

That remains to be seen

You'd really want that?

Would you?

Yeah

Me too

Okay

I mean, it seems ridiculous right?

To feel connected to a person and to be physically close to them and NOT want to close the gap?

Not where I thought you were going with that

But I agree

Where did you think I was going?

The other way

How?

That it's ridiculous that we want to
Is that what you think?

No, I was just afraid you did

I don't

How soon is too soon

Is too soon a thing?

I'm not sure I'm ready yet

Then it's too soon

But it isn't for you?

Doesn't matter, if it's not unanimous it doesn't happen

I know, I'm just asking where you stand

I stand on I'd-Really-Like-to-Meet-You Boulevard.

Alright

But also there's absolutely no pressure, okay?

Okay.

Still wish you could come to London to avoid your house today though

Yeah, me too

I'm sorry

Who knows, maybe he won't be home

That would be nice

We'll see

I wish you luck

Thank you

I'll text you once I'm done here

Have a fun day
You too, Pumpkin

Your luck worked

Sort of

He was here, but he left soon after I got home

So now I've just been sitting around, enjoying the peace, waiting for you to get off work

That doesn't sound pathetic at all

Ugh, okay

I'll go do something for another hour

That's excellent!

What did you find to occupy yourself with?

Not telling

What why?

You have enough items on your nerd list already

I have so much room left to add to it

I'm knitting

You knit

Yes, I knit

Oh sweet m

You knit

What are you knitting?

I'm knitting you socks

I mean

Socks
I'm knitting socks.

Me

You said you're knitting me socks

You're knitting me socks???

No

Maybe

Shut up

You're knitting me sooooocks

What kind of socks?

Ughhhhh

Warm ones

Awwwwwwwwwwwwww!!!

Ughhhhh

Don't ugh, don't ruin this for me, this is the nicest I've ever felt

Oh My god

I tried to make them your favourite colour

You
I need a minute

Oh okay

Thank you

You’re welcome

I love everything about this

I didn't really plan on telling you about it

I was just gonna steal your address from your package and send them to you

That would have been nice too but I really love knowing

Now you know.

Thank you

You said that already

I mean it a lot more

It's just socks

Mhm

I hope they'll fit

Are they very big?

There's still probably gonna be some wiggle room, but no, not that big

I figured you had tiny feet

I have normal feet!

Uh huh

They fit in smaller socks but I assure you they are normal feet

Normal small feet, yes

Yes.

Emphasis on small

I am normal size.
FOR A REGULAR PERSON

Sure, sure

Stupid inbreeding

????

It's a family tradition

I blame it for my grey eyes and my perfectly normal height

You're serious

I have never been more horribly serious

Oookay

Was that too much sharing?

No

I'm just not entirely sure what to say

Oh you don't have to say anything

What do you do while you knit? Do you listen to music or watch television? Or do you just sit in a dark room with needles and wool?

Yes, the latter. I sit in a dark room so that I can't see what I'm doing.

Seems right

Mostly music. Sometimes tv if I'm making something that doesn't really require much attention. And yeah, sometimes I just sit and do that, but when it's sunny and I can be outside.

What did you do today?

Music

Anything good?

The Clash

Are you still?
Yeah

London Calling, side 3

Give me

Twenty minutes

Okay

Okay

Okay

Where are we?

I put side 1 back on

Okay I'm with you

Should I catch up? Or count from ten?

Count

Okay

Feels nice.

Are you singing? I'm singing

I may be singing a little bit

A little bit?

Yes

Juuuuuuust a little bit?

Okay maaaaybe a bit more than a little bit

There it is

Don't look so smug

You don't even know

I know
Hmph

So what did you have to do in those 20 minutes?

Hm?

When you said to give you 20 minutes, I assumed you were doing something and had to finish before you could put on the record?

Oh, yeah, right, I was just finishing doing something

Right. Okay.

No big deal

Ok

What?

Nothing

It wasn't anything bad, I promise

Okay

It suddenly seems not okay

No, it is, I'm sorry.

I'm just not used to you not telling me things. Which is completely unfair, because you've been nothing but honest with me this whole time, and I'm hiding so much.

I was at the record shop a few streets over.

You

You were at the record shop a few streets over.

You went to buy the record?

Well I didn't have it

You went to buy the record.

Yes

So you could listen with me.

Yes
Sirius

Yes

You're incredible

What's incredible is that they had it, I called Lily first and she said she didn't and that they probably wouldn't either but they did

I'm really glad they did.

Me too, I like doing this

Why didn't you want to tell me?

It's less spontaneous if I had to go out of my way

I don't like it any less

Yeah?

I love that you did that

You do?

I do

Okay

Good

Now, let me try this singing on a table thing

Yes!

Join me!

Do I have to fall as well, is that part of the experience?

Oi

Because I'd really rather not

If you're going to be mean then I'm not going to dance with you

Who said anything about dancing

I did
You can't just stand on a table and not dance, you'll look ridiculous

Pretty sure I look ridiculous already

Pretty positive you look great

K i s s a r s e

See

I'd like to say something witty and clever here that stops you in your tracks like you stop me sometimes, but I can't think of anything, that's your job.

So tell me, what witty clever thing should I say?

I'm not giving you my lines

Come onnnnn I need something!

Nope

Fine fine fine give me a minute

I'll think of something

Take all the time you need

Oh oh oh!!!

Okay say it again

Compliment me again

I bet when you dance your curls bounce and I'd really like to see that

They do

That's how I know you look great

A fair assumption

You're making this impossible

I know

I give up
Nooo

Come on, start over

I can't

It's exhausting

I'm no match for you

You win

I am defeated

Noo, come on, you were doing so well

You're too good for me

Nonsense, you're wonderful, and terribly smart

No I'm just going to lie here face down on this table until the scavengers come for me

To steal your star dust?

That will already have floated away

So all that's going to be left is your beautiful soul?

Kiss arse

You wish

See????

Like that.

It comes naturally with the Dirty title

Bravo

Thank you thank you

Do you have a list saved somewhere?

Of things to say? No

Damn

That would make you easier to believe
You're way more unbelievable than I am

How's that?

From what I can tell you've been through a lot, and you just keep being positive, and everything excites you. You went to buy shampoo and landed a job, one that you love going to. And you're an artist, and you spill tea on jerks and offer to clean up, and you buy records so you can listen to them at the same time as some bloke in Wales who you've always got kind words for even when he's being difficult

Oh

And so that you can use your line: you're also a kissarse

Oh!

Ahem:

Well, if you're offering

Ahh, a classic

I like me how you describe me

It's how I see you

I like me how you see me

I like you too.

James is home and I think he'd like t

Hi James

Hi Remus

My Sirius appears to be malfunctioning, what did you do?

What's a Moony?

What

Malfunctioning how

Well for starters her arse is where my food goes

Let's not touch how not okay that is

I come home and she's just politely sitting on a table smiling at her phone
Oh for the love of

And I'm not allowed to touch the turn table

And she hasn't touched any of the smoothies in the fridge I inconspicuously left for her

*Only most of those things are my fault*

Oh good

*I'll take credit for the smiling and the blame for the music*

*Mmmmmmmmmhm*

*I also don't see what the problem with her sitting on a table is?*

*Food's for eating, arses are for eating...*

Oh Mmary and Joseph

*I have no intention of doing that tonight thank you very much*

*But maybe some other night?*

That's not the

*Between the two of you how does anything ever get done?*

Or do you save all of the vulgarity for my benefit?

*Nah, we're plenty vulgar ourselves too*

*I mean I try to behave, but what am I supposed to do, when she just offers me her arse*

*How????*

*Outside of Worms, Lily, and myself, she's always so Delicate about that stuff*

"*Offers you her arse" oh wow*

*She never said it makes her uncomfortable, if it does, I'll stop*

*That's not mine to discuss, probably shouldn't have said that much. Now about the smoothies*

*I just keep leaving them unattended and coming home and they're still here*

*I guess it's just not been a smoothie kind of day*
Every day is a smoothie day, Remus.

You should put that on a shirt

I should

Definitely make one for Sirius as well

I would if she'd just admit it

Give her time

Yeah yeah

Okay have your girlfriend back, take care of yourself

You too

I texted Lily from his phone while he had you

He's about to be in trouble

What did you tell her?

That Clapton is a severely overrated guitarist

Well that won't end well

I'm looking forward to it

Keep me updated

Oh I will

Thank you

Noooo he's going into the kitchen, but I'm so committed to this sitting on the table thing now

Nooo, follow him, the table can wait

But the principle of leaving my arse on it for the rest of the evening!

Not worth it

You are a man of no morals

When it's between a sore arse and witnessing your friend's struggles, the choice is pretty clear

Well
No you're right okay

Yesssss

His phone is vibrating a lot now

Well it's an important matter

"What I didn't even say that?"

Oh

That took no time at all

Gotta run

He's gonna catch you??

He runs every day??

Good luck

Should I be worried?

No! No worries

The chase took to the streets for awhile but we got distracted and went for Chinese

Beautiful.

It was pleasant

I'm glad

I maintain that he never would have caught me if I hadn't smelled food

Uh huh sure

And if I'd had on shoes

You went out without shoes??

I didn't have time to grab them, he was CHASING me!

I'd taken them off before getting on the table
So I didn't fall

Like last time

*Why did you run outtttt*

It was the only way left to run

*You got caught anyway!*

Because food and no shoes!

*I give up*

Do anything interesting while I was gone?

*Dad came back, so no.*

Aww damn

*He wanted to talk and everything*

Oh no what about?

*Not even anything important. Just chat.*

That could be either much better or much worse

*I can't even decide myself*

Want to talk about it or not think about it?

Not think about it

Okay think about what kind of bath I should take, instead. This is an important set of decisions.

What are the options?

I have enough in the Rose category to do an all rose bath. Bubble bar, bubbleroon and bath bomb. Or I could do this bath melt that smells all lemony with this brilliant blue bath bomb which is also shimmery

Or I could mix and match

*The hell is a bubbleroon*

It's a bubbleroon!
Crumble it into the running water and BUBBLES

Sure. That totally needs a separate name for itself.

It does!

It's different than the bubble bar, it's not just a bar

Aha

Use that then

That and what?

Just that?

Really???

Well I don't know!

If you say so

This isn't the easiest of tasks you know

Kind of hard to care about other things that'll be in the bath when I can't even get over the image of you in the bath

Of course I know, that's why I shoved it off on you

Oh

Well now you'll just have to get over the image of me in a pink bath with lots of bubbles, won't you

Apparently so.
And smelling amazing, even more amazing than usual and that’s difficult

Mhm

Sleepy?

Just imagining

Don't hurt yourself

Thanks.

On a scale of Okay to Sirius, No, how bad of an idea is it to take a phone into a bath?

Considering your clumsiness, maybe don't?

Well I won't be wearing heels

God, you fall off one table one time

I don't want to not be able to talk to you if you drown your phone.

Fiiiine

Don't fall asleep before I get out

I won't.

Enjoy your bath.

I did

I'm glad

I feel all melty and soft now

Sounds nice

Mhmmmm

Maybe I'll try it once

You have to, you'll feel amazing

I'm very close to sleep so if you want questions...
Ohh you really waited up for me, you didn't have to do that

You go first

I wanted to.

That's really nice

Who's your favourite painter?

Kind of a big question

The kinds of painters I learned about from my tutor when I was younger aren't people with names anyone would know

I've only just started getting to know more popularly known artists since school

I like Warhol's colours? Is that answer enough?

It is.

Okay

Do you go to galleries a lot? Are you one of those people who sit there and sketch all day?

I would like to

Never have, but I think I'd like it if I did

You should go then

Never had an excuse to

Wanting to is excuse enough

I guess

Your turn

Is there a place in or near London you really enjoy being?

Alice's dad's ice cream shop

Though it's sadly located on a street I really don't like

What's it called?

Can't tell you that, you have to find it yourself or it's not as magical
You want me to try every ice cream shop in London???

Even for you this is unreasonable

*That or be patient and let me take you there one day*

Oh

Okay

That one

Okay

I like that a lot

Yeah?

Definitely

Good

Sleepy?

Mhm

Go dream about what ice cream you're going to order me

Mmmkay

Gnight

Good night, Moony

***

I'd let you pick the flavour yourself.

Nope

If I'm experiencing your favourite place I'm experiencing it your way

*But if I pick, I'll just end up stealing all of it from you*

I'm really good at sharing

*Everyone says that and then they get mad after*
No, I am

Really I am

Okay.

I'll pick for you.

Yessssss

Yeah, yeah

Pick the tea

Tell me which herbal you have again?

So many

Ginger, hibiscus, jasmine, rosehip, mint, chamomile...

Jasmine

Mmm okay

I have to see if they have any at the shop by work

They have to

It's a really little place, but I hope so

Fingers crossed

I appreciate it

Talk after?

Yes

Tell me about class in the meantime

I like when my phone vibrates even if I can't read it right then

Okay

Considering jumping out of the window so I don't have to see my dad

Well that's no good
Oi!

*Go work and leave me to my reckless decisions*

**Hmph**

**Shoo**

*I left through the front door.*

*And then I had to go back. Because I forgot my book.*

*So that was fun.*

*One class down, three to go*

*Or not, okay*

*Apparantly they all got cancelled*

*Guess I'll go b*

*Huh.*

*Some people are going to get lunch together and they asked me to come*

*It wasn't horrible. Wasn't great, and I guess I'm not getting any new records this month, but it wasn't that bad.***

*You went to lunch with people?*

*I did*

*I'm so proud! Anyone cool?*

*The waitress*

*What was she like?*

*Rude*

*Rude isn't cool*
But the good rude

Oh so she was like you

Basically, yeah

Did you get her number?

If there's one thing I'm glad for, it's having a good-rude-cool person’s telephone number

I did not

Damn

Can't just get people's numbers

Why not?

That one girl gave hers to me pretty readily

Completely different

Why?

She was working.

So?

So she didn't have a real choice whether she wanted to communicate with me or not, and is also more than likely sick of customers asking for her number and bothering her.

I guessssssss

Mmhmm

But the people you were out with?

Were alright in a I-wouldn't-say-no-to-lunch-once-every-three-months way

I'll take it

How was work?

Fun

Mostly I was stocking but still

How are people there?
James is out late, I have Lily

Oh, I meant what are your coworkers like, but okay, hi Lily

Oh, they're nice! Really helpful. Not necessarily people I'd offer a key to the flat to, but nice enough to spend hours at a time with

Lily's mouth is full but she is waving hello frantically

*Full of what*

*Leftover Chinese*

*And yours?*

*The fork fulls I can manage to snatch from her plate*

*Not as big on sharing as you claim to be?*

*I don't know how? She's eating MY food*

*And how often do you eat hers?*

*That's not the point*

*Mhm.*

*Hmph*

*Everybody takes her side*

*Aww are you pouting?*

*Nooo*

*Awwww*

*You don't know*

*Bet it's cute*

*Bet your face is cute*

*Of course it is, I have freckles, remember?*

*My point exactly*

*Doesn't change the fact that you're pouting*
Well now I am!

Adorable

I'm always that

I can't pout for very long, I get distracted by the ring

I did not have to be reminded of that.

Oh terribly sorry

Aha

Do they bother you?

What?

My piercings, do they bother you?

I don't think they do, but I've been wrong about more obvious things before

They very very much do not bother me.

Okay

I'm quite happy about their existence

And think about them a lot

And have theories where the remaining four are

Let's hear them

Eyebrow, tongue, septum, navel

You've put a lot of thought into this

I have.

One or more of those are correct.

Okay

Okay okay okay

Are you?

Mhm
You may inquire about one, I will tell you if it is correct or incorrect.

Okay

How do I pick

Ughhhh okay ok ok

Septum

Good choice

Correct

Nice

Thank you

Is that

Yes?

That

Is beautiful

Thank you

I really
Really really like that one

I do too

Thank you

You're welcome, all in the spirit of sharing

ookay

If I get to see your thigh, it's only fair I think

You didn't have to, but thank you.

Oh well, if I didn't have to, then I take it back

Too late

Oh well

I know they aren't what this picture is supposed to be about, but I'm finding myself unable to look away from your lips again

Says the one with the legs

You have legs too

Yeah but yours are on my phone now

And your lips are on mine

Twice

Why don't you have any, if you like them?

I have lips

Piercings, Moony
Yeah, yeah, I know

Can't because of my condition

I'd have to keep taking them out every month and that's just too much effort for me

Oh

Okay

I'm sorry

Nah, it's alright

I still get to enjoy seeing them on pretty people, I can't complain

Are you uncomfortable talking about your condition?

It's not my favourite subject

Okay

Don't have to

I just want you to know that whatever it is, I would never judge you negatively for it. It wouldn’t colour my opinion of you. I wouldn't let it.

That's all, though, no more talking about it.

Lily has moved onto the drinking-all-of-my-wine portion of the evening. Apparently eating-all-of-my-food wasn't enough

Unless I'll want to?

Hm?

Oh!

Yes, of course

You can, always, whenever.

Okay.

Thank you.

Now, how much wine are we talking about here?
Anything.

Well, we had three open bottles, which were at least halfway empty each. Those are about to be gone.

And James has agreed to stop off somewhere on his way home

*Turning into a party*

Oh we surely know how to party

Records and wine and then by the end of the night they're in James's room doing that gross kissing thing they do and I'm still with the records and wine, alone as ever

*It's a great time for everyone*

Well I'll be having a late night reading for school, so you can at least text me

*Small comfort, I know, but still*

*Not that small*

*Can't offer you any gross kissing*

*Pshh*

*Who wants all that grossness anyway*

*Your friends, apparently*

*That's because they're disgusting*

*Clearly*

Me

I want it

*Me too*

Text you in a bit?

*Alright*

Im sorry i thin k texting yuo right niw is a probabably a badd idea. Jamie say to tell yoi gnighet
So gniïght

Oh

Okay

Goodnight

You still up ?

Mhm

Are you? Or are you saying that?

Both, technically

Works for me

Switched to water after they took my phone. Wasn't worth it

Had fun though?

Yes, I think so

You think so?

Not what I wanted from my evening

When you said you'd be up, that sounded nice. Wine and these dorks and you. Just not how it happened

Yeah

I'm sorry

Not your fault

Stupid James got to keep his stupid phone

I don't really understand why you couldn't, if I'm being honest.

Lily's rule about mixing alcohol and communication

Right, but that just goes for you?

I'm the only one who regularly talks to someone
And I tend to over-speak under the influence

Ok

How has studying been?

Fine

Read anything interesting?

Yep, plenty

Liiiiike?

Like everything about ancient Greece

Oooooh

Nerd

Goodnight.

Nooooooo come back

Yes?

I only mean nerd in the very very best of ways

Mhm okay

I doooooo

Well I'm going to bed either way

Fiiine

Questions.

Are you uncomfortable when we talk about sex things?

W

Uncomfortable how?

I don't know. James was surprised that you're okay with it, and I just want to make sure you really are.

I am very much okay with it.

You don't say things like they're
I dunno

I don't like the way other people talk about things like that with me. But you've never made it uncomfortable.

Okay. You'll tell me if I do?

I will

But you won't

We're past the point where I think you could

Alright.

Thank you

Not necessary

Kind of is

What is your favourite outfit?

I don't have a favourite outfit

Anything then

That you wear that makes you feel nice

My red jumper

Why?

It's really soft and warm and it. I don't know. Helps me remember the important parts of me. My mum made it for me when I was little, and then when I outgrew it, she made me another one from the same wool. And another, and another, and another. And I wear it a lot, but it's also what I always wear when I get out of the hospital.

That sounds very you

I kept all the old ones

Of course you did

Where are they?

In my closet
That's really nice, I like the red jumpers

I like sleep

Can't believe I drank a bottle and a half of wine, and YOU'RE the sleepy one

It's half two

It is?

Oh

It is

Gross, I'll be up in like three hours

Or you could sleep until you have to leave for work??

Would like to

Can't

Why

Just can't

Body won't let me

I'm sorry, that sounds awful

It will be

Should probably sleep while I can

Yeah

Goodnight, Sirius

Goodnight

For real this time

Chapter End Notes

That one

Okay, it's a date
...unable to look away from your lips again
If you think they LOOK nice, you should see how they taste

Also, something that needs to be clear: Sirius isn't fetishizing Remus' scars or fixating on them. In that one text she's listing them as part of his notable features because they ARE a part of him and she's not going to pretend they're not, and she doesn't imagine him without them when she imagines him. When she did it so casually, Remus had absolutely no idea what to do with that, because she just named everything together, curls, eyes, freckles, scars, like there's no difference and she called him pretty in the same sentence and he's just no used to any of that. Yet.
Tell me you somehow managed to get more than three hours of sleep?

Gooooood morning sunshine

Been up four hours

Oh, ew, you're cheery

Wasn't when I first woke up

That makes me feel better

Should I be offended by that?

No, I'm just not sure how I'd deal with that level of cheerfulness

Wake up in the MORNING sometime and find out

How is 9 not morning??

This is like pre-noon, not morning

It's morning.

Barely

morning: noun, morn-ing, ˈmɔrn-ɪŋ
1) the early part of the day: the time of day from sunrise until noon
2) the part of the day between midnight and noon

Oh, be nerdiest, I beg you

Okay just give me a sec to find my glasses

You do not
Y

No

I need you to do me a favour

Name it

Never wear those in front of me

I...can try?

I sort of need them sometimes.

To see.

Oh My god why, why

Feel free to blame my father

This may be the one thing I thank your father for

You have the strangest taste

I have fine taste, thank you very much

Uh huh

Nerds in glasses is a perfectly normal thing to make a person stop breathing for brief periods of time

If you say so

It is

James wears glasses but he's not a nerd, so that doesn't count

Sure he's not

Not the cute kind
Unlike me?

Unlike you

You haven't even seen me yet

That's what's awful, I don't even have to

I'm

No, nothing

???

I'm afraid you're building up this image of me in your head and then you're going to be disappointed. And all the compliments that I'd maybe get used to by then or even start believing would stop, and I'd feel like an idiot for ever hoping they were real

I have no expectations for you outside of what you've given me. I can't help it if everything you've given me is endearing

What's something about you you think I won't like?

All of it

Give me something

Try me

I don't want to

Okay

If you don't want to, don't

But realize that I like talking to you and that has nothing to do with however you look.

There's nothing you could tell me about your physical appearance that could make me like you less

Okay

I'm a lot

Like maybe too intense

I'm worried if

When

I'm worried you'll realize I'm only tolerable in small doses

Like texting

I really don't think that's going to happen
I can't imagine it

Your energy is a lot, yes

But it's not

It fuels me. It's not overwhelming. It's not too much.

Because we're texting

I don't think it will make a difference

Because even if it's a day where we talk a lot, I always want more

I don't get tired of you, and I don't see how I could

You've never had to listen to my voice relentlessly at hours of the morning you'd rather be sleeping. Or dealt with me when I can't talk without yelling things, which happens, you know. Or had to be the one to tell me I need to back off when you can't take anymore of my clinginess. I dunno. I just know I'm too much sometimes, and it's not that I think you don't have patience for it, I just think you shouldn't have to try.

This works, this thing with us, I like it. But I think it's contingent upon you not "really" knowing me.

But I want to know you. And I don't see it like that, I'm not saying I have a lot of patience therefore I could try to tolerate you, no, I'm saying I don't think you require that much of it. Liking you isn't a project or a challenge, and I don't know who's giving you the idea that you're too much, but I kindly need them to fuck off

Thank you, Remus

That being said, if you don't let me sleep in the morning, I will throw stuff at your head

I have a very thick skull, I'm not worried about it

All good then

Precisely

Glad you agree.

A perfect pair

Mhm

Plans today?

Green

I mean class

I have class today, that's my plan

What?
Nothing

What was green?

Nothing

Your occasional mysteriousness kills me slowly, just so you know

I read your text wrong okay shhh just let me go hide now

What? What did you think I'd texted?

Nothing

Not important

Tell meeeeee please

Please

Please

Please

Please

Ughhhhhhh

Pants

Oh

Ohhhhhhh

Green

I was just getting dressed okay and it somehow made sense in my head that you'd ask

You answered

Oh My god you thought I asked and you just answered

Well

Yeah.

Noted

So green, huh?

Yes, to match my forest eyes

Like your eyes? Or like a different green?

Yes, that, thank you
Moony Moony Moony, the tall forest tree with the brilliant forest eyes and the forest green pants

Don't forget the cat socks

That's not terribly woodland of you

Oh, I'm sorry, I'll go change my adorable socks to fit the theme

I would appreciate it, thank you

Will these do?

They will

Thank you for your approval

Graciously given

Aha

How many pairs of socks do you own?

Never counted

Do it

56

Plus the ones I'm wearing

And there's some in the washing as well

That

Is a whole lot of socks

It's not that many

You have to be joking
It's not

And they're all different?

Why would I have same pairs of socks?

Oh I dunno, if you were normal maybe

But I didn't really expect that

Sounds dreadfully boring

Most of mine are the same

Do you at least mismatch them?

Am I supposed to?

No, but I like to with the more plain ones

Doesn't that feel off though?

As long as it's a similar material, no

I feel like I'd be able to feel even the colour difference

Maybe better not do it, then

We'll see

Work today?

Yessssss

Is there anything you don't like about it?

Hmmmm

Not terribly

What do you like the most?

It's clever. The shop has this feeling of embracing weirdness and everything there is so cleverly thought out. It feels like a little bit of magic in a row of regular shops. So I guess the atmosphere

I've never actually been

You muuuuuust

I will I will

Good good

Are there any around there?
There should be one in Cardiff

Gooooo

I'll go today after class

Oh wow soon

Yes!

Well it seems Important

And it's gonna be easier to imagine where you spend eight hours a day

True, true

You're running late

Oh!

Thankyou talk to you later

Have a good day

Today was the beeest

Tell me all about it while I browse

You're there??????!

YES

Smells nice

That's how I smell right now

Shhh tell me about your day
Well James came into the shop with some of the guys from the team and I got to show them things and help them try things and it was so much fun

*Ohhh nice*

*It was so great*

*Fabian left with green winged eyeliner on, James had his entire face done*

*Tell me what to buy*

*Pick a category*

*Hair, body, face, bath*

*I think maybe I'd like another bath bomb*

*Colourful or scenty?*

*Colourful*

*Experimenter*

*Oh so that can still be called a bomb even though it's not round? That doesn't get its own name?*

*It's what it does, not what it's shaped like*

*Sure, sure*

*I refuse, pick me a round one*

*Seriously???

*Yes.*

*Incredible*

*Intergalactic*

*Uuu that sounds fun*

*I really shouldn't*

*But I will*

*Yeah?*

*Yes.*
Yessssss

I'm so excited for you

I'm excited for me too

When???

Um right when I get home, obviously?

Excellent choice

Not really one to keep things for long

I understand the need for instant gratification

Trying not to feel guilty about it

No!

The whole point of these things is that you GET to think about you and what feels nice for you for a few minutes at a time

I suppose

Trust me, I'm a professional

Hah

Okay

You need candles, you need soft music, you need something to rest your neck on.

Wine and a book is optional

I can't have soft music, I'll fall asleep

But the rest I can do
Awwww
Okay

I'm doing it
I'm about to throw it in
I threw it in
Yessss

Pretty right?
So so so pretty

You unbelievable dork

Do you use nerd and dork interchangeably

Yes, except when I use dork to mean 'whale penis' as it was intended.

You use that a lot, do you?

When it's appropriate

So yes

This is so beautiful

I hope you're talking about the bath and not whale penises? But I mean, you do you, pumpkin, I don't know your life

Yes I'm talking about the bath, you arse.
Just look at it, look at all the stars

Just remember the brightest one is Sirius

Your music choice, though

Could never forget that

Yes?

What about it

I approve

Good.

Except

Are you in that bath?

Isn't that the whole point? That I am IN the bath?

Right yes got it okay

Was so excited about you doing the bath thing it didn't occur to me

So you're just

Sending videos of you in a bath

That's neat

That's cool

...aha

I'm gonna leave you now and enjoy this and not drop my phone in the water

Talk later?
Right
Yes
Good
I have to go
Do stuff anyway
Talk to you later
Enjoy your
Stuff
Mhm enjoy your bath
Mmm I am
Tell me when you've finished then
Mhm

I'm out, did you finish?
Oh hi
Yes
What?
Dishes. Finished those. Done with that.
Glad to hear it
Nice bath?
The best.
I saved a bit of it
Thanks for your recommendation
You saved a bit of it?
You're very welcome
Yes
Awwww that's so beautiful

Just seemed like a waste

To let it all go down the drain

So pretty

I also smell nice and am very soft

Toooold you
Yeah yeah you were right

You'll find I always am about these things

Well, like you said, you are a professional

Exactly!

This was really really nice

I might take a nap now

Ughhhhhhh fine

Just so comfy

Hmph

Wish y

me sweet dreams, and stop being grumpy

Have sweet dreams please

You still up?

Mhm

Did I wake you?

Nno

Im still up

Are you okay?

Mhm

Sleep well?

Really great

Mmm good

Just way longer than I thought I would

Is late

Questions and sleep?

Mhm mhm

You sure you're alright?
Maybe was sleeping

Go back to sleep, sleepy star

Nooo

Questions

Gotta

Okay okay

Do you wear your hair up a lot?

Yeah

Gets in the way lots

If I don't

Ponytail or bun?

Bunn

Always

Ponytail tickles

Sensitive neck

Good to know

Do you ever braid it?

Can't reach

So it comes out bad and

Hmph

Someone else could do it for you?

Dont really let people

Touch

Oh, okay

Lily probbly would

If I asked

Okay

You gonna ask me?
Oh
Mhm
Do you
Hmmmm
Think we'd be friends if we met
Another way
I'd like to think so
Mmm
Me too
Yeah?
Mhm
Sleep tight, Padfoot
Night night moon moon

***

It's 5, so I'm gonna assume you're awake?
Just getting up
What are you doing awake?
Haven't gone to bed yet
What.
Remus no
Remus yes
Remus no!
Remus yes!
Whyyyyy
Not tired
It is the morning.
It's night

No!!?

Oh hey, but now at last I get to say this

Um, yeah

Good morning, Moony

The sun's not up yet, I don't accept it

That's not what morning is

Should be

Does this mean you're going to sleep all day?

Possibly

Well that's no fun

Sorry

It's just as well, I'll be at James's match for awhile

Tell him good luck

Do I have to?

Yes

Ugh

Did you do it

Unfortunately

Thank you

That's what he says

What a polite exchange

He says so loudly and a lot.

That must be pleasant at this hour

I can tell you it's not

Poor you

Your sympathy will be taken without all the sarcasm

Aww thank you
You're so very welcome ❤❤

What

<3 <3

Oh sure

:) 

;) 

What's for breakfast?

Here? Toast and bacon

Which James is eating all of

And he needs to STOP

No smoothies?

I do not consider that food.

Not even the unhealthy ones?

I would if we had any

And I refuse to call those green things he makes "healthy"

How can something "healthy" make you want to vomit so much? Doesn't sound healthy to me.

You should start making your own

Delicious fruit ones

Add some sugar

Start a smoothies war

I'm afraid the little machine thingy tastes like green and will just make everything unholy

Ew, good point

I'd need my own and that seems like a commitment

Yeahhh, not worth it

Hmph

Bacon sounds so good though

Doesn't it?

Wish I HAD SOME
I'm gonna go make some

Don't you have to go to bed?????

Not before I have some dinner

I'm horrified

Why is it wrong that I'm eating right now but not you two?

Because you're calling it dinner.

Well it is.

Your best friend is a nurse, does she know you live like this??

My friend is studying to be a doctor.

And yes, she does.

Is she horrified?

Not in the slightest

How

She's the same

Good, now I'm worried about both of you

Awww

Don't awww me, sir

AWWW

Insubordination

So sweet that you worry

Yeah yeah yeah

The bacon is delicious, did you manage to get some yet?

No

I'll have some of yours, thank you

Sure, I'll share

I've a better chance getting it from you than him

Pretty rude of him

I mean I get that he needs all the energy he can get for the match
But you need it too, to cheer him on

Right??

Yes.

I'm just going to cheer on everyone except for him

Even the players on the bench

Yes.

Is this sufficient revenge for bacon stealing, Mr Moony?

Hmmm yes, I think so

Glad to have your approval

It's not that easily earned

Then I'm properly honoured

Good, good

Wish me goodnight

Sweet dreams

Keep me updated on the game

I will when we're out, I don't get service at the place

Guess you're still not out.

I'm having more bacon for breakfast

While mum's making lunch

Both were delicious

Do you go to all of his games?

How are you not bored?

Alice showed up!!

We're gonna go out for a walk before she starts arguing with my dad
It was a bitter defeat

He'll be sulking for the rest of the week

Yes I go to all of his games, some of his practices, too

I never liked playing much, but I like watching alright

By both do you mean that you ate breakfast AND lunch just then??

My love to Alice

Hmmm okay

Yes, that is what I meant by both

Alice says go away

Don’t go away.

And my condolences to James about the match

I'd say that's what you get when you don't want to share food with your best friend, but that might be a bit mean even for me

Oh harsh

Would a flower crown make him feel better?

And harsh from Alice, too

I'm making one for Alice

Alice is just jealous

Um, when would a flower crown NOT make someone feel better?

Jealous?

Because she sees how quick I am to reply to you, whereas I take my sweet time sometimes with her letters

Oh she writes letters?
That's pretty!

Thank you. Yes, she does, long ones

And they say no one writes anymore!

I want a flower crown

Well then you'll get one

Yeah??

Yeah, sure

Nice

I like keeping my hands busy

Bet you have nice hands

They're alright I guess?

Long fingers

Always get told I should play the piano

Or asked if I do

Of course.

Of course?

Couldn't really tell in the picture, but I thought they might be

Right. Well, they are

Oooooof course

Also my nails are currently painted black, if you want a clearer image of what they look like

Oh

Alice's handiwork

She has good taste

She likes you better now

Oh points!

You still have a long way to go

Don't rain on my victory, Moony

Just saying
Hmph

We passed a rose bush earlier, would you rather your crown be made of roses, or will daisies do?

Hmmmm

Surprise me

Okay

The rain surprised us before I could surprise you

But I promise I'll make you one

Maybe sometime when you'll actually be able to wear it

It's really sweet whenever you get to it

It's no big deal

Mhm

We're gonna go get something to eat, text later?

Please make healthy choices

Ha

One. Just one single healthy choice for the day

We'll see

For me

I'm not making any promises

Hmph

I ate aloo palak instead of my usual order of chicken curry and it had spinach in it, does that count or do I have to go eat a carrot or something?

I guess that counts

There was a lot of green

I'm so proud

I can't believe I'm lecturing someone on health value. James would be so proud. I hope he never finds out.

Oh I'll definitely tell him
Do not!

You don't have his number, hah hah

You don't know that

What

No you totally don't. He would have said!

Would he

Maybe

But you would have wished him luck yourself

Maybe I did and just didn't want you to know so I wished it again through you

Why are you trying to make me paranoid???

Would it be that bad if I had his number?

Only if

No

It's James, he wouldn't say bad things about me anyway

I guess not

I don't have it

But

Could you maybe give him mine? Just in case of emergency

Oh

Yeah, sure

Just

I dunno

You don't have to

I gave yours to Al, because

I don't know

So if something were to happen, she could let you know and you wouldn't have to worry.

Oh that's really nice

Yeah
No of course I'll give it to him

Tell me what you're worried about?

Just. James is a really really really great guy.

He listens and he shares and he's great to talk to for hours and hours and hours

He's the best friend. Not just My best friend, I mean he's the best at being a friend

I like you.

Still

No

I wouldn't be able to blame you

Or him

Sirius

That would never happen

It's

Yeah, okay

No, don't say okay when it's not, don't not say things, don't just keep them in

Sorry

It's what happened with Lily. But not in any kind of bad way, I don't mean it like that. I love that she's always here, and she is here even when he's not, and there's never been an ounce of jealousy, I swear. But it's a precedent. It's something I know can happen. A person can like me and be friends with me but also just want to spend more time with James, he's better to spend time with. I know it's different, and I think this is coming out all wrong. It's really not like there was ever an unfair dynamic or anything and it's not like Lily ever made me feel lesser. And James has never made me feel inferior. It's just I feel like it could happen.

I like you. I believe you that James is a great and wonderful person, and I definitely wouldn't complain if he'd want to be my friend. But I like YOU. I like talking to YOU, I think about YOU, I want to spend time with YOU, I want to get to know YOU better. And James comes with that, because he's your best friend, and a huge part of your life, but I only wanted him to have my number so he could contact me in regards to YOU. You're the one I want to text all the time, you're the one I want to listen to records with, you're the one I want to knit socks for. That's not going to change, Sirius.

Wow

I'm s

No, I'm not
I mean all of that

Thankyou

No need.

And no need for that sorry earlier, either

Okay

That all

I mean that. Thank you.

You're welcome

He has your number

Okay. Thank you.

What are you and Alice up to?

Oh, she left after food

Aww

It's alright

It was a nice surprise that she came in the first place

That was really nice

And quick? For a day trip?

How did she travel, that's she's just willing to do that in a day?

Broom

What m

Hah hah hah

It's not the fastest, but she doesn't really get to fly a lot in London, and starts to miss it a lot every now and then

Well, what with all the regulations, it's probably difficult

Exactly, it's less of a hassle to just go on the tube

I can imagine.

Personally I don't really see the appeal in flying

Dunno

Wind in your hair and all that
Like falling, but safe

*Cold.*

Wear a jacket

*What about when it rains and you're all wet and visibility is shite*

Then don't fly then

*What if it starts raining while you're already up there*

You live with it, you walk in the rain, don't you?

See, clearly, flying is not for you. And here I was going to get you a racing broom for Christmas.

*Shame, you'll just have to think of something else now*

I'll just go with the basket of delicately arranged oranges

*I'll just have to squeeze them into juice and pour it over your head*

*Make your hair nice and sticky*

Don't even say that!

*Don't talk about oranges*

Fiiiiine

*What are you up to?*

Consoling

*How's that going?*

About as well as could be expected

Which is to say not

*Was it an important game?*

Who knows?

*Well I assumed you would, but I guess not*

He treats all of them like the World Cup

*So yes, it was an important game*

To him yes, not sure about the team

*Oh, just a sec*

Okay?
Sorry, just wanted to write something down

So is consoling James a special process, or are you just giving him pats on the shoulder and saying 'there, there'?

What were you writing?

We're watching Lily's favorite movies and being abnormally quiet

Just a poem I remembered earlier and then forgot again and now remembered again

Which are her favourite movies?

Poem?

Don't try to distract

I'm not? It's just a short thing, I don't even know where I know it from

Oh I know you weren't actually trying to distract

What is it?

That's

Beautiful and sad

Yeah

I like it
Me too

<3

Oh

The

It's the little heart one

I can see that

Just making sure

Thank you

We're watching Sixteen Candles

Oooh!

Good choice.

Yeah?

It's just starting

Can

You don't have to, but give me five minutes?

!!!!????!!!!!!

I'll stall

thanksi'llhurry

Tell me when

Okay I'm all set

Tell me when to count

10, yeah?

Yes

Now

Okay

I like this movie

I like most 80s movies

I trust your judgement
You and Lils both

You’re gonna like it too, I think

Hmmm why?

Just will

You'll see

Okayyyy

I might fall asleep at some point, just a warning

I'm all wrapped up in warm blankets with my binder off and pyjamas on and after I finish this cocoa too, there's no saying what will happen

That sounds so so nice

Incredibly Dirty But Also Very Cute Moony

Your title is getting too long

Your own fault, you keep adding to it

Well you keep

Being Moony

So just stick to Moony

I do

Shhh pay attention to the movie now

Yes yes yes alright

So?

I am

Having a lot of emotions right now

Mhm mhm good

I'm in love

Told you

You did, I believed you

Is this the first John Hughes film you saw?

What?
He was a director, made a bunch of good ones

Oh

Then yes, this is my first

Definitely watch the rest.

What else is there?

Pretty in pink and The breakfast club are a must

I'll put them on the list

They're already on the list

Tell Lily I like her

Do I have to?

Yes

Ugh fine

Thank you

She says she likes you too and then some stuff about me that I won't repeat

What no tell me

Nah

But I want to know :(  

Sorry

You are not

Not terribly

Hmph

Questions?

Okay

What is your very favourite movie?

The princess bride

I'll put it

It's already there.

It should be moved to the top
I'll see if Wormy will watch it with me tomorrow

Another Peter Sunday?

For the first half of the day. Then dinner with mum and dad

Oh, nice

Yes definitely

Do you do those a lot?

Family dinners? A few times a month. Depends on everyone's schedules

And they're nice?

They're amazing

Good, good

Honestly, they're the very best people

Tell me about them?

They're so kind and generous and they have just so much love to give

They sound great

I'll tell you more about them when I'm with them

Okay

Easier that way. But they really are the best

I believe you

Good

I have more helping mum with gardening to look forward to tomorrow

Is it always gardening?

Nah, it's different things, we just haven't finished everything we wanted to do last week

What else do you have to do?

Plant a few more things and paint the fence

And possibly the shed too

Awww

How is that awww?

Painting with your mum sounds
Dunno, like something fictional

It's a chore

But a really fun one

It's not the worst, I'll give you that

I'll take it

Was the thing about my parents your question for the evening?

No, that was just talking

What's your favourite flower?

Do I have to say one? Because it's kind of like the colour question

Pick one that I can plant outside

Maybe gardenia? What they lack in vibrancy of colour they name up for in scent.

That's the little white ones?

Mhm

Either white or a really pretty creamy colour

Okay

Which I suppose is also white but still

Okay

I'm impressed you stayed up this long

I slept through half of the movie

You did?!

Yeaaah, sorry

Hmph

Sorry.

Oh no, not really

You sounded so comfy and warm and comfy

I was

Just not exactly fair to make you wait and then fall asleep

I
Don't think it was any less nice

No?

Nah

Lily fell asleep too, in James's lap, and that's nothing but sweet. If it's like you're here watching it with us, then I can't imagine it being any less nice

_I don't think I'd fall asleep if I'd been there_

_Would have to watch your face for reactions_

_I'd be pretty distracted by your face if you were here, too_

_People often are_

Ohhh I bet

_Yup._

Forest eyes

_Sure, that's why._

Oh, I know the whole face is worth gazing at, but I'd probably get stuck on your eyes

_Already have_

_You_

_Actually mean that, don't you_

Yes

_Is there a reason I shouldn't?_

_You're something else_

_Sweet dreams, little star_

_Goodnight, Moony_

Chapter End Notes

The first song Remus had playing in the background was Somebody To Love by Queen and the second was I Touch Myself by The Divinyls ;)
I wonder if you keep the volume up on your phone while you sleep

And I also wonder if you're a light sleeper

So like

If I

Keep texting you

Will you

Wake up

?

?

?

Good morning

Good morning Moony

Good morning

Go away

Good morning!

Not yet

Hmph

Need another

Hour

Or four

Four?????

Mhn

You're killing me

Go be with Peter
Ugh fiiiine

We're watching your movie now

If you don't like it, don't tell me

We'll see

Okay

I'm not nervous or anything

It's a movie, why are you nervous?

I don't know, but I am

I want you to like it

It shouldn't really matter, it's just a movie, I know

But ughhh

I liked the one last night, I trust you that if you say this is so important I'll like it too

Maybe, maybe not

Shall I tell you when it's over so that I can pay strict attention?

Yes.

Okay

Have a nice "morning"

Thank you

We're watching it again from the beginning.

Because...

Because I'm having feelings and I'm not ready to leave these characters and this place yet

There's a book.

There is?

Yes, you should read it

If you want
It's it as good as this?

Yes

Better

Better.

Than this???

Yes, trust me

You get more background about Fezzik and Inigo and the whole thing is just

Better

Okay.

I want it.

Get it.

I'll see if Lily has it

Then you can read it in the mornings while you wait for me to wake up

Oh

That's true, isn't it

Mhm

Texting her now

I'm really happy that you like it

I love it

Thank you

Happy to share

Still nervous?

Just a tiny bit

There's one more thing I need to know your opinion on

Yes?

Westley's moustache.

Shhhhhhh

We're not talking about that, Moony.
All of his everything else is so pretty, whyyyyyy

Why the moustache?

Oh

I'm sorry

Are you a fan of the horrible little moustache?

I hate it with every fiber of my being

Oh thank goodness

I think that's the only thing I don't like about it

That, and the almost slap, which is also the only thing that's worse in the book

Worse in the book.

Worse than him raising a hand to her just before claiming he loves her???

Yeah

He doesn't.

He does

No.

I'm sorry

And you want me to read this?

I

I know that hitting her is unforgivable and if I could change anything in any book, it would be that. And I'm conflicted about still liking their relationship so much, but I got attached long before I knew better, and I need to keep this story as a good thing. I blacked out that line and I know pretending it doesn't exist and looking the other way is right under actually doing it on the list of horrible things, but I need it, I need this story to stay good in my mind.

You don't have to read it

But what does she do? When it happens?

She starts saying that she spoke the truth, but then stops when she sees him raising his hand again

Again

It's bad, I know

I'm allowed to pretend that that's not something that happens?

I think. I think when something is bad in fiction and you know it, and you're critical about it, and you
talk about it, and you acknowledge it, and you'd know to do better in real life, you should be allowed to not let it ruin it for you.

I don't want to excuse his character for it, I just want his character to be able to exist without it for me. It's literature, it's interpretive, right?

I want to read it so bad, but if it's going to be

Like that

I don't want to spend time with him

That's how I dealt with it, reimagining the character. I don't like Westley despite what he does, I like him because my Westley never does that

And he definitely doesn't have any facial hair

Does the book mention the moustache?

It does not

Okay then

You don't have to read it

I could just tell you more about the story

Or

Or I could read it to you one day and skip all the bad things, and you'd never have to know.

Oh

Just a thought

I want both.

I want to read it in the mornings before you wake up so I have a piece of you while I'm waiting for you. But also, I want you to read it to me someday.

Okay

I have your word?

You have my word.

Good

I want to.

It sounds like it could be really nice.

Lily doesn't have it, so Wormy and I are going to stop off at a place he knows before I have to head to dinner
Mm bookshop

Mm nerd

Nerd who has to go now

Tell your mum I say hello

Nah

You are under obligation, I told James good luck from you and I wanted no part of that

Fine fine fine I'll tell her

Yesssss thank you

Ugh

My hands are all painty

What colour?

Mostly brown

I love that feeling

Of being dirty?

Of being art

You sound like you're always art to me

Real art, the kind that means you did something

Painting a fence isn't art

It is if you do it right. But that's not important. The important bit is the long, paint covered fingers

Those are the art

Fingers that created and were created upon

It's the best art

I've just realized something

Hmm?

You're a nerd too
Am not, you take that back

You so are

I am not!

Are too

No, that's you

You too though

Not

Totally are

Hmph

Ha!

Hmmmmmph

Not that grades are a good indicator of anything, but you totally got straight A’s in school, didn’t you

A’s aren’t that good

Ohhh excuse me, A+ then

O’

Oh

No

I mean

Yeah okay but I never studied or anything

Yeah you seem like the type

The type?

The type who never studies and barely seems to even care but still gets better grades than people who actually try

That's never sounded more like an insult

Well I'm grumpy about it

I'm sorry

Equally impressed

I wasn't an arse about it

Well I was but I could have been much worse about it
What was your favourite subject?

That's

Tricky

One of my best subjects was like

Chemistry

But was that the one you liked best?

Hard to explain, the classes were really specific to the school

But it was like, this practical and theoretical self defense class. Not a traditional subject, I suppose

It's good that they taught that

I always thought I would do something with that

But they suggested things like law enforcement and that's not me

Officer Sirius

No thanks

Very not you

Right?

What's your favourite subject?

Definitely not chemistry

Awww, I could've helped you

I would've been forever grateful

Alas

Not sure what I could offer in return

Well obviously you'd read to me

Ohh, of course

And the rest we could work on together

I can't tell if I like working alone or if that's just what I'm used to

Moony

Padfoot
Wish I’d known you eight years ago

In an alternate universe, maybe

Oh well

I'm gonna go shower and wash all this paint off

Enjoy

Sure

Tell me when you're out?

Will do

I'm out

Well it's about damn time

I wasn't gone that long!

It felt like foreeeeeeeverrrrr

Aren't you at dinner?

Yes but we're not allowed in the kitchen so I'm just sitting here

Are the others not there yet?

Oh it's just James and me and his parents

Lily comes sometimes but not every time

Ah, okay

He's an only child

Well

I mean, they're basically your parents too?

Mm yeah

Do I get to know more about them now?

Yes

So Dad's family's lived in England for the last seven billion generations or something like that. His dad was a chemist for a beauty product company and he chose to rebel against that at all costs - James gets that from him. They both keep more hair than they will ever bother to manage. He likes modern jazz and do not get near him when he's got something in the record
player because you WILL be swept into dancing. He's quite a good dancer, though, so no one ever really complains. He inherited an estate and comforts from his dad, but he's worked his whole life anyway. A government job. He smiles too big when you walk in the door, like he's spent every minute you were away waiting for you to come back, and he laughs at his own terrible puns. I get that from him.

Mum grew up in Bengaluru in what she calls a "modest home", but James once spent a summer with his extended family there in Karnataka and from what he says there was nothing modest about it. But she's the most REAL person you'll ever meet. We talk with her and she just gets swept into the conversation like she's one of us. She's the best cook in the entire world and I grew up with servants, so forgive me but my taste is refined. There's warm in everything she makes and I don't mean heat. She's in there now making bisi bele bhath, which is not even one of my favourites and my mouth is watering with the smell. And I should stop talking about it now because it smells soooooo good and I'm soooo hungry I'm going to bite James in a minute

*They sound absolutely wonderful*

They are

*When did you start living with them?*

I was sixteen when I got my own bed

I'd already been spending most of the holidays at James's, but it was official when

Well there was a messy exit from The House of Black, and then I never looked back

*I'm really glad you got away*  

*And had a place to go*

*Really really me too*

*But your brother stayed?*

*You don't have to answer anything if it's too personal*

It's fine

It's you, so it's fine

I

Tried

To get him to come with me

The Potters would have taken him in, too, I know they would have

But he wouldn't come

So I left him there
Okay

I almost told you that when we were trading bad things that time

It keeps me awake a lot. It's the thing I want to take back.

Okay but you know it wasn't on you, right?

No.

Sirius

I don't think I want to talk about it anymore

Alright.

Sorry

Really don't be, you never have to talk about something you don't want to

Okay

I don't talk about him much

Ever really

Regulus, right?

Yeah.

He's younger, right, so still in school?

Yeah

Sorry, I'll stop

Thanks

My mum says hello back by the way

Awww thank you

And some other stuff about me I won't tell you

Pleeeeaase

Nope, you didn't tell me what Lily said, I'm not gonna tell you what my mum said

If I tell you?

Maybe

Hmmmm

Probably
Hmmmmmmmmmmm

Definitely

She said something about me having good taste

My mum said she likes how I smile when I talk about you

Do you do that?

Smile?

Yes

Yes

When you talk about me

Yes

Thank you

For telling me that

Mhm

Lily's also been calling you that thing James calls you. That's what she was implying I had good taste in.

Do you agree?

Well I know I have good taste in friend friends.

Obviously

But not in boyfriend friends?

No

Had a lot?

There was a period of time where I went out with a lot of guys, but I don't think I'd call any of them my boyfriends. So maybe I've never had one to complain about, anyway.

I think I have excellent taste

Yeah?

Well I've never dated anyone, but all the people I've liked were wonderful

Tell me about one?

There was this one girl about two years ago. I was in a bookshop trying to decide between two books, and she came up to me and offered her opinion, because she had read both of them. I ended up buying a third one and asking her to let me borrow the other two from her. So we agreed to both
come back there next week, and then the next, and the next. It was about three months of book exchanges, and we'd leave notes in them for each other. She was incredibly bright and kind and warm and positive.

Wow

Yeah

That's

I'm waiting for that

I'm waiting for that to end with the other person liking me back

It's always me, I'm always the problem

Why

How

I'm always the one who can't manage to like the person back

Maybe they just weren't likeable

Apparently

You'll find someone

Oh that phrase

I know how it sounds, I just honestly believe it in your case

Yeah

Eating yet?

Setting the table now

I have a bag of crisps

Yum, dinner

It'll do

Not really???

It'll have to

No dinner dinner?

Nah

Well maybe mum's gonna bring something back from work, but that won't be for hours

Are they good crisps?
Ehh

Enjoy them
I'll try

You enjoy your dinner
And company

Talk soon
I'll be here.

Are you?
I am

Sorry it was long
It's alright

What were you up to?
Studying

As always
Exams are starting, forgive me for having to actually study unlike some people

Can I help?
No

Hmph
You can help me figure out how to convince a professor to let me take one of the exams on a different day

Oh? Why?
Can't make it next Friday

Something more important than an exam?
Hospital.

Oh okay

Sorry that was a poor question
It's fine

And you can't just tell your professor that?

They never understand why I can't just reschedule the check-up

Um???? How about your health is much much much more important???

"Then maybe this course isn't for you, Mr Lupin."

I don't even know where to begin with that

The exact quote doesn't have 'Mr' either

Okay. Now I know where to start with it.

Don't tell them. Have Alice write you a note on behalf of the hospital. Does your school have official guidelines about "emergencies"?

Can't do that

Why?

The hospital isn't

It's just not possible.

Okay

What are you going to do?

Fail

But you’re studying so hard for it, that's not fair

Life isn't fair

It's fine, it's just 30% of the final grade

No

I hate that

That's not right

It's how it is

I'm sorry

Me too

And it's not like all of them are arseholes, some are understanding

And the ones that aren't just make me want to b

I shouldn't tell you this
I want you to

This one's for the top of your nerd list

???

Just make me want to become a teacher that much more.

Go ahead, let's hear it

Do it.

Do it?

Do it, become a teacher.

I plan to

Good.

Kids need someone who understands, or is willing to try to

I think you'd be good at it

Yeah?

Yes, definitely

Thanks

I like that

That you want to change it from the inside, not dismiss it as a whole

I just want to help. And be a person I wish I had in my life

You're the best kind of person

What I am is a sleepy person

Questions?

You go first

Has it occurred to you that you'll be like. Here. In a few days?

12 isn't a few

Seems like a few

Yes it has

It's just weird

Weird.
Sorry

Didn't mean anything by it

Nothing to be sorry about, I'd just like you to explain more

Explain?

The weird feeling

Like I'll want to still be texting you, but texting you so close seems

I dunno, it shouldn't be difficult. I texted James from the kitchen while he was in the bedroom the other day

It's just different

If it's any consolation, I won't be able to text most of the day

That is the least consoling thing I've ever heard

But I kind of assumed as much

Would you rather date a werewolf or a vampire?

Give me a werewolf any day

Well most days, I guess

But that's the point, werewolves are only wolfy one day a month, right? Supposedly?

Vampires are vampires always. Then there's the whole depressing eternity thing

Werewolves are werewolves always too. They just only transform into a more clear image of the monster once a month

Suppose it depends on the lure you follow

I guess

You're a vampire fan, aren't you?

Wouldn't say I'm a fan, but at least they're human

More human than werewolves???

I will fight you

Who would you rather curl up with at the end of a long day? The frigid undead? Or a person who's maybe a bit canine most days?

They're not frigid, that's just a myth.

Many vampire friends?
Nah, just met a few once

Met any werewolves?

Have you?

Can't say I have

But you'd have no problem dating one?

Nope

Like I said, I'm a bit of a dog person anyway

I might go out and find myself a super cool werewolf boyfriend now to spite you

They're not dogs.

No, but I think I could translate my love of dogs to their wild ancestors. And thus their human counterparts.

I mean, the bottom line is I'd date either if I thought they were right for me, but superficially werewolves seem more attractive than vampires.

Okay

So your answer would be vampire?

No

????

My answer would be werewolf

Good

Then would you rather date a werewolf or a witch?

They're not mutually exclusive, you know

But witch

If you say so

I do say so

You're just saying that because of the project you're not working on in school

Why would I not want to date a witch?

Warts and child eating?

Well obviously I'd find a good witch

Obviously
Would you date a wizard?

I might

There's conditions?

Well I try to avoid doing things my birth family would approve of

They'd see that kind of magic as power

*But not doing something you want just because they might approve of it, means they're still shaping your life*

Whether it's an act of defence against them or an act of defence against defying them, my life is shaped by them. There's no avoiding it.

*They don't have any power over you anymore*

Oh don't they?

They're still in all of my decisions, her words and her voice is still in my head when I'm struggling.

They're there when someone leaves dirty dishes out and I cringe or when someone touches my hair without warning

They're all of the unfortunate parts of me, but they're parts of me nonetheless

*I'm sorry.*

*It's fine*

*I only meant*

*I don't know what I meant*

*I know they're there and you've been hurt by them and I know that won't go away. But they don't matter. Your feelings do, and they're valid, but they don't.*

*I promise if I ever meet a worthwhile wizard, I won't let my family's opinion get in the way*

*Maybe he'll also be a werewolf, they couldn't possibly approve of that*

*You know, I somehow think that would definitely be something they wouldn't approve of*

*Perfect, I'll have my fingers crossed that you fall in love with a wizard werewolf then*

*Me too*

*Goodnight, Sirius*

*Sweet dreams*
That's
I'm waiting for that

It's here
I dreamt of you

What?

I had a dream and you were in it

I was?

What was the dream?

It started with just me lying on the floor listening to records. Had a really bad day. And I texted you, but you weren't replying, so I closed my eyes and just tried to focus on the music. And then when I opened my eyes again, you were there.

That could potentially be a nice dream

It was.

Did we just listen to music together?

Uh

Yeah

Yeah?

Just

Really close

That also sounds nice

It was.

I'm taking it

Anyway, good morning

Good morning to you too

Tea?

Chamomile

Mm okay

Yesss

I
Shite
It's here

What?
Your painting

Your painting's here

Oh!!!

Yay!!!

Oh

The painting that you made, your painting, is just lying in my kitchen

Oh oh oh oh oh

Okay

Ooookay

Are you?

Sure

Right, okay, so I'm just gonna

Open it now

Yeah

Okay, do it

Oh

???????????????

It's a good oh

It's an oh wow

Oh, okay

Not what I expected

Not?

When I think of a painting of fruit, I'm imagining something from the renaissance

This is

So much better
Yeah??

*It's beautiful, Sirius*

You like it?

*I love it*

*The figs are my favourite*

The figs, of all of it?

*Yeah*

*They remind me of two young greek boys in love*

Young Greek boys?

*Oh! You mean my loves, Achilles and Patroclus? I still can't believe anyone in the world but me CARES about those two.*

*Lots of people care*

*Have you not read the book?*

*Oh yeah, I read The Iliad. Homer was a*

*Was one of the authors my birth parents approved of*

No, yeah, obviously you've read the iliad, I meant the book that makes most people actually care, the song of achilles?

No?

*Youuuuuu really really really really should*

Dunno

*I promise you it's worth it. It doesn't ruin anything, it's just a retelling of the story from Patroclus' point of view, and it's all about their love and it's beautiful and heartbreaking and real.*

ABOUT their love? Like it acknowledges it in text?

*It does a lot more than just acknowledges it, it's the whole point of it*

There is a whole book, just about Achilles and Patroclus being in love?

*That is what I'm trying to tell you, yes.*

Do they kiss???

Tell me they kiss

Tell me there is a book out there that exists in the world in which Achilles and Patroclus actually, without a doubt, definitely kiss.
There is a book out there that exists in the world in which Achilles and Patroclus actually, without a doubt, definitely kiss. A lot more than just once.

OhMygod

Would you like me to send you my copy with the socks?

There's still room in the box

Yes please.

I'll mail it today

No rush

But wow

Wow wow wow

You'll love it

And nobody slaps people they supposedly love?

No

I mean plenty of really awful things still happen

Well, yes, there's war and whatnot

And the ending keeps to the legends?

It ends in the afterlife.

Ooookay

You'll probably cry a lot

Just a warning

Looking forward to it

I'm excited for you

I'm excited to read it

Are you excited for work which you're late for?

F

Yes yes I am thank you bye

Have fun

So
I just put the painting up

Up?

Up on my wall

And I saw your note tucked in the back

And I don’t really know what to say

Figure it out while I’m still here, I’m not supposed to be on my phone

Was surprised you replied, figured you were maybe on your break

I’ve been trying to figure it out for half an hour

I think thank you is as close as I’ll get

Then you’re welcome

Hi

Hi

I’m really really glad you like it

I really really do

And I decided against ruining the oranges drawing

Oh you did?

Yes

It’s on my wall as well

There are ORANGES? On YOUR wall???

Yes

That is quite flattering

Aha, don’t let it get to your head

Am I right to assume that the dog paw in the corner of the painting is your signature?

Yessss

I was expecting a star, but I suppose this works just as well

It’s my thing

If you say so, Padfoot
I do

*I quite like it*

Thank you

*Work was good?*

Oh yes!

*Bit of trouble concentrating, I was still worried you didn't really like the fruit*

*I told you I did.*

Yeah I know

*And I don't usually get so nervous like this, I don't know what's wrong with me*

*Well it is your first commission*

True

*I really do like it.*

Okay

Okay

*I think I want to paint more*

Good

*You should, you’re talented*

I've been putting off putting everything away since I did that and I think I just won't

*You're an artist, you need your things*

Well usually my things don't take up so much space

*You're allowed to take up space*

Oh

*Will you show me what you've painted once you do?*

Sure

*Only if you'll want to*

I'll want to

Okay

Thank you for saying that
You're welcome

What else did you do while I was there?

Studied like the nerd I am

Of course, I should've guessed

Went to the post office

Helped an old lady carry her groceries home

Had a fight with my dad

Ate an apple, I think your painting inspired me to be more healthy

Ate two bars of chocolate and some gummy worms, so I guess not really

Called Alice, but she didn't pick up

Aaand that's about it.

Of course you carried groceries for someone, you're like a nerd superhero.

Sorry about your dad

It's fine

If my painting inspired you to eat something that grew out of the ground, then it was well worth the effort.

I don't even want to approach the other things you ate

Boo Alice

I'll tell her

Wait no

Too late

Nooooooooo!

Your own fault

It's too late to start monitoring what I say to you

Good, don't

Hmph

There's only about 17.3% chance that she'll actually read the text anyway

Why does she never text? These things are great

Just prefers other methods of communication, I guess
Oh well

Have any grand plans for today?

Oh yes, spa night

Spa night?

I brought home fun things for Lily and I to play with

Oh, nice

Yesss

Enjoy

We willlll

Sirius?

Hey!

Did I miss anything?

I don't mean to bother you and interrupt your night

But Alice is still not picking up and

I dunno

Okay

Okay, what can I do?

I just need one nice thing

Just tell me one nice thing

Anything

How about this happy, rescued lion?
There were thirty three of them, circus lions, and they've just been freed and taken to their very own preserve so that they can be taken care of because they're not used to the wild, but they still have all this space to live and thrive and be happy.

*Thank you*

*Was that alright?*

*Yes*

*I've always liked lions*

*Me too*

*It's being called the largest air lift of lions in history. From south America to south Africa. I've never met a lion in person, can you imagine meeting 33 of them??*

*I cannot*

*Let's do that someday. I want to meet a lion.*

*At least one. Doesn't have to be 33*

*I'll stand very far away*

*Nuh uhh, you're gonna pet that lion with me*

*I told you, animals don't like me*

*That's not a real thing, Moony, surely*

*I'm gonna go now*

*Thank you for this*

*Okay?*

*Sorry*

*Don't be sorry just*
If you have to go it's okay

Will I talk to you before bed?

Have your question ready

Alright

Hi

Did I say something wrong earlier?

I mean hi

But did I?

I feel like I did, but I don't know if you don't tell me, and if I don't know I'll only wind up saying it again

Or am I being really narcissistic right now, and you just really had to go?

It's been eating me.

I'm sorry.

I wanted to be alone, I just needed to know a nice thing that I could focus on instead of all the bad thoughts. And the way that conversation was heading it would have ended up just being another bad thought

Okay

We don't have to meet any lions

I want you to meet lions

We'll see

Bed soon?

Yeah

For the record, I dislike days where the talking is less

Yeah. Me too.

Questions

Yes, go ahead

You first, tonight

Okay
If I hadn't found the note, would you have told me it's there?

I want to say no. The plan was not to. But I'm me, so that would probably last about a day

I put it back there

I've since got up about four times to reread it, but I always put it back

You did not

I did. I don't know why. I think I just like knowing that those words are written there when I look at the painting.

Well they're all yours

Mine, from you, and you meant them

Yes.

I wrote you a note too

You did?

Is it in the mail??

It's in the mail

Oh that needs to get here now.

Should be there tomorrow or the next day, I paid for the fast delivery because of the

Not telling.

Because of the ??????

Not telling.

I want to knowww

You'll know when you get it

That could be ages!

It won't be ages

Could be

Won't be

Hmph

Question?

What ever happened with the book girl?

I told her I liked her, she said she didn't feel the same way. I asked if we can continue being friends,
and she said she'd rather not.

Well fuck that

It's okay, she was kind about it. Had her reasons. And I got over it.

Still think it was an incredibly dumb decision on her part.

You'd stay friends with me?

Yeah

Yes.

Good to know

Would you?

With a friend. Be able to just go back to normal?

Yes.

Her loss

She's better off without me

Everyone is

Remus

It's true

I don't give as much as I take

So I'm just a burden

You're not a burden, you're a person. You're a very important person.

Sure

What is it that you take?

Everything

You don't take from me

I'm just not worth being in anyone's life

I make it worse

Again, I guess I can only speak for myself, but you have yet to make anything worse for me

Yeah

You've been a really positive influence in my life
You too

I'm only grateful that I get to know you

You're a really great person

Remus, are you okay?

No

Can I help?

Can you

No, nothing, sorry

Please

Please finish that first sentence

Can you call me?

And not say anything

Because I don't think I could handle hearing your voice right now

Just be on the line for a bit

Yes

I can stay with you until we fall asleep?

Please, yes

Okay

***

Thank you for last night.

Thank you too

I didn't do anything

Well

?

This morning

We were still on when I woke up
Oh

You talk in your sleep, I don’t know if you know

Yeah, I

I know

What did I say?

Not really sure, I think the phone must have been a bit away from your mouth, and you were mumbling. You didn't like something, I got that much

I don't remember any dreams

Probably best, it didn't sound like a very nice dream

So you’re thanking me for my distressed mumbling?

Well, I’d have preferred if it were more pleasant for you but

You have a really

Really good sleepy voice

Oh

Yeah

I still don't think a thank you is necessary

Made my day a lot easier to start

Okay, okay. You're welcome then

Is it alright that I heard?

Yeah, it's alright

Okay good

Because I liked falling asleep like that

Me too.

Sooo

It can maybe happen again?

Definitely

Excellent

Tea, please?

Green
Something peaceful

Okay but mum's not here to stop me from putting sugar in it

Is my seething disapproval not enough?

Nope

Gross

Sweet and yummy

It's green tea

Sweet and yummy is not

Whatever

Be gross, see if I care

Sweet.

And.

Yummy.

Ugh

What did you have for breakfast then?

Toast and a delicious, yummy, sweet, tangy, juicy orange

Gross

Very satisfying

I'd rather eat kale

You take that back

Will not

How dare you

Easy

Anything is better than kale

Nope

Oranges are delicious, I pity you

Are not

Yummmmmm
Ew

Go drink your way too sweet tea

Oh I am

Bleh

Mmm

I'll get green tea on my break and have it The Way The Gods Intended to make up to the universe for your transgression

Enjoy, I suppose

Talk later Moony

If I don't reply right away when you'll be out of work it's because I'm in an exam

Oh!

Good luck!!!!!

You'll be great

Thanks

<3

For good luck

Oh

Thank you

Are you out yet are you out yet are you out yet?

Now I am

Yaaaay

How'd it go?

Great, I'm happy with it

Good!!!!

Yesss

Work as good as ever?

Yes, starting to get exhausting, because they've realized I'm good at stocking. Is that a thing a
person can be good at? Anyway, I'm doing a lot of that

*That's not working with people*

I still do, it just means putting things on shelves while I talk to them

*Hm okay*

I'm okay with it

*Well as long as you're not too exhausted to talk to me, I'm okay with it too*

Never too exhausted for that

*Well accept that time I fell asleep*

*I'm in no position to blame anyone for sleeping*

*Very very true*

*You don't have to be so quick to agree*

*Oh sorry*

*Let me think on that a bit*

*Hmmmm*

*Yes*

*You sleep too much*

*I sleep just the right amount of time*

*Well it seems like forever*

*That's because you sleep too little*

*Not my fault*

*Didn't say it is*

*Hmph*

*I win again*

*Are you keeping score?*

*No, though now that you've mentioned it, it's not such a bad idea*

*Ooooof course*

*I won't count this one yet, to make it more fair*

*Oh thank you*
I'm nothing if not kind

You're lots of things, and also kind

What other things am I?

You're fun, and sweet, and funny, and sarcastic, and rude, and cute, and sharp, and lots of things

Momentarily happy, almost blushing, going to London for the weekend,

What?

Alice called back and said I should come

Take a little break between all the studying

That's great!

Yesss

I'm spending this weekend with Pete's parents

Nooo

I mean, how nice, tell me more

Nooo? I'm sorry

They're in Leeds, we visit them, the three of us, every few months

That's really sweet, that you all go

It's not so bad. Really we go for Wormy. It's hard for him sometimes

May I ask why?

They're under care they're. They were at a facility here in London for a while, but when it was determined that there was no "better" only "consistent", they were moved out so that his aunt could take care of them in the comfort of a family home. She wanted him to go too, but it's hard for him to see them like that. So he maintains their old place here and we just visit sometimes.

I'm sorry it's like that

It is what it is

When are you back?

Sunday afternoon sometime, I think

Some other time, then

Some other time, then what?
Some other time, then what???

Then I buy you some tea

Next time, lie to me and tell me it wouldn't have happened anyway

It probably wouldn't.

Thank you

Not lying.

I know

I don't think I'm ready yet

I think I'm less ready than I was

I think those are nerves

I guess

Or not I don't know

Do you

Do you still want to?

Yes.

Okay.

You're more important every day

It would have been easy a week ago

There's weight to it now

Sorry

What??

I dunno

It's not a bad thing

Sure

You feel that you being important to me is a bad thing?

It's bad for you

It very much is not

Not weight, like a burden. Weight, like it matters. It's tangible and real.
Okay

It's only a positive feeling

Okay

What are you and Alice going to get up to?

She wants to go out

What does that entail?

Me drinking in a corner while she dances

You don't dance?

Um

No

But you'll go with her anyway

Well

Yeah, of course?

Because you're a good friend

Yeah

And what will you be drinking while she's dancing?

Whatever she'll buy me

So principled

Probably whiskey

Good answer

Glad you approve

You have my blessing

How incredibly kind you are

You have to tell me where you go once you've been

Have to?

Want you to

Maybe

I'll take it
I have to go study now

Talk before bed?

Yes please

One thing that made you smile today?

James told me he'd miss me before he left and reminded me I can text him

Aww

It was nice

Sounds it.

Do you think I'm dependant?

How do you mean?

I dunno

Nevermind

No, tell me

Please?

I don't know how to put it. I think I need people more than they need me?

There's nothing wrong with needing people.

Yeah

There isn't.

I think you are, in a way. I think you need people around you and you don't like being alone and you need someone to reassure you that you're not. Or that they'll always be there for you, that you can call them, that they'll come back, that you can lean on them. That you're loved. You could live without that, you could survive on your own, no doubt about it. You're strong, and you're brave. But why would you put yourself through that if you don't have to? And maybe James finds it easier to spend time on his own, but that doesn't mean that he doesn't need you. And even if he wouldn't, he still wants you, he still chooses you. And I think that matters more.

Oh

I like that

Just how I see it.

I like the being chosen

Only an idiot wouldn't choose you
Do consider yourself an intelligent person?

Quite

Mmm

Goodnight, little star

Goodnight Moony

***

Mornings are the worst

Are not

Good morning

I demand a different greeting

GOOD MORROW, PUMPKIN!

No

Morning Moony

Hmm okay

Bad night's sleep?

Yeah

Kept waking up

Could have messaged me

Didn't wanna ruin your sleep too

I wouldn't have minded

Checked the mail yet?

Not yet, do you think it could be here???

I'm going

Well they said one day or two, and it's been two

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Is it there?
Yes
It is it is it is

Ohhhkay suddenly I'm nervous

Oh please

I'm not claiming it makes sense

Moonyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

Whaaat

<3<3<3<3<3

Money's in one of the socks

Oh

Oh the socks are so perfect

Yeah?

So

Wow

Glad you like them

I love them

And the note

Good, good, okay

This is

Remus, we agreed on a scale

This is way too much

No it's not

It is

I can't

It's not.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

This is a lot
Just sit down and eat a scone

Okay

Oh wow

Mum insisted, she saw me with the box

Your mum is the best

The best

I'll tell her

Yes tell her that

I'll go tell her right now

What tea would you like with those scones?

I'd love something herbal with these

Hmm okay

Yessss

M

Christ

What??

I told her

Good

And?

And she's singing 'simply the best'

Awwwwww!

You're both the worst

Ssh, don't interrupt me Moony, I'm singing with your mother

Tell me you're not

I can't lie to you

Incredible

Thanks

No not really!
I accept your compliment

No take-backsies

Who says that

Me

I can't believe I like a person who says take-backsies

Awww I like you too

Mhm

And your mum

Yeah yeah she likes you too

Yessssss

I'm leaving the room so that this can stop now

Noooooo

No?

Fine

Talk to her then

What

Hello, dear. How long do you think it's going to take our Remus to remember that I have an infinite supply of embarrassing stories about him I could tell, and giving me his phone was a very foolish idea?

Long enough for you to get a good head start

Hello, by the way, it is exceptionally nice to meet you

Nice to meet you too, I'm Hope, I've heard so many nice things about you! And I saw your painting, you are a very very talented young person.

Oh thank you! Your scones are amazing.

You can get more anytime. Okay now, let's see. Did Remus tell you much about when he was little? He was such a lively kid, he used to keep the whole street up all night with his singing, he'd do little duets with Bunny, put up a whole show.

When he was five he saw a movie where the kids sold lemonade, so he got it into his head that he needs a stand as well, so Lyall put one together for Remus and all his friends.

And it all would have been alright, if Remus wouldn't have suddenly decided that he dislikes lemons and oranges, and tried making a lemonade out of tomatoes and strawberries instead, so it ended up looking like he was selling jugs of blood.
The first time that he ever sjfkdhgjjjk

I dislike you both very much.

Put my new best friend back on the phone Moony! She wasn't done!

I will do no such thing

It's not very nice to interrupt people in the middle of a very stimulating conversation!

I never claimed to be a nice person

Hmph!

Wish me good luck for today's exam

Good luck!!!

<3

Thankyou

You're going to do great, Moony, you've studied, you've got this

Thanks. Have a nice day at work

Thank you

You were right, I did great

Yeah??!?!

Knew you would!

Got good questions

Sure, it was the questions

No, it was me. I'm not saying I got easy questions, I'm saying I liked them

Good

What were the ones you liked?

All about ancient greece and rome and also all the french revolutions

Eclectic

You wonderful nerd
Can't bring me down today

I would never ever dream of trying to bring you down

Help keep me up, tell me about your day

I taught today

What does that mean

It means it was a slow day, and some of my colleagues didn't quite know WHY certain ingredients do certain things, so I kind of gave an unofficial retraining

Know it all

I thought everyone did though

Well now they do

True, true

Professor Sirius

Not as catchy as Professor Lupin

Oh

It's nice, right?

I like it

Rolls off the tongue

Well, I guess you can't hear it rolling off my tongue, but trust me, it sounds great

You said it out loud?

Still saying it out loud

Okay I'm gonna try

Yessss

Hm. Not bad

I quite like it

Professor Lupin

Professor Moony

Professor Moony Lupin

Professor R.J. Moony
Okay maybe I really like it

Me too

I think I'm going to start tutor again

Yeah???

Yeah.

What will you tutor?

Whatever anyone needs

Except chemistry

Of course

Because that's the worst

YOUR worst, maybe

THE worst

Who hurt you

Do you want the whole list?

That would be a hit list, better not

 Wouldn't want to make you a murderer

I can't go to prison, Moony. Imagine what it would do to my hair. They don't have Lush in prison.

So spoiled

Yes, I need to be

You should be

Not to a bratty degree, not anymore

Anymore?

Oh I used to be a right terror. When I first got to school, it was so bad. Posh as The Queen's hat, entitled and an outright brat. James and Peter saw that right out of me

Thank god for them

I do

Tell me more about school, I think I'm ready to hear about it now

Oh
Well I don't really know what to say. It was the three of us and two other boys in the dorm. And they were great, we got along well enough. But James and Pete and I were inseparable. It was my Place. I hated summers and holidays. I just wanted to exist there forever.

Describe one day

We'd wake up and get dressed, inevitably help Wormy find all the pieces of his uniform, which managed to wind up in spectacular places for reasons we never determined. Head to breakfast, which was satisfactory every day. Really, bordering on lavish, but like I said, by the time I got there, I was over spoiled in that manner. We had a few classes each day. Most weren't ordinary classes, skill classes, I guess you could say. Lunch and dinner just as extravagant as breakfast. I always took it for granted, living with my birth parents and then living with James'. I'm missing it now. We'd go for walks a lot. A lot. We had our long term project, mapping out the school. And it was in a castle, so that meant lots of secrets. We probably didn't find all of them, but we found more than enough. We went on cartography excursions after hours, usually a few times a week.

Wow

We were pretty great

You mapped out the school. Was that when you started drawing?

It was, actually

That sounds really cool

Mapped out an entire castle

Fuck, I'd love that

You'd have fit right in with us

Yeah

Could've kept us on track, that's for sure. We had a tendency to tangent for weeks at a time

Of course you did

We'd get stuck on the idea that there MUST be a secret passageway RIGHT THERE, and we'd fixate on it until we had to concede that even if there was, we weren't getting in. But once we had the idea that it was THERE it was so hard to move on

Oh yeah, I could do that, I could keep you moving

Yeah?

Pretty sure of it

Would've been great

Still was for you

It was
Tell me something completely unrelated to all of that now

Like what?

Like

Like how do you eat chips

With my mouth

Har har

Prongs eats them with vinegar and Wormy has them with ketchup and I think they're both gross

So just salt??

And not too much of that

So boring

The word you're looking for is 'refined'

Whateeeeeeer

How do you?

Salt and vinegar and then either ketchup or barbeque sauce

Or both

Oh sweet wonders, what does both mean?

What do you mean both?

Oh no

Both means both

Whyyyy

Because it's tasty

I do not believe you

Try

No, because then I'd have to imagine it

Oh, you don't believe me that I eat them like that?

I don't want to

Well

Tough
Because I do and it's delicious

If you say so

I do say so

Gross

Is not

Peter puts peanut butter on his chocolate chip cookies

Good man

Ugh

The crunchy kind though, yeah?

He refuses to see the merits of crunchy peanut butter

Crunchy is the only acceptable kind??

Thank you. He's always whining because that's all James and I keep around

Well you could keep the normal one around for him

Sometimes we do

Good

We're not heartless

Oh I know that

As long as you know

I do, I do

How much longer do I have you for?

All evening

How would you feel about extended questions? Just back and forth until I'm okay to sleep?

I'd be okay with that

It's too quiet here, even with the music

What are you listening to?

Kinks
Mind if I join you?

Please

Favourite song from it?

You have to promise not to be mean about it.

Why would I be mean about it?

Is it prince of the punks?

That's a close second

And the first is?

Lola

Ah, the most obvious one

Yes, but I didn't know that when I first heard it

When did you hear it first?

I was fifteen and I listened to the whole album without knowing it was even a Thing

Okay, I suppose that's okay then

And the first few times I heard it I didn't even hear the lyrics, I just thought it was catchy. And then it clicked. And I had a lot of feelings about it.

Understandable.

Your favourite?

Where have all the good times gone

Well they're right here, Moony
Took their sweet time getting here

So impatient

I can be

Can we sync up?

Side two in 10?

Yes

Okay, count

Okay

Are you doing anything else, or just listening?

Taking off nail polish. Highly interesting stuff

I can never be bothered

I just let it get chipped off

I envy you

I love how it looks when it's like that

But you can't stand it on yourself?

Nope

Sometimes, I rebel, and let a little bit chip off. But then I wind up here, on this couch, with cotton swabs and acetone.

Alice is the same

Has she tried acrylics?

I don't know what that means

The ones that are not real nails that they put on your nails

Yeah, I don't think she'd do well with those either

Same

Oh well

I'm trying to reorganize my bookshelf

How are you organizing?

I have no idea

Right now I'm just staring at it
I'll probably give up before I really start

Noooo don't give up

This happens at least once a week, don't worry about it

I'll try

It's not like it actually needs to be organized that badly, it's in a pretty okay state

How is it organized now?

Isn't

How do you find anything?

I just ac

I just do

I like that shelf

Me too

It started with just the short one in the middle

And then I kept adding to it

I love that

And I appreciate the courtesy ladder for people who aren't trees

I'm not that tall

Aren't youuuuu

No
You're just exceptionally short
You're just exceptionally rude
I've been told that before
By me, at least
Yeeeah, I'm gonna give up now
Boooo
Don't boo me
Hiss
Are you hissing at me?
Maybe?
Maybe don't hiss at a person with a snake tattoo?
You have a snake one?
Yeah
A small one on my back
How small? Where?
Like two and a half inches maybe
Bottom of the right shoulder blade, under the eagle
Do you have a lot of animals?
Four
So there's
The lion
The snake
The eagle
And one more, yes
Why those?
Because.
Because
Yes, because.
You're not going to tell me

I'm not

Why not??

Because I don't want to

Because it's pathetic

Because you'd call me a nerd

Hey, when I call you that do you think it's a bad thing?

What, no

Good.

I won't think you're pathetic

I'd really rather not talk about it

Then you don't have to

But I wouldn't ever think that

Okay

Questions?

How many blankets do you sleep with?

One, and a sheet. But I kick them off sometimes

What about in the winter?

Then I don't kick them off as much

And you're not cold?

I overheat in my sleep

I have five

Five.

I get cold

Five?????

And my feet are still cold

Switch with meeeeee

Take my body heat
What if I just borrowed it for a bit

That would be okay

Deal.

Where is your favourite place in your house that's not your room?

Kitchen

Why?

It has the food

Oooof course

Whaaat

I was going to say 'And 'because that's where the food is' is not an answer'

It's warm

Not in the temperature way

Well, that too, usually, but

Yeah

You do not have to defend your answer

But I like that one too

What's your favourite holiday?

Halloween

Why?

The vibrance. The festivity. The excuse to dress extravagantly

What is your favourite costume you've ever worn?

A few years ago, I had this outfit that

Well I could change out with just a quick motion

I was duly Christine Daae and The Phantom.

Ohhh nice

It was sooo good

Tell me more?

James went as Raoul and spent the evening fighting me and wooing me in turns. There's a chance we were a bit on the dramatic side
A 100% chance

A really good chance

Who did Pete go as?

He didn't

That was the year

He was away suddenly, earlier that fall. He wrote the whole time he was gone, but he didn’t tell us what had happened until he got back

That's how I wound up with both parts

Do you always do group costumes?

Yes

Nice

My next favourite was the year we went as each other

Oof course you did that

It was fantastic

I bet

I was a better Pete than Pete

But there's no way James was a better Sirius

There is much dispute on this matter

I'd expect so

I maintain I made a better Peter

How was he as James?

He had the easy job, it doesn’t count

That's not fair

Yeah yeah yeah

I'm gonna take his side on this one

Hmph

More questions, or are you going to bed?

Do those have to be mutually exclusive?

*To sleep
I've been in bed for a while

Me too

What does your pillow smell like?

Like a mix of washing detergent, my shampoo, and

Me? I suppose

Mmm okay

Yours?

Mostly like Lush things and damp cotton

And you

And me

But I don't really know how to describe that

Whatever it's like I'm sure it's nice

I trust your judgement

What are you pyjamas like?

You're assuming I wear pyjamas

Please tell me you do

I'm home alone, I have no need to

Ughhhhhhh

They're soft, thin material. Like silk but not silk. Not sure what it is, but it feels nice and cool

Colour?

Black

Okay I was gonna say they sound posh before, but now they really do

How is black posh?

Other than the obvious answer

Pjs are supposed to be fun

They are supposed to be for sleep???

Yes, but fun

Are yours fun?
When I'm wearing them, yes

That I do not doubt

Noooot how I meant it

;)

Some days my skin feels too

I don't know

I just can't stand anything

Okay

So what do they feel like then?

Just wear a tshirt

Oh

What's the t-shirt?

A really old, really worn band one

What band?

The smiths

Sounds comfy

It's the best option

What do you want to dream about?

You

W

Okay

What about me?

Anything

That's a dangerous vagueness

Something nice

A bit better

What do you want to dream about then?

Being not alone in this stupid way-too-big bed in this way-too-quiet flat
Call me

Yes.

Chapter End Notes

Sweet.
And.
Yummy.


Take my body heat
What if I just borrowed it for a bit every night

What about me?

Us
Good morning

And to you as well

Sleep okay?

Very.

You?

I actually did

Good

You sounded like you were dreaming much nicer things this time

Yeah?

I think so

Better sounding mumbling?

Precisely

Don't remember anything today either

Do you usually?

Lots of times, yeah

Tell me about a really good, recent one?

A couple of days back I dreamt that Alice and I went on a road trip around Europe

Ohh that sounds fun

It was

I'm in, when you do it

Oh, you're just going to invite yourself along, huh?

Someone needs to keep you warm, and I don't trust a car's heater to do an adequate job

Good point

Plus, if the stereo breaks, I'll sing really horribly to fill the silence, so there's entertainment too

I'm multi-talented
Can you also fix it if it breaks down?

Oh, I can! Hey that's a genuine skill I could provide

Okay, you're in

I guess we're gonna need a car that fits six people

Six?

Me and you, Alice, James because I doubt you two could live without each other for that long, Lily so that James doesn't whine, and Peter.

Remus

What?

Okay. Six person vehicle.

Okay.

Nothing

Yes, I know it's not very likely that it will ever actually happen

That's not what I was going to say

Okay

Class?

Just meeting the group today to go over what everyone did for the project

Oh good luck

Yeeeh we'll see

Maybe they'll pleasantly surprise you

Let's hope so

Have a good day at work

Thank you

Don't strangle classmates

Not all of it was completely horrible. I did my best to fix it

That's good, all things considered
Yeah

Presentation tomorrow

You'll do great

I'm not too worried about it

Good

Work was good?

Yes

Played more with colours

Home now?

Yes, lying on the table

Lying on the table.

It's comfy

Comfier than the bed or the sofa?

Right now yes

Well alright then, to each their own I suppose

I just came up here to stretch out but then it was comfy

When does James get home?

Maybe tomorrow

Oh, alright

Then clearly you have to take advantage of all this uninterrupted table sitting

Exactlyyyyy

Any big plans for this afternoon/evening?

Nope

What's your favourite place in London?

A place I'd like to take you

Your second favourite, then

Queen Mary’s garden

Okay, go there
And just be there for a while

What, now?

Yes, you have no plans and you don't like being home alone. Go and exist there for a bit

And then on Sunday when Alice is gonna be hungover and sleep even longer than I do, I can go and exist there for a bit

Well

Okay

Good

This is weird

Why?

Doesn't feel like I'm going alone

Oh

Yeah

Well. Good.

Bad service here, text you in a bit

Enjoy the roses

Moony

Yes?

Why

Didn't I bring anything to draw with

????

I don't know, but it was a very poor decision on your part

Soooooo poor

This is hell

Right, but you're still you

And there must be other people there

Surely someone has some paper and a pencil

Okay so we're just gonna do this, okay
Yes.

1

2

4

What happened to 3?

There were two very sweet girls who said no at the same time

5

6

7 will say yes

!!!!!!!

No paper

But we have a canvas

Sure, sure, they just gave you a whole canvas

And we're sharing oil paint

Enjoy creating

I will
You're art
I'm art
I like it
Thank you
Must be some painting
Maybe
I expect a full critique upon arrival
Upon ar
What??
Arrival
When it gets there
Once you receive it
You're sending me the painting
You're sending me the painting??
Yes
I mean, can I? Is that okay?
Yes!
Yes, that's very okay
Okay
It'll be on its way tomorrow
I'll make room for it on my wall
It's a bit smaller than the last
Oh, then I have a perfect spot for it
Where?
Above the bedside table
Excellent
That is, if it's pretty
Oh
I think so

I'm certain it is, Sirius

We'll see

I'll see, you already know

We'll see if you like it

I'm sure I will

What did you do, meanwhile

Take a wild guess

Studying like a nerrrrrrrd

Ding ding ding

In your nerdy room with your nerdy bookshelf and your nerdy glasses going over your nerdy notes

Yes

Yes?

Yes that's all correct

Ookay

What?

You ever imagine something too hard? And then you have to spend a few minutes reorienting yourself to reality?

Lots of times

I'm experiencing a bit of that

I just have two more pages to read and then I'm all yours

Fh)hjI

Sorry, caught it

Okay

Take your time

...alright

Going to get changed in the meantime

Don't tell me that when I'm trying to focus??
What? I'm being distracting???

Go read your two pages

Fine, but I'll think of your naked arse the entire time

M

Whatever helps you remember the information, Pumpkin

Okay I'm done, are you decent?

Do you promise not to look if I'm not?

I do not

Rude

I maintain that as long as we're just texting, you have no idea what state of dress my arse is in, ever

When I'm home anyway

Neither do you

Right well

That's

Something.

Mmmhm

Well. I tried. Oh well

Moony 1, Padfoot 0

Moony 3, Padfoot 0

When did I miss two of my wins?

Don't worry about it. Moony 3, Padfoot 0

Hmm okay

So you're all mine now, then?

Yup

That's unfortunate

Why is that unfortunate?
Because I wish I were less tired in order to enjoy that

Want to do questions before you accidentally fall asleep way too early?

Yes

Hmph

You first

What's your absolute favourite thing your mum makes?

Stew

What kind?

Vegetable

But it has dumplings, so that's something

I'll have to be the judge of that someday

I used to pick all the vegetables out of the chicken one she often made, but then this one time I just couldn't stand the idea of eating meat for like half a year, and this was the best best best thing

That's nice, then, I can accept this

What's your favourite dessert?

Your mum's scones

Kissarse

Come up with a good line for me in your head

Mmm good one, you're quite clever

I'm so clever

The most clever

Do I get to know what I said?

Nope

Course not

You almost asleep?

I think so

Would you like to call me?

Yes yes please

Okay
"Um...Sirius?"

"..."

"Okay, you're asleep. I don't want to hang up, but my battery is dying, so..."

"..."

"Goodnight, little star."

***

Good morning

My battery died last night, I didn't just hang up on you.

Oh okay

I thought I must've rolled over the end call button

Nah

That's okay

Too warm to get up and find the charger

Sure, sure

Is it going to be alive today?

Yes, there's plenty of time for it to charge before I have to go to uni

Okay good

Did you sleep well?

Also, tea?

Very well

I never sleep this well when I have the flat to myself

Hibiscus

Mm okay

Yes please

Hibiscus and scones
Perfeeeect

Quite

I want

Come here and get it

You're taunting me with scones, I'm ready to hop on a train

They're fresh out of the oven

Still warm

Mmmm

Very

Someday

Someday what?

I'm going have those scones fresh out of the oven.

Oh is that so?

Yes

Well okay

For now, you enjoy them

Oh I am

Good

Oh My gosh

These are the ones I had to change out of because they weren't foresty enough for your highness
Well you should have said they were so adorable

I mentioned cats, you could have assumed

Don't assume I assume

It was heavily implied they were adorable

Well I hereby approve of the cat socks

I'm glad they finally have your blessing

You're welcome

Mhm

And what are they being paired with today?

"Paired with", sure

I'm wearing jeans and a cardigan

Cute

Sure

What are you wearing?

An old t-shirt which I'm hoping comes off as artfully torn up and these faux leather trousers

I'm never asking you that again

Well rude

You sound too hot for your own good

So I've been told

Oh great, so it's true

I wouldn't know

That's a bit hard to believe

Eh

But it's a little different when you say it

Would you rather I not?

No, it's better when you say it

It's more like when James and Pete say it

I used to get it a lot, too much. When I didn't want it. From people I didn't want it from. It lost its meaning.
Okay.

Pick a lip colour

Blue

Perfect

I hope the compliments you'll get will feel nice

I'm working on letting them be

Good, you deserve to enjoy them

Hey Moony?

Yeah?

You, and your cat socks and your cardigan, also sound way too hot for your own good

Don't forget my skinny jeans

Uh huh uh huh okay sure uh huh

You left that detail out before

Saying jeans is not saying skinny jeans.

I didn't think it mattered

How

How can it not have mattered???

It's just jeans

No apparently they're not

They're SKINNY jeans

As in SKIN tight

As in allllll that leg

Says the person wearing leather

Oh you can probably see the dimples in my arse cheeks in these, that's beside the point.

Allllll that leeeeeeeg

That is

Not beside the point

See???? See why these details are important???
Yeah yeah alright, you’ve made your point

I’ve changed my mind, you’re not too hot for your own good

You're too hot for my good

Have you considered I'm not hot at all?

Considered and dismissed

There's too much evidence

And it's for me to decide

Well as long as it was considered

Think about me while I'm working

Oh I will

Presentation went well

Tell me about it!

Well it didn't go THAT well

Many inaccurate things were still said, but oh well I guess

Ughhh okay

How was work?

Alright

What happened?

I'm not special and new anymore, my hours are being cut along with everyone else's

I'm sorry

I don't agree with the not special comment though

I find you more special the less new you get

Sirius?

Did I say something wrong?

Try to think of it as having more time to paint now
I mean that's your main goal, anyway, isn't it?

You're an artist.

And a damn good one at that.

You didn't say anything wrong

Okay

I'm sorry, I should have told you to give me a minute

I just wanted that to stay there on the screen for a while

Oh

Well then I'm sorry I sent all of that so that you now have to scroll to get back to it

Here

The more I know you, the more special you are to me.

Thank you

I like that

Just the truth

I'm okay with the hours loss, really. I can work more on the bike, which I've been neglecting

So many bright sides to this

Yeah

More bike time, more painting time, more Moony time

Ohhh, I like that one

Thought you might

Definitely

What does one wear when going out?

I'm trying to pack a little for tomorrow, and Alice is always mean about my clothing choices

Those skinny jeans.

And?

A shirt that's not a cardigan, probably

Yes, cardigans and jumpers are apparently problematic
Well I think that's very rude

But you could try a t-shirt that you feel fits nicely

And a jumper.

Do you have any you won't get in trouble for?

There's one she'd probably approve of, but it's itchy

Then not that one

What about a shirt shirt

And I could roll up the sleeves a bit

Depends on what kind

If you'd wear it to church, put it aside

Bit tight for church

Okay keep talking.

It's dark blue

Mhm

I'll take it with me but I'll also take the jumper and decide tomorrow

Okay good

Hmm okay I guess that's that then

Remind me to pack the toothbrush in the morning

I will try

Thanks

No problem

How are you feeling?

Okay

Okay

Very mellow

James not back yet?

Says he'll be back soon, Lily too

That's good
Yeah

Oh

You're packed

I have to pack

_Somehow I have a feeling your packing is gonna take a bit longer_

If I start now, I should be done by midnight

_That's_

_Long_

_Not terribly_

_Hours._

_How long were you doing it?_

_Twenty minutes_

_For the whole thing?_

_Yes_

_Okay_

_Twenty minutes_

_Yeah_

_I could do that_

_I could totally pack in twenty minutes_

_I'm gonna do it_

_It's only one day_

_There. Done. Nineteen minutes and thirty-four seconds._

_Congratulations_

_Now what did you forget?_

_Everything._

_It's all wrong._

_I'm starting over._
Good luck

Thanks

<3

Oh

For luck

Thank you!

You're welcome

I can't decide whether I want to take all of it, or none of it

All of it

That's going to be so heavy

I'll have to put a

I'll have to use a different suitcase

Better than regretting not bringing it

True, true

Are you driving there?

We're taking a train and his aunt is picking us up

Oh, nice

Should be

I like riding trains, they're good for taking naps

I can never sleep, I'm afraid I'll miss something outside if I do

Grass and trees and sheep

Pretty and pretty and pretty

The first time, maybe

But what if lightning strikes the ground right in front of you? What if, instead of sheep, there's a herd of great, majestic elephants? You'll never know, you'll be asleep!

What a shame

Can't take that chance

I can

Hmph
Packed yet?

Almost

So nowhere close to done?

Not really, no

Don't let it stress you out too much

Suuuuure

Did you make a list?

I don't need to

It might help

Nahh

I have one, it's in my head

Alright

Also, the losers are home now

Hello losers

They say "hi nerd"

Well Lily does, James is trying to take my pphone

not going to happen

Take your phone so that you stop talking to me or so that he can?

 Doesn't matter

not happening

Okay

I'm in hiding

Where are you hiding?

My room

Okay

But

You've waited days for them to come back, wouldn't you rather be with them?

Oh I will, once he stops whining for the phone
What if it's important

Then he'd say "this is important"

And you'd believe him?

It's James, I know when it's for real

Must be nice

It is

Go be with him

I'm gonna go take a shower

Okay but I'm hiding the phone until you get out

Moons?

yeah

Just checking to see if you were there

im here

Have a nice shower?

long

That can be nice

can be yea

It was long enough for me to finish packing

congrats

Thank you very much

mhm

Did you want some space?

no

Okay

Just, I was waiting for you to say you were out and you didn't, so maybe I shouldn't have

Dunno

no
i'm sorry i
i've just been sitting here i didn't
i didn't think

Hey, that's okay

Is something wrong?

yes
no
idk

What can I do?

nothing
i'll be fine

i just need to get up off this cold wet floor

Are you on the bathroom floor?

yeah

Okay, we've moved into worry, what's going on?

nothing

Remus

Okay you don't have to tell me what's wrong. But can you answer indirect questions for me?

yeah

Are you safe?

yes

Did you choose to be on the floor?

didn't fall

That wasn't the question

i just

i was in the shower and the water got really cold or it's been cold for a while i don't know i lost track of time so i got out and wrapped myself in a towel and sat down and now i'm sitting here

Please get dressed?

Or at least into bed?
Somewhere that's warm and dry

ok

Thank you

Thank you

in pjs in bed

I wish you'd tell me

Sorry. Of course you don't have to.

I just want to be here for you

nothing's wrong, not like that

Something isn't right

me

No

clearly yes

Not clear to me.

i'm going to try to sleep

B

Okay

can we still do questions

Yes

you go first

When was the first time you saw The Princess Bride?

i was five. it was on tv and we just caught the ending. then dad went and bought it and we all watched the whole thing the next day, and then again next week, and the next, and the next. we'd do other things, like play games and things, but it was always on in the background

That's really nice

was

have you started either of the books yet?

James just brought over this one, I forgot it in his car when he drove me home from mum and
dad’s

I wanted to read it before The Song, since I promised it first

okay

I’ll start it first thing in the morning

as you wish

Your turn?

is there a book you really like that i could read?

Dunno

I've always loved stories, but my tutors beat the love of reading out of me before I could do much of it

sorry

I had a book of Aesop's Fables when I was little. Regulus and I would take turns reading a random one to each other, but never really reading it. We'd take the story and make it into something outrageous, something with characters and adventures. I liked that book.

I remember some of those

Which?

The boy who cried wolf, the lion in love, the deer without a heart, the dog and the wolf, the walnut tree.. Probably some others, too

Pick one

The dog and the wolf

There once was a well respected businessman named Mr. Dog. He had a comfortable office in a comfortable building where he could comfortably do his work every day. One night he'd been working late and it was raining, and he was driving home when he passed a lonely soul on the road. It was quite a far walk to the next point of civilization in the direction the man was walking, so Mr. Dog pulled over and asked him to get in. "How do I know you're not an ax murderer?" The man asked, standing on the other side of the open window. He had wild hair, which the rain ran off of in rivulets, and sharp features, but kind eyes. Mr. Dog retorted, "How do I know YOU'RE not?" They appraised each other for a moment before the drenched stranger finally pulled the door handle to let himself into the car. He introduced himself as Mr. Wolf. They talked while they drove. Mr. Dog figured he could safely drop Mr. Wolf off at the next gas station or something. But he found himself mesmerized by all of the things Mr. Wolf had to say. He talked about his travels as a wandering musician. "But you have no instruments with you, how can you make music?" Mr. Wolf explained that he makes the music out of whatever he sees around him. Sometimes it's trash bin lids, sometimes it's a makeshift string instrument made out of recycled materials, sometimes it's just his own voice. Mr. Dog asked if Mr. Wolf would sing him something. He did. And Mr. Wolf had the most
beautiful voice Mr. Dog has ever heard. Before he knew it, Mr. Dog had driven all the way home. "You can stay here the night, unless you had somewhere else to be." But Mr. Wolf never had anywhere to be. Mr. Dog made them both dinner, and Mr. Wolf howled and raved about how amazing it tasted. "I haven't had a home cooked meal in years!" And then Mr. Dog set up a bed for Mr. Wolf on the sofa, and Mr. Wolf laid down -in the spare pyjamas provided by Mr. Dog- and sighed in deep comfort. "I can't remember the last time I slept with a proper blanket." Both of the men slept very well that night. The next morning, Mr. Dog was waiting for Mr. Wolf in the kitchen with fresh coffee. "This is the best coffee I've ever tasted in my life." Mr. Dog sat Mr. Wolf down. He'd spent the morning really thinking hard. He said to Mr. Wolf, "You know this doesn't have to be such an anomaly. You can have this all the time." Mr. Wolf was astonished and demanded to know how. "Come work with me in my office. We have an opening and I'm in charge of hiring, I can give you the job." Mr. Wolf was so grateful for Mr. Dog's generosity. He accepted at once, and left that morning for work with Mr. Dog. He spent the day in training, learning to work the office's system. But when his legs itched to wander, he was told to mind the clock and wait for his lunch break. And when he began singing, as he always did in times of toil, a woman told him to "shush". When it was time to leave that night, he threw his arms around Mr. Dog in a heartfelt hug. "Thank you, Mr. Dog, for this opportunity. But this is not the life I was meant to live. I need to be where I can explore, and roam, and be musical. There's no place for me here." Mr. Dog was upset. He really liked Mr. Wolf, and had been looking forward to his company. But he understood that anything that made Mr. Wolf less himself was not something he would like Mr. Wolf to do. And so they parted, but they remained good friends. When Mr. Wolf was away, he always sent post cards with long messages about his travels. Mr. Dog hung every one on his refrigerator with magnets. And when Mr. Wolf was in the area, they went out for brunch every weekend to catch up, and maybe so that Mr. Wolf could sing some of his newest creations to Mr. Dog.

I like that they stayed friends.

They always stay friends in my versions

Thank you.

Anytime, Moony

Not just for the story

Well 'anytime' for any of it

I don't want to go to sleep anymore

Yeah?

Yeah

I'm up with you

Yeah?

Yes
I'm excited about tomorrow

Yes! That's great! Tomorrow is going to be great. No dad, no stuck in the house, just Alice and doing fun stuff in London

Yes.

What else are you going to do besides go out?

She said she'd just like to hang out

What does that entail?

Walking around and talking

That sounds even nicer

Should be

It's going to be a good time

Yeah

I'm looking forward to making Wormy's aunt as uncomfortable as possible without being overly rude about it

Explain

She's a bit stuffy and disapproving. Not in an evil way like my parents, but in a "no shoes on the carpets, keep your flamboyance to yourself" way

Well I agree with no shoes on the carpets, but that's because it's way nicer to be barefoot

Yeah but once it's a rule, nothing seems more comfortable than shoes

I guess

Ah well

Tell me more about Pete

Pete is the best

He's our evil genius. He's got the best knack for causing maximum damage with minimal cost, came in handy so much in school. He's one of the smartest people I know, he just somehow managed to not prove that to any test he ever met. I think he's working at a department store right now, he's kind of got a new job every week. He's ace. He gives the warmest hugs. He can't cook for shite but he always pays for the takeout after he tries.

You have a good group

We really really really do

I hope you're kind to outsiders
How so?

*For example if I hung out with you all, would I feel welcome?*

Well apart from the fact that you'd fit right in anyway, of course you'd be welcome.

*We're people people*

We'd do everything we can to make you feel comfortable with us.

*And not in the way that it's painfully obvious you're trying to?*

I didn't say we'd try.

*Okay*

We would, under no circumstances, be condescending or intentionally kind. It's just how it would be.

*Okay. Good.*

Everyone already likes you and can't wait to meet you.

*That's a bit hard to believe.*

To be fair they're mostly spending time trying to decide how best to embarrass me when they do.

*Oooh that I like.*

Don't I give you enough of that already??

*Nope, there can never be too much.*

Rude Moony!

*Am not.*

So are.

*Nu uh.*

Yuh huh.

*Nu uh.*

Can I ask you something?

*Yes.*

Even though I'm not exactly alone in the flat tonight, could I call you anyway?

*Yes.*

Now okay?
Yes

"Sirius?"

"..."

"Thank you for tonight. Sleep tight."

***

Moonpie!

When do you leave?

*Half an hour ago*

Oh

Safe travels

*I would've texted, but I had to run to catch the train. Now I'm gonna nap so bye for a few hours*

Fiïne sleep well

*Thank you, little star*

Text when you're up

*Mup*

Sure you are

*I am I am*

*How's the ride?*

*Almost over*

Mine's just started

*Better stop texting and start staring out the window, you wouldn't want to miss any elephant herds and lightnings*

I can multitask

*Works for me*

I will definitely tell you if I see elephants
I would hope so

You excited?

Yesss

What are you doing first?

Brunch

The finest meal of the day

Hardly

Brunch is the best of two worlds, what are you talking about?

Which two worlds?

Breakfast and meals that don't happen quickly on your way out of the house

Eh

Don't you "eh" brunch

They just don't offer that much food-wise

Depends on where you are

Alright, describe a good brunch

It's all the pastry you want from breakfast with all the meats and cheeses you want from lunch

Detailed description

When we do it, it's assorted miniature muffins and croissants, or waffles, if Lily's cooking, with eggs however you'd like them, sausage, bacon, ham and other sandwich meats, sliced extra thin for me, and a salad, or salad fixings with an array of dressing choices.

Those are the basics, it's some variation of that, usually

I still think I prefer lunch and dinner

Noted.

Good, it's a useful note

That's why it's noted

Good.

What's your favourite kind of food?

Warm things you can eat with a spoon

So soup and stew.
Basically, yes

Soup is the thing that comes before the real food

Don't insult soup

I love soup

As a starter

Fine fine

I prefer meat and potatoes to pasta

Slightly better

So not Italian then

I still like it a lot, it's just not at the top of my list

Hmmm okay

Also noted

As for desserts, you can't miss with chocolate

Chocolate anything?

Yes

Cake, mousse, ganache, ice cream, anything

Covered oranges

No.

;)

No.

;)

No.

No kiss goodnight for people who buy me dinner that includes oranges

Okay

Noted.

Good.

No elephants so far, but I haven't lost hope

You should never lose hope
Alice is demanding my full attention, talk to you later?

Yes

Give her my love

She says "Hi star boy, bye star boy."

Always with the hello/goodbyes, this Alice

Have a good rest of the ride<3

Thank you

Chapter End Notes

Oh

For luck
Thank you!

For luck and because I like you

you go first

If I were there, could I help you more?

Your turn?

is it weird that i wish you were here?
Chapter 15

Got there alright?

Well no, but everything is okay

What happened?

Unexpected delay. We spent an extra hour waiting, we can only assume, for a repair of some sort

That's trains for you

Oh that's really pretty

Who had the honour of braiding it?

A combined effort by James and Peter

They did a fine job

I think so

Hurts a bit from the tugging but I really really like it

It's lovely

Thank youuuu

I decided to go with the jumper

Excellent choice

Tell that to Alice

I would
Hello there

YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL ME?

Are you yelling at me or do you just have the capitalization button on?

I NEVER YELL

Okay, thank you

HOW DO I oh okay

Better. Hello, star boy, what do you have to tell me?

So which sounds preferable, Remus 1, who is dressed hot as hell but spends the entire evening wishing he couldn't be seen, not talking much, keeping his limbs tucked in and trying to hide himself, orrrrr Remus 2, who wears the jumper and feels comfortable enough to be himself and isn't preoccupied with when he can go change into something else and is still hot as hell, because let's be real, it's Remus?

I like you.

Oh

Thank you

I like you too

And Remus

Well it's good you like Remus, you're his friend and all

You like Remus.

I do like Remus

Which is good, because I'm his friend and all

You're good for him

That's high praise

Thank you

I'm not going to threaten you, because that would be insulting to both of you, but I do hope it continues in this manner.

Me too

And thanks for that too

He's getting grumpy, you can have him back. Bye
Thank you!

What did you tell her?

I thanked her way too much, I think I said "Thank you" like ninety times

She said a hundred

Ughhhhhhhhhhhhh

She also said she likes you, so I think you're good

Yeah?

Okay

I like her too

Yes, relax

Trying

You are very well liked all around, Sirius

It's you that matters

Well I like you a lot, I think that's pretty obvious

We're here, I'll talk to you when we're settled?

Okay

How was brunch?

Tasty

As it should be

Still hungry

How much did you eat

Some brioche and a banana and three muffins and some grapes and four croissants

I'm sorry

I think I read those numbers wrong

Oh and I stole one of Alice's sausages

Did you say you were still hungry?? Or that you were going to be ill?

Okay maybe not hungry, but I could eat
How

I mean that as a scientific question. Physically. How could you possibly eat more?

I dunno

Remarkable

Thank you

We're at Pete's aunt's now

He's with his parents already

But not you?

Nah, we'll visit for a bit later, but people are sometimes overwhelming

Okay

We're here for the moral support of Wormy

You're good friends

It's the only thing to do

Thinking that is what makes you so great

Well

Thanks

You're welcome

What's on the agenda now, after brunch?

Walking around the market

Fun?

Well it's Camden, so yes

Excellent

I'm trying to sneak away to the food

Of course you are

It smells so goooood

What is it?

Eeeeeeverything

How specific
Shhh

If you say so

Well, no

Good, because I wouldn't have been able to

Alice's not letting me eat

Well that's not nice

Right!

I don't think she's wrong, but still

Rude!

Also true

Fiiiiiiine I won't eat

Well that sounds awful, I don't want that

I'll survive

Well I hope so

But I won't be happy about it

Tough

Wow, so mean today

Well I need you to, so I'd RATHER you were happy about it, but either way it's necessary

You need me to?

To survive? Yes, yes I do

I'll try my best

Thank you

Mhm
That
You're wearing my socks.

Am a bit
Okay
Okay

These are without contest, the comfiest socks I own
Yeah?
Absolutely
So you really like them?

So much, I love them

Well they do look good on your feet

They're so colorful, they were never not going to look great

Wasn't sure you'd actually want to wear them

??????

I don't know

They're perfect in every way??

Didn't know if they'd fit with your wardrobe

Don't underestimate me, I can pull off anything

Anything?
I bet you can't

Bet I can, try me

A fedora.

I could rock a fedora.

I'm not sure I'd be comfortable being attracted to someone wearing it

The key is to make you look anywhere but the fedora

Right, because it's impossible to pull it off

The point is, I'd be wearing a fedora, and it would still be perfectly valid to be attracted to me

You'd lose all attractiveness points by wearing it

Dare you to say that to my face

Please never wear one

Oh, god no, I would never. I'm just saying, I could

Okay, good

Could.

We'll never know

Hmph

Another win for me

That's not a win for you

Yes it is

We established that I wouldn't do it, not that I wouldn't still be attractive

We established that we'll never know for sure

Concede.

Concede or I'll do it.

You won't

You're already winning by too much, I will, I'll have to.

You'll feel gross for the rest of your life if you do

True, so concede

To save you from yourself?
No need to pout
I'll win one someday
Sure you will
Don't be meeeaaan
You might
Closer
There were already a few close calls
Yeah?
Yep, don't give up, Dimples
Oh I won't
Alice is insisting on more alone time
Fine fine fine. But don't leave there without something that smells tasty
No chance

It is. So. So loud in here.

Where???

We are at a club
A very loud club
A club, you and Alice and your jumper are at a club
I am blessed with imagination

I told you she'd want to go dancing
Yes but it's really happening, this is momentous

Yes, it's really happening.

And there are no empty tables in dark corners for me to hide, so I'm sitting by the bar

Oh that is such a bad idea

It's that or dancing

Again. I am blessed.

Ughhh

Tell me how many times you get hit on

That's not going to happen??

Oh it is, it so is

Is not

It will. I bet it will

Name the stakes

I need another set of socks with which to mismatch these

Oh, you want to try mismatching?

Yes, but they have to be just like these

Warm and colourful?

Yes

Different colourful, but colourful

And if I win?

Pick: free painting, or I have to try green tea with sugar

Painting please

Thank you.

But I get to decide of what

Absolutely

It's a deal.

Well

Fuck.
Yes??

Yeah yeah, more knitting for me

!!!!

What happened???

Got asked to dance

Mhm mhm I need details

A guy came up to me and said 'hey u r hot' (Yes, u r. It sounded like it would be typed u r.) I said that my jumper is indeed keeping me sufficiently warm, to which he replied with 'well if u take dat off & come dance w/me, I can charm ur pants off'

Oh

Oh honeyyyyy

Oh that's so bad

Poor fellow

No?? Poor me?

But u r hot

Poor him, because he's got to go home with himself

And wake up with himself tomorrow

And generally just live with being that person

So sad

So your pants are still sufficiently on, then?

Yes, he left me alone when I asked him which magic school he learned that spell in

Whichever one it was, I'm sure I went to a better one

So you think you could charm my pants off too, and do it better?

Mhm

Though I'd let you keep them on

And I was just about to say that I might not mind them being charmed off if you'd be the one to do it

Well

Huh

;(
And what magic school did you learn charms in?

*I'm self-taught, learned everything I know from books*

Yeah but you're studious like that

*I am*

I hate sitting at the bar like that in places like those

*I imagine you can't get a minute alone*

Not my idea of fun

*What is your idea of fun?*

I'd much rather be drinking and dancing with just the people I like

Don't get me wrong, I like people. Just not in those settings

*Trust me, I understand*

What are you drinking?

*Strawberry juice*

Yum?

*Quite delicious, yes*

Good, enjoy

*I mentioned to Alice earlier that Lily and James didn't let you text when you were drunk, and of course she, too, thought that was a smart idea*

Friends are awful like that

*They really are*

So

You're just not drinking then?

*Nope*

Okay

*Well she said I'm allowed two drinks, but I'm saving those for later, when I really won't be able to stand this place anymore*

Smart thinking

That makes this really awful. I have to leave for a bit, going to go say hi to the Pettigrews

*You'll let me know when you'll be back?*
Of course I will

Thank you

That took longer than I thought it would, I'm sorry. You still around?

Dimples!!!!

Hiiiiii

Yes im still around but I was weak shhhhh don't tell Al

Hey pumpkin, is that a name that's catching on then?

Does your face have them too

Not very prominent ones. Little ones sometimes

Cute

Are you enjoying yourself?

When Alice comes to rest for bits at a time yes

Is she dancing with people?

yeppp

Is she having fun?

Tons

That's good

It's why we're heere

That makes sense, I suppose

She does a lot for me, I can do this one thing

Do something that will make you smile

You make me smile

Well then

Oh

Keep texting me then

Will until Al notices

Good
Ooooh

What?

i got a drink

It has an umbrella!

Sounds like something sweet

It isss omg heaven

Did you just say "omg heaven"?

Its delicioussss

Is this one alcoholic?

Yes and it's the fifth so like i said shhhhhhhhh

Fifth

Ooookay

Told you i was weak this place got to me I couldn't not anymore and they have good whiskey

Just be safe, okay?

I am i am i am

Ohhh crap

What?

The person the drink was from is delicious too

Oh

That's fun

That sounds fun

Looks

They look delicious is all im sayin

They bought you a drink?

Yes with an umbrella

I said that already didn't i

But it's a really pretty umbrella if you were here I'd tuck it into your hair

Mmm what colour?
Purple

That would match

Three of my current body rings

Ooh

And my socks

Tell me one more

Please please please

Do you know about the navel?

fu c k

Can't tell if that's a yes or a no

that's a no i didn't know and i let out a whimper that scared the sweet drink bloke away

A whimper?

Yes a very embarraasing one cause you just keep getting hotter an d hotter and it is so not fair

Technically I'm the same amount of hot

ughhhh

That's one of the purple ones right now

Mmmhm mhm mhm

It's got a little charm thingy hanging off that moves when I wiggle

Well I suppose you can't see, but I'm doing it anyway

Kind of tickles

Are you torturing me on purpose is what i'd like to know

Torturing you?

Not intentionally. I like when you tell me things about you, I'm reciprocating

I have flowerss on my left side

What kind?

They dont really look like any real ones and they grow and theyre different colours and also there're thorns

They grow? Like you get things added on? That's really nice

How big on your side?
What kinds of colours?

Uh yeah yeah like that

They're getting pretty big I think they might go round the back and over my shoulder i dunno we'll see

M

Wow

Okay

mostly yellow and orange and red

mhm i quite like them

I do too.

You haven't even seeeeen them yet

Ohhhh but I can imagine

Hm ok

I want to

You want toooooo??

See them, yes

oh., well

one day

I also want to buy you a drink

Something with an umbrella

I would allow that

Good

But i'd would want to buy you one back

I would definitely allow that

Goodgoodgood

How much longer do you think you'll be out?

Not long hopepefully

Because James and Pete have been out cold for an hour now, and I think I should join them

Okok but questions!!
You first

*Did any pick up line ever work on you?*

*No*

*Maybe*

*Tell me*

*God, it's awful, it wouldn't have worked on any sensible person*

*But I'm me. I thought it was a challenge, I have to take challenges, I have no filter for them. Didn't then more than I don't now*

*Tell me tell metell me*

*He*

*Asked me to rate how good at kissing I thought I was and then told me to prove it*

*And you said 10 and then snogged the life out of him?*

*I had to defend my honour!*

*Sure sure sure*

*I'd still give myself a 10.*

*Him I'd give a 3.*

*Harsh*

*No, you don't understand how generous that 3 is*

*Oh god that bad huh*

*He just stood there*

*And when I told him "3" he got all defensive, said he was too stunned by me and to give him another crack at it.*

*Tell me you didn't*

*I did not. He was a 3 at best and he'll always have been a 3 at best.*

*Good*

*It was dreadful*

*Sounds it*

*And im totally not laughing*

*Rude!*
can i tell alice

Yeah sure, sure

Yessssss

Hmph

Hahahahahhha

shes not laughing eithther

fuckityfuck she's on to me ask yours quick

What??

Ask mine your question she wants to take youuu away

Noooo

Okay okay

Ummmm

Are you really going to get that undercut?

????

You were talking about it, but are you really going to?

i did???? ? I got it like the day after yiu said i should/??

The day aft

You got it?

You have it?

You're just walking around with that?

You're in a club with that?

you said i should, I agreed, i did

Fucking

Okay

Whattt

Nothing nothing

did yiu not mean it ?k??

Oh, no. I meant it. I sure as hell meant it
How do you like it?
its alright
Alright? Just alright?
its still just hair
How dare
waht
You
Forest eyes, face, scars, curls, undercut, jumper, growing flowers, star, animals, so tall
freckles and cute socks
You are not helping
I am weak
Youuuuu think im cuuuute
Fuck yes I think you're cute
i think yhdksslkk
alic
sweetdreams
But
Okay
Have fun Moony
I'll just
Be here. Lying awake. Undercut.

***

Good morning?
I'm just going to bed
Good m
Oh wow
We left the club soon after she took my phone, got some food on the way, and then just chatted in her kitchen for hours

Aww that sounds really nice

It was.

So is this goodnight then?

Mhm

Sweet dreams

Thank you

Oh, and

I think you're cute too

Cute?

Yep

You think I'm cute

Mhm

Thank you.

Go sleep, Moons

Mkay

Text me when you're up

I'm up

Sort of

Sort of?

Well I'm awake

That's up enough for me

How are you, how's everything?

Things are good

Really good

Which is bad

Because you'll have to leave?
Yes

It's always harder to leave when they seem okay

Yeah, I get that

We'll get him through it

don't doubt that

We're going to try to come for longer next time

Hope you make it

How's Alice?

Still passed out

How long do you have?

Hours

Excellent

Just writing her a note, then I'm gonna head out

Out?

Yes, to Regent's park

Just because?

No, because you were there

Oh

I told you I'd go

You did

So now I'm going

Okay

Okay good

Enjoy yourself

I will

I'm going to find James and Pete for now

Tell them hi

I will
I'm here

And??

And it's beautiful and I can so easily imagine you here

Perfect

I think I'm just gonna sit here and read for a bit, while the weather still holds

That sounds nice, do that

What are you reading?

I'd rather not say, it will ruin the moment for you

Oh no, what are you reading?

A textbook

Remuuuuuuus

I have two more exams!!

Remuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuus

Yeah yeah

Which class?

Nations and Empires

People fought. Some of them won. The end.
Well, then

I guess I'll just sit and watch the flowers

Excellent

You're a terrible influence

I've been told this before

Somehow that doesn't surprise me

You can study if you must. If you're going to do it anywhere it should be there

Talk later?

Let me know when

Back at Alice's. She's still asleep.

Still???

How are there two of you in the world?

She did a lot of dancing. A lot. And she only gets to sleep in on the weekends.

Fair, fair

I'm gonna sit on her now and wake her up

Yesss that always works

It worked

How grumpy is she?

Incredibly

Oh noooo

At least she's too weak to chase me

There's a silver lining

Also I brought lunch, so

So she can't even be that upset

Exactly

What did you bring?

Thai
Yummm

Yesss

Enjoy

We've got a train to catch soon

We will, thank you

Text me if you see any elephants

I wi

Hi, Remus, it's James. I'm officially confiscating Sirius's phone

Oh. Thanks for letting me know, I suppose?

She'll miss you very much and she'll talk to you just as soon as we're back home

You're quite welcome

Okay. I'll miss her too.

Awww I'll tell her you said so

Have a safe trip

Thank you!

I'm just gonna text you anyway.

The food was absolutely delicious. Ice cream now.

Lying in bed listening to music and talking

...we might have both fallen asleep a bit.

And now it's almost time for me to leave, and a part of me really really doesn't want to, but the other part had enough of socializing.

And I'll see her on Friday anyway, so

At the station now

Sometimes I purposely come a bit early and just sit and watch people, play the story game, but there's no time for that today, train in about five minutes
"Jaaaaaaaames give it back, you said I could have it back once we get off the train, give it back give it back give it back!"

Through the din of noisy travelers around him, Remus heard this shout like someone had called his name. His heart started beating incredibly fast while his eyes searched the crowd. He didn’t even have a clear image in his head as to what he might be looking for, but his eyes came to rest on a dark skinned young man, possibly about his age, holding a chunky, century’s old mobile phone up in the air over the heads of the people around him. He had black hair that either looked painstakingly styled into a mess, or like a brush had never attempted to sort it in all his life, and thick, rectangular rimmed glasses.

A boy only just a bit smaller in height put his hand on his shoulder and leaned in to say something, at which the dark boy laughed. This one had fair hair, round cheeks, a small nose, and bright, keen eyes.

Remus knew. He knew without a single doubt, without knowing at all. James and Peter. Which meant that the small person leaping and throwing her body against the Indian boy’s in an attempt to snatch the mobile out of the air could only be-

“Sirius!” He yelled it without his brain giving his mouth permission, and startled the octogenarian a few paces in front of him. “Sorry,” he muttered hastily, and checked the time on his phone screen. 4 minutes to departure. “Fuck it all.” He ran to the ticket barrier as fast as his legs could carry him without plowing down the two dozen people on the way.

“Sirius!” he hollered again.

The trio was moving away from him. They were right there, they were this close and it was going to be over because Remus wasn’t yelling loud enough.

“Oi! Arse Dimples!”

Fuck. FUck.

She wasn’t jumping anymore. She was frozen where she stood, eyes locked onto Remus’, and he saw her lips form his name. And then she was running.

For one strange moment, every romantic comedy he’d ever seen played over in his mind, and he could see every heroine jumping into the arms of every hero on every train platform in the history of cinema. But Sirius stopped on the other side of the ticket barrier.

She might as well have undressed him there.

Her eyes were everywhere, drinking him in, memorizing him. They kept coming to rest on his own, and every time they did, the corners of her mouth quirked. Every time they did his heart leapt. He watched her eyes - grey, so light they could almost be mistaken for blue - travel over his face, the place next to his left eye that was all hardened tissue and the several by his jaw that were nearly always angry pink. She took in his scars with the same wonder she took in his eyes. Her eyebrows didn’t do the hardening, tensing thing he’d come to expect from people meeting him for the first time. Not once.

Lightning bolted through him when it occurred to him that she was not just seeing him. He was seeing her. Fuck, he thought again. Her hair was still in braids pinned around her head. Stray fly-aways fuzzed at the edges, probably from leaning back on them during her train ride. It was dark,
nearly as dark as James’; it was long; it was soft. It probably felt like silk to touch. Merlin, he wanted to touch.

Her skin was unrealistically smooth, and he wondered if it was a product of makeup, constant use of Lush products, or genetics. He quickly concluded that he didn’t care. He counted four earrings in the ear he had best access to, one of which was indeed purple. Her lips he’d seen before, but that did not prepare him in the slightest.

Her over-sized t-shirt was hanging off of one delicately carved shoulder. The creamy smoothness of her skin extended at least this far. On her legs she wore only a set of tight black leggings that left no shape to Remus’ imagination. He had to remind himself to look back at her face, but then the process only started over again.

“I um- I just, I heard you and I- hi.” He was going to ruin this. He was going to ruin weeks of effortless communication in one moment of being a blithering idiot.

But her mouth only spread in an impossibly wide grin. She’d undersold the dimples and joyful little lines creased her cheeks; her eyes sparkled with it. It seemed to take a long time for the words to get out of Sirius. “H-hey, Pumpkin.”

Remus was melting. Or maybe burning. Either way, his insides felt like goo and his cheeks felt hot. Hot, he thought so, so, so hot.

The commotion behind him reminded him he was supposed to be boarding a train. “Shitefuck, I have to go, my train is going to-”

“Yeah.” But she wasn’t watching the people around him boarding, her eyes were darting between his own, still examining. The tip of her tongue peaked between her lips to press down on the silver hoop of her lip ring. It seemed an involuntary, habitual motion. Remus committed it to memory.

“I love the braid.” He gripped the frayed sleeves of his jumper to keep from reaching out to touch it.

She almost seemed to choke on the word, “Curly,” and her eyes left his to rake through his hair, which he had neglected to think about at all that day until that moment.

“Oh, yeah, definitely cute,” Remus murmured to himself, but Sirius’ whole face lit with the word, like there was no word she’d rather be associated with.

The noise behind him was dying down. He pointed behind himself, “I really have to-”

“Go on, don’t miss it. Text me.”

“Well, obviously,” Remus laughed. He couldn’t imagine not texting her now. He stepped backwards a few paces, reluctant to turn his back to her.

She smiled extra wide one last time before she turned around to rejoin Peter and James, who looked well beyond amused. Remus was glad she did it first. Getting onto the train would have been much more difficult if she’d still been standing there. He watched her walk away while the doors shut.

“Arse dimples.” The old woman he’d disturbed earlier shook her head at him as he passed her to find a seat.

that

that happened
that was you
fuck
holy shit fuck
Sirius
Sirius

I need James to give you your phone back like now

Now please

Shite

I'm here

Hi

Again

Hi.

Hi.

Ooookay so now I know what you sound like saying that

Mhm

You're still talking to me

You're still talking to me.

Yes

Yes I am still talking to you

Yes

I most definitely don't want to stop

I can't believe

That was really you

It was

It was you

Yeah

Thank god you told me about the haircut last night

I was so very not ready for your
Everything

Oh

You know all my piercings, now

I do

I was right about all of them

Do I get a prize?

Sure

I can't think of anything more I could possibly want right now

Shame, because I'm wont to give you absolutely anything right now

My heart is beating really fast still

Yeah I'm

Still trying to breathe

Was it okay

That I did that

Okay that you

What

Got my attention???

Yes??????

Just checking

It seemed right in the moment, but it wasn't planned, so I wasn't sure anymore now

It was so okay

Nothing has ever been more okay

You saw me

Oh yes I did

Right.

Okay.

Okay.

Oh I just
Every time I've wanted to tell you how hot you are, but couldn't because I "technically didn't know"

Well I bloody know now

You're one to talk

Remus

Yes?

I'm incredibly glad I know you

Oh

I'm really glad to know you too

How

Um

How's the train?

Fine

Moving

That's what they're supposed to do

Mhm

They made me get into the car now

What were you doing before?

Leaning against a wall

You okay?

Nothing. Has every. Been this. Okay.

I don't know how to describe the feeling, but that seems close

I'm glad it happened this way

When neither of us was ready but we were both not unready

Does that make sense?

Yeah, yeah it does

And we still don't have to be ready if you're not

I have no idea anymore
That's okay

*Can we talk about it after next week?*

Whenever you want to, no pressure, okay?

Okay.

Alright

*Soon.*

Also alright

Okay.

M

God

Sometimes I remember how green your forest eyes are

*Sometimes I remember your smile and I'm glad I'm sitting down*

Incredible

*You are, yes*

Oh, I'm still stuck on your eyes

*Yes, they're green*

And also brown

And this

Magical sandy colour under the brown

*Weird yellow, yeah*

No

Gold perfection, Remus

Sure

I can't get them out of my head

*Try thinking of something else*

Okay okay

So your nose then

*Really, nose?*
Everything, Moony.

Yeah, well

You too

What a day

The most perfect end to my trip

Best welcome home

Do you feel different?

Different how?

I dunno, I just feel really really good

I don't know

About me

Or like it's more real now

Because I don't, I wouldn't put it like that. It was just as real before

I can just imagine you better now

Yes. You were always real. The only difference is I have an exact face to picture when I think of you. And voice to read your words in.

We didn't really say a lot

Why. Why didn't we fill every moment. I wasted so much time being dumbfounded I should have said

I dunno

Everything

Next time.

Next time

Yes. Because that's a thing that is going to happen. We'll see each other again. And have hours and hours to talk

That sounds

I'm really looking forward to that

Me too

I liked your jumper

Thanks
And your everything
I liked your shoes
And your everything
Thank you
Mhm
I think I'm calm now
I'm not
It's a lot
So glad it happened, though
Me too
Reception's not great here, I'll text you when I get home?
Please

Home, in bed
Mhmsame
You waited up
Course Idid
Do you want to do questions, or would you just like to call and we can save those for the morning?
Questionsss
Okay, you go first
Hmmmmm
Ok
Next time
Think I maybe could hug you?
Sirius
Of course
Yeah?
Absolutely.
Mmm good

What did James and Peter say?

They said cuuute

An they liked the name you called me

I yelled your name twice but you didn't hear

Oh

Don't respond to it in public

Think it's people saying serious

I'll remember for the future

They said that I'm done for

Are you?

Mhm

Me too.

I can call?

Yes.

Just quiet?

Whatever you want

Okay

"Pads?"

"..."

"Dream of a forest."
Good morning.

Good morning!

Slept well?

Really well, you?

Also great

That's good!

I feel good

I'm so happy to hear that

Tea?

Something black

Okay

With milk and sugar

Oooof course

Only two

Only. Only two. Well it's something

Yeah, it's a smaller mug today because I don't have that much time

I worry for your teeth

My teeth are perfectly fine, thank you

Oh I'm aware

But I'm worried about them later

Once all that sugar finally hits you

Won't

If you say so

I do

Enjoy

I am
Do you have work today?

Yes today, not tomorrow

Works for me

When is that exam?

One today, one tomorrow

Did you sort out the Friday one?

No

Oh. I'm sorry

It's fine

Ready for the one today?

Yes.

Good!

I should probably get going

Good luck, I know you'll do great

<3

Thank you, have a good day at work

I will

It wasn't perfect, but I think I did well enough

Gonna study now for tomorrow until you get out

Good enough!

What are you going to do with yourself when there's no more studying to be done?

Take some summer classes

Really???

Yes?

Do you ever relax?

I don't want to spend the whole summer in this house
Fair enough

*Maybe I'll go stay with Alice for a while*

That would be nice

*She offered*

She did??

*Yeah, she has a spare room*

That's really nice of her

Do you think you'd do it?

*If it'd stop feeling like charity, yeah*

But she's your friend

So?

So it would be just as fun for her as it would be good for you

She gets to spend that time with you

Sure

No, really

I don't think she asked you out of pity, I think it's a way she'd like to spend her summer

*Maybe*

Think on it?

*Already promised her I will*

Okay

*Do you have any plans?*

Well my plan for tomorrow is to work on the bike, so I'm going to assess what I still need tonight

*How much more do you have to do?*

Well I'm about to find out

*When was the last time you worked on it?*

A few weeks, I think

*When did you start?*

Last year when school ended
Does it have a name?

Not until it's done

Or at least rideable. I don't think "done" is something it's ever going to be

Okay, that makes sense

You can name it when it's rideable

I can name it.

Yes

You would let me name your bike.

Sure, why not?

Because it's YOUR bike?

So?

So you should be the one to name it?

I like the idea of a friend naming it

And you're saying I could be that friend

Yes

Okay

Thank you

But I'll have to meet it first

Obviously

Otherwise it would just be random

Exactly

Glad you agree

It would probably also be wise that I'd get a ride on it

The better you know it, the easier naming it will be. It's only logical

Exactly, exactly

You'd want to?

Yeah, of course

Brilliant
So you'll take me?

Please, yes

Better go figure out what needs doing then

Yeah

And I'll go back to my books

Enjoy yourself, nerd

I will

My hands are different art now

I spilled ink on mine

Heyyy I bet we match

Not for long

Rude

Awww I bet we do! Friendship stains! Yay!

Go wash your hands, killjoy

They smell really nice now

Like what?

Lavender

Mmm soothing

Mhm

I'm going to leave mine gross for awhile

Not gross, art

That too

What should I make for dinner?

For just you? Or for your parents as well?

All of us

You should make risotto

Ha ha
Sure

I'm going to

Yeah, but you can cook

Risotto isn't so hard

Just takes patience

Okay, I have patience. Do I get a step by step?

Yessss

Right, so, what do I need?

Well the basics for mine are water, arborio rice, butter, chicken/vegetable broth, white wine, parmesan cheese. I'm doing mine with chopped onion and asparagus, but that's your call

You want me to first make a broth??

You don't just have some?? We always have

Is that not a mu

Is that not a thing people just have??

Just a broth lying around at all times? No

I don't suppose you have bouillon?

We do, but don't tell my mum

Why????

The same reason she can't know we have hot pockets in the freezer

What in the freezer?

Pizza pockets

Those aren't words that go together

Yes they are

No.

I

I don't want to know

They're like tiny delicious calzones, what are you talking about!

I do not
Want
To know
I should just have those
Focus Moony
I'll just make some to eat while I make dinner
While you
Moony
Remus
That is not
Nooooo
Yesss
Good god, okay, can you make a makeshift broth out of the bouillon, and do you have everything else?
Yes, minus asparagus
That'll do
Okay so...?
So put a bit over a litre of the not-broth up to boil. Technically it's a litre, but I always need a bit more, so just have it handy.
Got it
You have onions?
I have onions
Dice them
I do one and a half, small dice
Knew you were gonna make me cry eventually
Just returning the favour
Once that's done, melt 50g of butter in a pan and toss the onions in
Returning the favour?
50g, right, so like a knob?
W
No

Like 50g

A knob is not a unit of measurement

I melted a knob-ish, now what

Ugh

Did you toss in the onions?

Yes, what did you mean by returning the favour

Cook them down until they start browning at the edges

Sirius

What?

When did I make you cry?

It was nothing

When?

That day you were on the floor in a towel

I'm sorry

You're sorry?

Yes

I really really would like you to not be sorry about it

I was just

Very worried

I
They're brown

400g of the rice and 50g more of the butter, into the pan with the onions

And also asparagus for me

Another knob of butter and some rice, got it

And my water started boiling, when yours does, turn the heat down low and let it simmer, you just need it to be ready to boil soon.

SOME RICE????

That is not what I said

Some, enough, whatever was left in the box

But

Consistency

How do you even live with your mother in the same house?

She shakes her head at me a lot

Oh I am, too

Just keep the rice moving around in the pan, get everything coated in the butter and keep it moving around

Yes, I know how to stir, I'm not completely incompetent

My confidence in assuming what you may know dwindles every moment

Concerned with meal making, anyway
My mother is a chef, I picked things up

Okay, genius, then Stir The Rice

Until it gets all translucent

I'm stirring I'm stirring

Gently

Yeah yeah

I just had this mental image of you aggressively mixing

I try not to be aggressive when I can help it

Shhhhhh

Mostly I'm enjoying having a mental image of you and knowing how close to correct it is

Are you picturing me in an apron?

Should I be???

Depends, how accurate do you want your image to be?

As accurate as possible.

Imagine a light yellow apron with red polka dots and 'I believe I can fry' written across the chest

I need to sit down.

No time for that, you have to stir, remember

I still am, just from the counter

I believe I can fry.

Amazing.

And a picture of an owl with a wooden spoon

Oh My god

Now what do I do

Pour in 100ml of the wine

100ml.

A few splashes of wine

Is that what I said???

It's what I did
Just

Stir

Stirring

This is where the patience comes in. It's just stirring and stirring forever

I don't mind, as long as there's no rule about how many stirs clock- and anticlockwise

You're making a rice dish, not a

You don't have to be concerned with how many and which way

If you say so

I do

Now what

All absorbed?

Yep

Hmm, fast, turn the heat down a bit

And turn it up on your stock so it boils again, that should only take a second

Wait my pizza pockets are done

Wait.

Are you telling ME to wait? Or the risotto you're going to burn?

When we're done I'm going to look up what a hot pocket is and it had better be a miracle of god

It won't burn

Beaaaaaause you asked it nicely?

Because the heat is down and I put a bit more wine in

You

Please tell your mother I am not responsible for whatever comes out of this on your end

Yes, don't worry, I'll tell her I followed all of your directions to the dot

You would lie to your mother like that??????

Without a grain of guilt

She'll never believe you
We'll see

She knows you

And I don't know what to do next?

Add

A Bit

Of the broth

I'm adding about a quarter of what's in this pot

How many ml?

Oh NOW YOU WANT THE ML

Now I can tell my mum that when I tried asking you about the exact measurements you just yelled at me

You know what, figure the rest out yourself, I give up

Nooooo I'm sorry please help me

Like I would ever just stop

Try about 250 to start

Well I don't know

Added.

I wouldn't.

Stir stir stir
It's stirring

It's?

Are you not a part of this activity?

Mhm, now what?

Wait for it to absorb and add a bit more

And again and again and again

Until it's all gone?

Yes

Okay

Take your time with it, don't expect to be done for another twenty minutes or so

I'm not in a hurry

Good

So do you cook a lot?

I do now

I never used to

Then living with James' parents, I'd help mum in the kitchen a bit. And when we moved out here. Well James's could happily eat takeout and raw foods for the rest of his life. I cannot, so I've adapted.

And you'd say you cook well?

I would say so
Would other people confirm?

I think they would

No one ever complains

Have you ever cooked for someone?

I'm thinking you don't mean Prongs

No, I mean a date

I haven't

I've never been out with someone who believed me when I said I could

I'll just have to be the first then

The first

Like

Like the first date will go so well that you'll say 'Hey how about next time you come to mine and I'll cook?'

We're

There's a first

Date?

That's really up to you, but I have a strong suspicion I'll ask sooner or later

Do you think on the third one we could cook together?

Definitely

Perfect

My broth's all gone

Shite

Okay okay

Move it off the stove

Either onto another burner or into the counter or something

And add in 25g of the parmesan
And mix until it's all creamy and delightful

Off, grind all the cheese you've got, stir. Got it

Your translations are heinous

No one has time to measure

Everyone. Everyone who has time to make risotto has time to measure

Technically I don't have time to make risotto, I should be studying

Yet you just did

I did, without measuring, and it looks fine

Does it?

Yes

Now taste it so you know how heavily to salt it

Oh I already seasoned it

Oh my apologies
Are you saying you've been cooking for over an hour and never once tried it?

Well

Yeah

Oookay

I don't want to upset the balance of anything

Alright

Dunno

Mine tastes delicious

Good!

Enjoy

We're going to

Thank you

Talk to you after?

Definitely.

Mum liked it okay

Yeah?

Would have preferred less cheese, but whateveeeer

Oh there's a really easy way to avoid that next time

It was the perfect amount

Clearly not

It was for me

And when you're making out for just you, feel free to add a whole block of cheese

I just might

Nice

Cheese is excellent

Yes, in appropriate quantities

The more the better
Gross

No

And now James is on cleanup duty and I am free to take a shower

From your grossness

Enjoy

Thank youuuu

I wish you could smell me right now, I smell delightful

I

wish that too

Like violets and lemon

Mmm

Quite

Excuse me while I roll around on this bed to make it also smell lovely

Of course

Thank you for earlier

For what?

I like cooking not alone

I enjoyed it

Me too

I always enjoy things with you

I took you away from studying

I've studied enough

Sure?

I'm sure

Okay

You'll be brilliant as always

Keep your fingers crossed tomorrow anyway
Positive thoughts to you always

Thank you

Remus.

Sirius

I have just researched pizza pockets.

And?

That

That's not food

You put that in your body???

You can't judge them until you've tried them

I am not putting that in MY body

More for me

I grow more worried about you by the minute

Whatever

My body's completely f*cked up anyway, I'll eat what I want

Uggghhhhh

Moons?

What

I'm sorry

It's fine

I didn't mean to imply that your body wasn't yours to do with as you wish

I know

I'm sorry

It's fine

Okay

Really, it is. You're allowed to be grossed out by my eating habits

I still think the pizza pockets look gross
But I don't think you're gross in any way

Little tiny pockets of joy

But none of the ingredients look like food things

Shhhh tiny pockets of joy

You were making a real, homemade meal at the time!

So?

So nothing

Exactly

Hmph

What's the score?

5, 0

Nice

I'll have you yet

You'll have me, huh?

Yes

I mean best you, pull one over on you, something

Mmmhm

Didn't mean I'd have you like I

M

That

Would you like to change the subject, you adorable star?

Maybe questions?

Okay

What's your favourite dish to cook?

That's

Impossible

Anything where I can bake

I like baking
Okay then what do you think you make best?

I make an awfully good meringue

Isn't that just egg whites?

It's not too many steps but it's easy to mess up, so when it comes out just right it's very satisfying

Hmm alright

You like lavender, right?

I do

Have you ever had lavender crème brûlée? Because I'm also not bad at that

I have not

Then maybe I'll make you that, since meringue is "just egg whites"

Sounds better

I'm making you both to prove a point.

I definitely won't say no to two desserts

Didn't imagine you'd complain

Well I still might complain, I didn't say that

What could you possibly have to complain about while I'm making you assorted baked goods?

Quantity

Really????

Well if I'll only get one creme brulee...

Oh sweet holiness

Several servings of the crème brûlée and the meringue will be atop an entire pie

What kind of pie?

For meringue, the best would be lemon

But for you I'm going to make a strictly orange filling

I thought the goal was for me to not have any complaints?

Now the goal is punishment

Guess you're not getting that goodnight kiss then

I only accept orange flavoured goodnight kisses
Seems like this just isn't meant to be

Ah well, at least we figured it out early

Good thing we talk so much

Well that's good no matter what

True

Is it my turn?

Yes

What’s your f

Actually, no

Can you explain what you meant by 'cute'?

Because I keep thinking about it and I keep thinking about your voice saying it and it's important for Reasons, I need to know what you meant by it

For Reasons?

I meant you're cute. You look cute. You seemed cute in our texts, and seeing you in person only confirmed the cuteness.

I mean, you didn't mean it in place of some other word?

No?

Just cute.

Sorry, are you offended? Obviously you're freaking gorgeous and beautiful and pretty and hot, and there's nothing 'just' about the cute, but yeah, that's the first and main word that comes to mind when I think of you, and it was the first when I saw you jumping around James trying to grab your phone. Cute.

I'm

Really really not offended

Okay?

I like it

People I like don't usually call me things that aren't "hot" or "sexy". I dunno, I like cute. Like you're seeing something different.

I should stop talking

You don't have to stop talking.

And I'm not going to lie to you, I won't say that I don't think you're hot too, because wow. But if I
only had to use one word to describe you, I'd always go for cute

Thank you

I think you're cute too

And also hot and wow

I think you're half asleep and don't know what you're saying anymore

Mmhmm

Goodnight, sleepy

Moony?

Yeah, Pads?

Call?

Okay

"Sirius?"

"..."

I'm sorry some people don't treat you as well as you deserve to be treated, or only see one side of you. There are so so many sides to you, you're such an amazing person. And so fucking cute. I mean, Merlin, even your breathing sounds cute."

"..."

"I hope you're dreaming about nice things. Goodnight."
Are you eeeeeever going to wake up?

no

Well hmph

I'm awake

Are you sure?

Yes, but I can't promise I won't fall back asleep

How! It's been daaaaays

It's only half ten

It's already half ten

My exam isn't until way later

How much later?

3

Hmmm okay

If you're too busy to talk, I understand. If you fell back asleep WAKE UP

I'm awake

Were you?

No

Moony Moony Moony Moony Moony

I was up late

Studying?

That too

What else?
Read a bit

Thought about you a lot

Daydreamed

Drank tea, black, that was a mistake

Read some more

Tried to fall asleep and listened to your steady breathing, it has a very calming effect

Tried not to feel too creepy about doing that

Well you were busy

I don't think it's creepy

do that when I wake up and you're still sleeping

I know, I kept telling myself that

And I think I'm creepier because I spend time trying to figure out what you're saying

I make sure you're asleep and then I wish you goodnight

You wish me goodnight?

Yeah

Out loud?

Out loud

With my voice

Yes

Oh

Is that okay?

How many times?

All but the first two

Oh

Is it okay?

Yes.

Are you sure?

Very sure
Okay.

I'm a bit envious of my unconscious self

At least you know now what my voice sounds like

Oh yes, all the more to imagine

I really like yours, have I said that?

You don't have to say that

Um okay

I don't hate it or anything, it's just a voice

Nothing special

Right, well, I like it

Sorry

Just, that's a first

Well let's be real, how often do people compliment each other's voices?

You've never spent time with Lily

She does that?

No, she gets that

Does she sing?

Oh yes, but very poorly

She just has a very lovely voice, it's impossible not to notice. And a great laugh

To match James'

Have I sai

Oh

You heard it

I heard it.

Wow

That didn't occur to me

You saw Peter and James as much as they saw you

Oh
They saw me

Yes

Right, of course they did. It makes sense. I just hadn't thought about it

They like you, you know

So you've said

I'm not sure you believe it yet

I don't

You'll see

I like them too

I can think of no reason why you shouldn't

Well they don't let you text sometimes

And there's the smoothies

As long as I'm not forced to drink the green ones, I'm alright with them

They're all green

I'll make my own and bring it with. A purple one

Sounds yummy

Strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries

Oh that sounds perfect right now

Risk it tasting a bit green and make it

I think I will once I've finished here

Working on the bike?

Yessss

Nice

Had to make some unforeseen adjustments

Oh?

Mhm, had some functions I had added months ago that I needed to un-add

Okay..

No worries, just took some figuring out
Alright

Should be finished for the day in the next hour or so

I'll stop distracting you

Impossible

*I'll go take a shower while you have something else to do

Enjoy yourself

I'll think of you

Think of me fondly

Well that was lovely

Good!

Thanks for letting me think of you

Well I was thinking of you, so it's only fair

Do you do that a lot?

Think of you?

Frequently

Mostly good things, I hope

Mostly

I'll take it

Entirely

Impossible

Try me

I'm making myself a sandwich for breakfast/lunch that consists of butter, peanut butter, nutella, and a banana

Butter. As a separate ingredient from the peanut kind.

Yes

Obviously?

Butter is a base, peanut butter is a spread that goes over it

Oh dear
Nope, nope, still only positive thoughts about you. Bet you taste great.

It

Bet it tastes great.

I bet the sandwich

Tastes great.

I taste amazing, the sandwich is alright

Good to know

Mmmhm

Making me hungry

Go eat

Haven't since breakfast

Go eeeeeat

I don't have nutella anyway. I'm looking forward to that smoothie though

Who doesn't have nutella??

People who ate it all

That's why you always need to have a spare jar

No broth, but emergency jars of nutella. Sure.

My priorities make perfect sense

Fascinating

I am that

Okay

I think I'm done out here

Smoothie time

Yes!!

My thoughts exactly

Are you gonna make one for James?

If he asks nicely

He always makes them for you.
I would much rather be ASKED so I'm leading by example

Right, right, okay

Yeah, he'll want it though, so I'm making a bunch

After I clean up

And I should probably get dressed and leave soon. Enjoy your snack

Good luck on your exam!

No heart today?

<3<3<3<3<3<3<3

Thank you

Not that you need any of it

I know, but it's still nice

<3

Thank you.


Done

How was it???

I'm almost offended by how easy it was

Good!

Feels good to be done with the whole semester

!!!!!!!!

We have to celebrate!

I'm gonna celebrate with chocolate cake and sleep

Fair enough

Do you have any better ideas?

Just to do something you wouldn't normally do

Like what

I don't know, go somewhere, do something, let yourself have something you usually don't

Maybe some other day
Well you've got all the days to do it

Next week, when I'm feeling better

Are you alright?

Nothing to worry about

Okay

Smoothie was good?

Peeerfect

Refreshing and filling

THAT, I could have every day for breakfast

Do it

Fight for the blender rights

I will.

Good

I'm getting up extra early tomorrow for it

Extra early.

As in earlier than 5.

Yup

No

A bit, yes

No

Yessss

It's important

Just hide the blender??

That is so much less subtle??

He can be mad if I hide the blender, he can't be mad if I just already happen to be using it

But getting up early sounds so terrible

And not worth it

I'll be fine
Do you have work tomorrow?

Yessss

You won't be fine

I will be

Okay

Promise

Okay

So are you going to make the chocolate cake?

Ha

No

Where is it coming from?

Mum's bringing it from work

Ohh yum

Yesss

That's going to be good

Always is

Excellent

I'm gonna take a nap now

Yeahhh that's the sleep part, isn't it?

Mhm

Sleep well Moony
That looks unholy

Half gone

Whyyyyy

It looks so good

Don't just wolf it down, enjoooy it

Savor it

i

I am

Mhmmmmm

Whatever, chocolate fights illness

Chocolate fights illness?

Yes

It makes you feel better

Fact.

Okay, true, true

Moony 6, Padfoot 0

What happens when you hit ten?

...eleven
There's no prize for ten???

What do you have to offer?

Well

Suddenly, nothing

Think of something and get back to me

I'm on it

Great

How was sleep, by the way?

Not as good as the cake

Ah well

Will try again soon

How soon?

Few hours

Hmmmm

Okay

Why?

Sometimes I'm spoiled by an abundance of Moony, and sometimes that makes the long gaps seem even longer

Well I'm all yours until you go to sleep

A

Okay

Will these do?
My socks!!!

Yes!

Good, because this is already the second one

Ahhhh yes!!!!

I'll mail them tomorrow

Tomorrow!!!!!!!!!

Yeah, mum already said she'll make scones

I have never been so happy

Overreacting much?

Nope.

Okay, if you say so

I do

So what are you up to?

Doing Lily's nails

What colour?

Ruby red

Nice

Hi Lily

She waves Hi and MESSES UP HER NAILS IN THE PROCESS
Oops

Ughhhh

Sorry

What for

Well it's kind of my fault

I'm blaming her alone

Tell her it wasn't for nothing, I waved back

Awww

No don't make her wave again!

Oops

She is impossible

I like her

Don't encourage her

Wave, Lily, wave!

Ignore him he's cranky

Oh hi

Hi! Nice to meet you

Likewise

I've been trying to say hi myself for weeks

How are you? What are you up to?

I've been better. Knitting at the moment

Aww I'm sorry to catch you at a less than fantastic time

Knitting is good!

Yeah. Almost done

I heard screaming about socks?

I lost a bet to Sirius, so now I have to make him another pair

You lost a bet to Sirius? How do you lose a bet to Sirius? He's a terrible gambler

He's better than me, apparently
That's terrible news

I'll just try to avoid bets with all of you from now on

Probably for the best

Especially Peter, never make a bet with Peter. You wake up with no money and no school ties

He always gives everything back, but still, it's the principle of the thing

I have neither of those things, so I should be quite safe

Oh good then

Soooooo James says you're cute, when do I get to meet you?? I feel left out

James needs a new prescription for his glasses. Umm soon?

He has several other opinions to back this up

Soon is good enough for me

I don't know

You don't have to know

Okay

I'm trying to think of embarrassing Sirius stories to tell you

Oh please do

Has he told you about how he tried to take one of our professors out on a date?

He what

To a tea shop in a village near the school where all the kids used to go to snog and stuff

Of course he did

Approximately twelve times

Jesus

Per term

Christ.

You have no idea

He almost confused her into it one time

I need so many more details

I think he still talks to her sometimes
I'm not even surprised anymore

Very wise

Hey, um, Lily?

Yes?

I believe you're responsible for Sirius procuring a phone?

Oh! Yes I am. It was about time

Thank you.

Thank me?

Yes

You're very welcome

Also I like your taste in movies

Yessss talk to me, what are we making him watch next?

Hmmm

The rocky horror picture show

OHHHHHH

Do you think I should just show them that though? That's an experience waiting to happen

We could take them to a showing?

You could take them to a showing

We could definitely take them to a showing. That should be their First Time, yeah?

Yes

Dibs on Columbia if you're taking me with

Can I be your Magenta????

You most definitely can

Yeeeeeeeees

Excellent

Just that we still haven't figured out which movie you should show them next

Ugh, right

So what else, what else?
Dirty dancing?

Oh I can certainly move that up on the list

Maybe you should ask someone else, I just keep rewatching the same few movies over and over again

Which ones exactly?

All the good 80s ones, all good musicals, all good queer ones

And classics like Mean girls

Give me one of each of those categories and how. How. Did I not make them watch Mean Girls yet?

Lily!! You have to! I'm disappointed by you

Me too, me too

I think that needs to be tonight

The breakfast club, Chicago, But I'm a cheerleader

Yesss watch it

Thank you!

Oh, you're welcome

Peter can't be mad at me for influencing his film-progeny if it was TECHNICALLY you that suggested he watch it

What kind of movies does he like?

A lot of the same ones but he knows a lot more sci-fi classics than I do

Ah.

Oh! One question before I give you back

Yes?

Do you want me to tell James to shut up calling you his boyfriend?

It's in good fun, but if it's not good fun for everyone then it stops

Oh

Um

I don't

I don't mind

Oh good, here's your boyfriend then
Okay

Was she as mean to you as she is to me?

No, she was delightful

Well that's very rude of her

How is she being mean to you?

She was deliberately messing up her nails so I had to keep doing them for one. Do that she could talk to you longer.

Well surely you can understand her, you know how nice it is to talk to me

Hmmm true, okay

7 - 0, have you thought of something you can offer me yet?

Chocolate.

Deal.

Excellent

But it has to be good

Would I give you shite chocolate???

Better not

I will not

Good

We're going to watch a movie

Yeah, I've already got it set up

What?

Are we not watching Mean Girls?

We

We're watching Mean Girls

Great, tell me when to start

Count and play

Okay

Playing?

Yes
Yessss

Moooooooony

Moony?
Moonyyyyy

Remus?

shite

Yes, hi, sorry

I fell asleep

Tell me you're still up?

I'm still up

How did you like the movie?

That was art

It's a classic

I can see why

Except James just got over excited and called me a fugly slut, so now I have to go kill him, please excuse me

ok

Kill him, sit on him, either way I win.

Thank you for watching with us

Saw maybe a third

Good enough

Can we do questions before I fall back asleep?

Yes

You really don't mind me watching with you when it's not just you?
I know it technically doesn't make any difference to you there, but it still feels like I'm kind of intruding.

Not at all. I like

Feeling like I have someone

They always cuddle while we watch things, and sometimes I do too, but sometimes it's lonely. It's good. Feeling less like I'm alone.

I know it's not the same

But it's less lonely

Okay

My turn?

Yeah

Do you think your mum would give me her scone recipe?

Only if you'll let her try one when you make them

Oh, so no pressure then

None at all

Deal.

I'll ask her to write it down

You have my undying admiration

Aww

Can we

Do the thing?

Mhm

You call?

Mhm

"I fell asleep before you, so this is a middle of the night 'Hope you're dreaming pretty things' message. Well, middle of the night for me, you're probably gonna wake up in like an hour."

"...

"Okay. I'm gonna try to sleep more, I only woke up to throw up the entirety of my insides. Gotta love the moon."
"..."

"Good luck with your breakfast smoothie."

Chapter End Notes

But it's less lonely

You have me
I wish I were there and make it even less lonely
Now I can't stop imagining cuddling with you
"Moony?"

"..."

"Moony you up?"

"..."

"Ahhh, this is weird."

"..."

"I don't even know what to say, I just wanted to say... Something."

"..."

"Good morning"

"..."

"It's really early. Even for me. You'd be outraged. The sun's not even threatening to come up yet. But I'm... Walking to the kitchen now. Gonna make this before James' alarm goes off. I should hang up before I start the blender, that'll be loud and might wake you for real. Don't want that. I think something's going on with you and I don't know what it is but I think it has to do with you going to the hospital. Well coming to the hospital, I guess, because it's here in London. Anyway you clearly need to sleep so I think I'll let you do that without the screaming of this damn electronic machine."

morning

Good morning Moonshine

did you win the smoothie battle

Well

Kind of.

?

I maybe woke up too early

And was finished making the smoothie and cleaning up by the time he came in to use it

So I did get my smoothie!

But it was less victorious, more polite sharing

amazing
I tried

was it good

Nearly as good as yesterday's

good

Maybe I'll do it again tomorrow

tea?

never mind

mum already made it

Rude!

or, you know, really kind

but i can tell her you think she's rude, i'm sure she'd never give you a wrong recipe

That too, I suppose

Doooooooon't that recipe is sacred

yeah yeah, it's already in the box, she's gonna mail it on her way to work

thank you

Thank her

mhm

Hey, Moony?

yeah?

I dunno

Nevermind

So what are you doing with your day, now that you don't have to study?

no, don't do that

I need to right now

Please

I'll try to put it into words later

okay

when you'll go to work i'll take a bath and then i'm gonna go back to bed
and then maybe i'll try to read a little

Just don't fall asleep in the bath and drown, please

i won't

promise

Thank you

and it's herbal, by the way

the tea

some mix of wildflowers

Oh

I was going to ask for herbal anyway

great minds and all that

Something like that

oh

wow

What?

your roses

Oh????

it's beautiful

Yeah?

i feel like i'm there

Well

You were

i was.

and you were

and now i have this

Yes.

i'll go put it up right away

Yessss
thank you
You are very welcome
i love it
Enjoy it
i will.
I'll talk to you in a bit?
have a good day
Have a good bath
;

It was nice

It wasn't a winky face kind of nice, but it was still nice

I feel less achy

Not that that's gonna last very long, but still

And I smell lemony

I had to turn the other way so I could read, I kept glancing up at your painting and getting distracted

Mmm sounds nice

I'm glad you're less achy

And that you smell like lemon

You match my bed sheets

I feel like I'd like your bed

It's here for impromptu Moony naps when you're here

Will you provide warmth?

You need the body heat, don't you?

It would be much appreciated
And it's my bed, so really, it all just makes sense

*It's settled then*

Sounds really comfy

*Mm it does*

Are you a Cuddler, or a Cuddled?

*Both*

I always start out one way and end up the other

*I also alternate between little spoon and big spoon*

Exactly

*Perfect*

I told you, it's too big for one person anyway

*Sometimes I kick*

That's okay, I'm

I don't mind

You're?

No, it was going to come out really wrong. You kicking me accidentally in your sleep isn't nearly the same thing as other stuff

*Sirius*

See? It was going to come out wrong.

Like earlier, when you threatened

But you weren't threatening.

That's the point, that's why I didn't want to say it

It was just a bad moment and it was over in the space of half a second.

I just need to think before I speak

Or text

It's just so easy talking to you, reminding myself to think is harder

*But it's good if you tell me*

*Then I can know and not cause bad moments in the future*
But you don't, you don't cause bad moments

Even if it's just a few seconds, I don't want that, I don't want to hurt you

Things that hurt me one day don't hurt me the next. And things that were fine a minute ago are triggers in the next minute.

I get that, I really do. But if you tell me and I know I can watch out for that. I'm not saying I'll censor everything I say and treat you like you're made of glass if you don't want that, but I'll know better how to react when it happens. I'll know what I did wrong and not just wonder and worry, and I'll try to fix it and reassure you that's not how I meant it. Even if you know it the next minute, it still helps to hear it.

It does for me at least

Okay

I think I don't like when it seems like people liking me is contingent upon me behaving in some way. Not people I care about, anyway

Okay

I don't know

I'm uncomfortable sometimes when you and James talk about hurting each other so casually

I'm sorry

No, don't

We're just talking

But you've said before, and I said that thing yesterday

And it was a bad second, and then it was okay

I love him. I would never hurt him no matter what he called me and he would never call me anything that would upset me. I know that's not the point, I understand. Thank you for telling me

And I like you for you and so does my mum

Okay

You don't have to try to impress anyone or act like something you're not

I don't with you

Maybe that's when it's bad

When I'm definitely being me and I can't blame it on anything else

I've never not liked you

We'll see
What do you think I won't like?

Dunno

There's a bunch

It's been almost a month and I can't think of a thing

Has it already?

Mhm

Wow

Yeah

Feels longer and not long enough

For me too

There's still plenty of time, though

All the time we want

For you to find something wrong

No

We'll see

Look I'm sure there are some things about you that I won't like. Like maybe you dog-ear your books, or you're late to things, or you're early and complain about others being late too much. But those are just little things that don't really matter. I like you for who you are at your core, and I don't see that changing

Okay

I do not dog ear books.

That's good to hear

I simply rip out all of the pages I've read, so the first page is always where I left off

I know you're joking but reading that still felt like someone stabbed me in the heart

Noooo, how do I unstab?

Tell me something nice

So in 1972, Colin met Sally. She was a bartender and he was a patron of the social club where she worked. They got to talking and fell madly in love.
They had a complicated start, previous relationships and children made everything just a bit more challenging than they would have liked. But love prevailed.

They never made the decision to not get married, they just didn't have the time. There was always something in the way.

Until 2016.

When they just decided "fuck it".

And after 44 years of life together

They lived happily ever after

Where do you find these things?

I have sources
Do you just sit around and google 'happy stories'?

No, but I should start

That seems like a worthwhile pastime

My favourite pastime is napping

I'm gonna do a bit of that now

To further recover from your stab wound

Colin and Sally's lifetime of love wasn't enough????

They fixed my heart a bit, but other things hurt too

Okay, then sleep

Thank you

Feel better

still up?

I'm here

hi

Good evening

how official

Good evening, Sir

good evening,

pronouns?

Also Sir

good evening, sir

how do you do

Well

Really really good now

Thank you.

been up to much while i was passed out?

Reading
And not ripping pages out

i'm fine if you never mention that again

As you wish

what page are you on?

I'm at the part with the sharks

how do you like it so far

I was very confused at first

oh yeah, should've warned you

I still can't tell whether he was being serious or not?

all made up

The stuff about his son?

he has two daughters in real life

Thank you

i always skips those parts when i'm rereading

You can do that?

yeah i just read the story bit

I'm really enjoying that

i'm gjkhjh

glad, i'm glad

sorry

Everything okay?

yeah

fell

Are

Yes you said you're okay. Okay.

and i really am

promise

Okay
You have too much limb for casual falling. Seems dangerous.

*used to it*

That's not better

*you're clumsy, why can't i be*

Again, there's so much more limb

*true, you're super short*

Oi, that's not the point

*tiny*

Noooooot the pooooooint

*cute*

**Distracting**

*it's a nicer subject*

**Fair**

*tell me what you're wearing?*

**Well**

My fuzziest bath robe

And because it's fuzzy that means it's Lily's, but shhhh

*colour?*

**White**

*your hair down?*

**Up with my**

**Pencil**

*oh, sure*

**Sure?**

*totally normal*

**Yes?**

*no not really?*

It's comfy
if you say so

I do it often, that's where I usually keep my pencils.

sounds cute

Feels nice

i'm gonna fall back asleep soon

Hmm

Okay

sorry

Don't be sorry

Please

okay

Will this be it for the night?

probably

Do you want to questions?

We can do it later if you're too sleepy

no now is okay, go ahead

How well do you sleep when you're here, with Alice?

better than when i'm alone usually

Yeah?

mhmm

nice to have someone close

I understand that

never slept with anyone i liked romantically

No?

no

Me neither

my turn?

Yes
will that answer change once i'm added to the list?

I

Yes

mine too

Really?

??

yes

You're not just saying it because I said it and you're sleepy and whatever else?

I'm saying it because I mean it.

Okay

do you want to call or is it too early and you're still doing things?

No I want to call

I'm just going to read for a bit

okay

***

"Remus"

"Remus?"

"Remus wake up"

"Remus please"

"Remus!"

"Please!"

"Remus what's going on?"

"Remus!"

"Please stop please please be okay, Remus, please"
"Where t-the hell's the ph-

Remus

ssorry

im sorry

No

Fuck Remus what was that?

i'm s

What's going on

Please

im ok

please dont worry

Don't worry?

You were screaming

A lot

And not just

That was screaming screaming

I am worried

shouldnt have heard im sorry im sor

sorry

Please

Please don't be sorry

I just

What happened?

Why?

nothing nothing happened

Okay

Okay you won't tell me

Just
it's just how it is

This thing. You still don't have to talk about it. But what

What kind of bad is it

it hurts and i sscream what more is tthere

It

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

i am

Okkay then they cancel each other out and no one can be sorry

never should've

the fuck wwas ithinking

What

Never should've what?

Remus

Are you

Maybe not okay. Obviously. But are you there?

I don't like this.

I have to go to work now. I wish I knew

Anything.

On break, checking in.

Hi

Okay
I miss you

I don't know what to do. I've never come home from work and not talked to you.

I'm sorry

Dad found me throwing up in the bathroom and he gave me a pill for the pain and it put me to sleep. Sorry. I'm feeling a bit better at the moment.

Good!

That's really good

Yeah. It helps a little but I hate taking it, because he always throws in my face later how expensive it is.

F

Just. Do what feels better, please

I can't talk for long

Maybe another half hour

I'm not ignoring you, okay? When I don't reply. Just won't be able to.

I know that. I wasn't feeling ignored before. I was worried and fixating. I'm sorry. I know you just couldn't. It'll be better this time with some warning.

Remus?

Yeah?

This gets worse before it gets better, doesn't it?

Yeah.

Okay

I

I'm here

Thank you

I wish I could do anything at all. But I'm here. I can be that. I'm here caring about you through it.

i don't deserve that
What?

Of course you do

how was work?

It was fine

I was distracted, I don't really remember much of it

sorry

No more sorry

okay

Said bye to James for the night

he's staying at lily's?

Yeah

what's peter doing?

I

Dunno

i don't want you to be alone

I can be alone

not saying you can't

I'll call him when you

In a little while

okay

Are you wearing something comfy?

the smiths tshirt

Good, that's good

yeah

Can you listen to something?

no

Okay

i'll be alright
always am in the end

more or less

I'm

Going to try to view that as positive

i'm sorry i scared you tthis morning

I was only scared for you

I knew it couldn't be pleasant, but I didn't know

How much pain

it's not t

that bad

Okay

i

i have to go now

Okay

I'm

Here

I'm spending the night at Pete's

Thank you

We're going to read TPB together. Pass it back and forth.

That and a bottle of wine

New rule: whoever doesn't have the book has the bottle

This degenerated

Degenereted

Degenerated
Very quick quick
Gonna watch instead
The movie
Dont have to read thos pesky worrds
Pete say I have a
Schockingly
Low tolerence

I think this is my favourite part

Nope this my favourit

I feels so close to these cara
Charict
These people

I'm worrying again. We fell asleep before the end, it's been a few hours, I just woke up. I know it's because you can't, but that doesn't make me less worried.

Good luck Moony
<3

***

ok

i'm okay. dad taking me to the hospital now

can't have the phone there so have a good day alright?

Okay. I'll talk to you when you can.
Don't think you get out of questions so easy. Double round next time

okk

Heal well, Remus

thank you

I'm thinking of you the whole time

Hey, star person. I'm on my lunch break and Remus asked me to take his phone and update you; he's doing alright, all patched up. Will probably be sore for the next day or two, but he has some medicine and with some rest and sleep it should all be okay soon. He doesn't have to stay overnight, so he'll text you in the evening when he gets home.

It's over? The bad part's over?

And

I mean, hi, Alice, it's really good to hear from you

No need for pleasantries. Yes, the bad part is over.

But it is good to hear from you

Thank you.

No problem

He's really okay?

He's really okay.

Okay

Thanks

How are you?

Oh, I'm fine. I'm good, really

Hm. Okay.

Can I ask you something?

You can ask, but I can't promise I'll answer.

I don't want details. I don't want to know anything he wouldn't tell me.

Just
Is it
Like
Is it a terminal thing?

It's not going to kill him, but he won't get better. There's no cure. There's some work being done that would make living with it easier, but very little. Not a lot of people care or sympathise with his condition.

Okk
Thanks
I have to get back now
Yea
Ok
Hhave a good shift
Take care.
I will

i'm back home

Hi! Hey, how are you?
i've been better
I'm sure of that
i'll be okay
just gonna take a shower and go to bed
Okay

Thank you. For texting me. You must be exhausted
wanted you to know i was alright
That means a lot
you mean a lot
Oh
You do. And I'm really relieved you're okay.

The worst is over for now?

yeah. just need rest

Okay

Then rest

i miss talking to you

M

God, me too

i'll be better tomorrow

Take your time. I know you're okay, I can be better now

sorry

Definitely don't be that

ruined your day

That's not

You didn't.

My day was unimportant

no

You're important

cause more harm than good

No

This, right now, talking to you

It's worth everything. You're worth worrying about.

You didn't cause me harm.

ookay

Thank you

have a good night

Y

Okay
Have nice rest

I told myself I'd let you text first. We see how well that's going.

I'm heading out of Pete's now

Going home but I'll be okay, I promise

call me if you're still up?

I'm up

Calling

"Remus?"

"...

"Remus."

"...

"Goodnight."

***

Good morning.

Good morning

How was sleep?

The second part was okay

Okay, good enough, I suppose

I feel okay

That's even better news

I'm gonna go take that shower I never got last night. Ten minutes and I'm back.

Holding you to it

Promise I'll hurry
See?

Oh, I smell breakfast

Yessss, mum made waffles

Love having ice cream for breakfast

Tea?

Sirius?

I went with a fruity one

Should I be worried?

This isn't fun

Quite frankly, it sucks

And I don't really have a right to complain, because you've just been on the other side of this

And I can't be sure if you're okay or not, you could be perfectly fine, but you knew I wasn't and still couldn't do anything

I'm sorry

A thought went through my mind that maybe you're doing this on purpose so that I'd see what it's like, and I'm sorry for that, because I know you'd never do that.

I hope everything's okay.

I'm in bed now but I'm not going to sleep until I hear from you and know that you're okay

I don't think I could, even if I wanted to.

I'm sorry

I'm so sorry

Are you still awake?

I'm up, are you okay?

I'm
I'm okay

Yes I'm okay

I have a visitor

Oh

I

You should sleep

And I'll tell you everything tomorrow

We owe each other so many questions, I'm counting every one

Alright.

I am okay, I promise. And not hearing from you was awful and I never meant to do that to you. I lost track of everything today, I'm sorry

That's alright. Just really glad to hear you're okay.

I am

I have

Everything

Reg is here. In my flat. In my home.

Reg. As in Regulus?

Yes

And everything's good?

Things are

Yes

Tomorrow

Everything tomorrow

Okay.

Goodnight<3

Thank you

Don't know what for, but you're welcome.
Okay. So you went to shower and I was clearing some stuff in the kitchen and there was a tiny tiny knock on the door. I wasn't even sure it was real. And I went and it was them. It was Reg. And I was in shock, I think, because I didn't really. Do anything.

And they asked if they could

Oh

They.

They're agender, going by they/them now

So anyway, they asked if they could come in and I said okay and I made tea and we sat in the kitchen

And they had a bit of a breakdown. Well another one. Because they had one at school and that's why they came to find me.

But they're realizing they'll be leaving school soon and starting real life and they've just made all of the wrong choices.

I agree with them there

And they don't know what to do. Enter older sibling.

So yesterday I just let them get everything out, and I told them a bit of what I've been up to.

I'm worried. I'm worried either you or James is going to tell me to wake up and not trust them or something. I don't want that. Remus, I'm so happy. Having them. They're here. They're in my room. They're in my home. They're in my life. They're safe. I'm fucking vibrating with relief. I don't want to be told I can't have this.

No one's gonna tell you that. I'm not gonna tell you that. If you trust them, that's good enough for me.

Good morning

Good morning

I think it's great that they came to you for help.

I really

Don't have words for it

It's unbelievable

They're still sleeping and I'm just
Happy?

I'm so happy

I'm happy for you

Gonna go make a smoothie since I have the blender to myself and hope I don't wake them

Good luck

<3

I like those

I'm glad

What did you do yesterday?

Rested. It was all very exciting.

How are you feeling now?

Good

I'm

So relieved to hear that

I told you I'd be fine

I believed you

Sort of

Tea?

Chamomile?

Perfect

Sounds soothing right now

Not if you spill it on yourself

Well

Then don't?

Too late

Moonyyyyyy

I'm fine, I'm fine

Please be
I am, I promise

Thank you

New mug and fresh muffins

Moony.

Moony.

More important things

Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

More important than muffins?

I doubt that

Yes.

Socks

Socks and scones

Oh, they got there?

They did!!!

I love these

Oh wow they're perfect I love them

I'll tell her

What

Oh!

I'm sure they are too, go right ahead

But I meant the socks

Oh

Glad you like them

I love them

Glad you love them, weirdo

Who opens a package and doesn't immediately go for food

What???

Normal people???
The scones are also perfect, thanks to your mum

She says you're welcome

Amazing as ever

Oh oh wait

Waiting

Two opinions on the scones, Reg says they're perfect also

And they like my socks, too

They don't love them? Rude

Mostly I think they're confused

Do they not know what socks are?

They didn't understand why they were So Special

Well they are just socks

They are not

They're soft and colorful and perfect and they smell nice

Okay okay

Thank you

This! Fiend!

Is trying to take all my scones!

You have the recipe now, you can make more for yourself

Oh you know they'll never be quite the same

Let the starved child eat

Starved??? They've been at

At school

They probably haven't been eating though, you're right

Yeah, that.

Wait

School.
In Scotland.

They came to you to London from Scotland??

Yes

Without calling first or anything? When they didn't even know if you were gonna answer the door?

Yes

So it was really really bad.

Yes

Are they better now?

Well they're EATING all my SCONES, they seem PRETTY HAPPY to me

They're okay.

We have to talk about what comes next though.

How much of school do they still have left?

Exams are coming up. Just a few weeks, really

Do they think they could manage that?

We're about to find out

Okay

Am I asking too many questions?

You can just tell me it's none of my business

What? No

They're good questions

Okay

You're helping me focus, it's good

Okay. Is it safe? If they go back

I think so. I think.

Are they going to get in trouble for leaving?

No.

I'm writing to a professor I'm still in contact with.

The one you tried to take out on dates?
What?????

Who told you that????

Irrelevant

It's really not???

We have a very special bond, yes.

I would imagine that after asking her out twelve times per term you’d develop one, yes

It wasn’t twelve!

That's not what I heard

You heard wrong, they're spreading rumors, whichever one it was

So tell me how it really was

She is the light of my life, we had something special

Wow

In a very platonic not creepy teacher/student way

Okay good

I didn't get that feeling, but thanks for making it clear

She was there for me a lot. A lot a lot. More than I deserved, when I was having trouble with my family. I acted out in classes and racked up a bunch of detentions and since she was my head of house she was in charge of punishment. So I’d be in her office at least once a week for a while and while I did whatever mundane thing I had to do we’d talk. And talk and talk and talk.

Okay, now I understand.

She sounds great.

So she's Regulus’ head of bourse too?

Well no

But she'll sort it out

Oh

I just thought

Okay

Different houses

Okay
They're going to stay here a few days until they've calmed down and sorted themselves out enough to be sturdy against their "friends" before they go back to school.

That sounds like a good plan.

I think so.

Oh.

I should tell James.

Probably, yes.

Probably before he gets home.

Wait, he doesn't know they're here at all?

Um.

No.

Call him.

I am I am.

Good.

Okay he knows.

What did he say?

We talked for awhile.

He's coming home now to talk to Reg and let them know he supports them too.

That's good.

Yes.

You doing alright?

I am.

I will be.

Do their parents know where they are?

No.

Good.

I need it to stay that way.

Then that's how it will stay.
I think so

We're talking

They're coming back after school ends

Reg, back to yours?

Yes

Are they going to uni in the fall?

Probably not

Have any other plans?

Well they did

Now they don't

Alright

They need time

That's perfectly okay

That's what I keep telling them

Coming to you was a great first step

You think I can do this?

Help your sibling? Yes.

Without a doubt.

I can

Barely take care of myself

You don't have to take care of them. Just help and be there.

Yeah

Yeah okay

And you're not alone.

I'm not

You have a bunch of amazing people around you, and I'm sure they'll all help

I know

And you
And me. Whatever you need.

Thank you

You're welcome, Pads

James just got here, I'll text you after the family meeting?

I'll be here.

Okay

You here?

I'm here

We're settling

Everything okay?

Yes

It's going to be really hard on them

But I know they can do it

You can't tell me more about it, can you?

Just

I can't right now

Okay

I'm sorry

No, it's okay, really

Yeah?

Yes

I need you to know it's not a trust thing, I just can't say

I know. I understand.

Okay

Thanks

Tell me something that you can

Like are they also super short?
They're normal size, yes

We look a bit alike, their hair is shorter and less straight

Their eyes are darker

They're quieter

When was the last time you spoke?

Three years?

That's a lot

Yeah

There's a lot to say

You've got time now

We do, don't we?

You do

Wow

I

I really thought

Good thing you're not always right

Yeah

They're in your life.

They are

I'm talking to them

They're here

They don't

Hate me

Of course they don't hate you, Sirius

They did

I think they did

Well they were wrong to

Well
Dunno about that

But it doesn’t matter now

*Do you want me to stop talking about it?*

Not necessarily. Just. I think convincing me otherwise just gives my brain an excuse to think of counterarguments

*Okay, won’t do that then*

Thanks

*You know how you said I should go do something special because I'm done with my exams?*

*I know you probably had something more extravagant in mind, but*

Oh

Ohhhhhhhh wow

Bubbles

Perfect

No, that's perfect, Moony

*It's really nice*

*I'm smiling*

That's the best thing I've heard

*It's pretty and relaxing*

I can imagine

*What are you doing?*
Lying on the table waiting for them to get ready

We're going to go for a long walk

*In my professional opinion as a person who's outside right now, that's a really good idea*

Well I trust you, so okay

*Fresh air and whatnot*

Yeah yeah all that

*So I guess I'll hear from you later?*

I guess

There isn't enough Moony in these days, for the record I do not endorse this

*Me neither*

*We could do all the questions tonight if you'll have time?*

Please

Okay.

Enjoy your bubbles, cutie

i

*I will*

I should not

Have worn

A skirt

*Why not?*

Because owwwwwwww

How do people walk places in skirts? How?

*The same as they walk in trousers?*

No

Not the same as trousers

My thighs don't burn like hellfire in trousers

*Oooh, that*
Yes that

Alice always wears cut up leggings underneath

Or just uses some deodorant if the weather's too warm

But

Oh

Okay maybe that

I like the whooshy skirt feeling

Let the record show I buried my face into the pillow because that's too cute

Awwww!

Yes, exactly

Let the record show same, but I didn't have a pillow so it was this wall

Yours was probably comfier

Probably

Oh well

Good walk otherwise?

Yes

We talked a lot

Cried a bit

Mostly talked

That's good

Yes

Just

Make sure you get some time for yourself.

To just breathe.

Because this all sounds like a lot.

Oh

Yeah

Yeah
Also maybe drink some tea

Okay

What kind?

Oh

I'm never on the other side of this

Something herbal

Hmmmm okay

Maybe lavender if you have it

Or chamomile, you pick that a lot

It's my favourite

But lavender sounds perfect right now

I think I'll have one too

Ooooh join me

That's the plan

Mmmm thank you

But mine's gonna have sugar in it

Gross

Isn't

Probably is though

Nope

Mmmmmmmhm

Well I like it

Enjoy it

As much as one can enjoy drinking tea alone

But it's not alone

Okay, true

I know, though

Oh well
Sure wish I had a scone with this

All gone??

Long gone

There were so many!

I

Am

Aware.

I am impressed.

You would be

Reg sounds like my sort of person

Hmph

That was a lot of food even for me

Well maybe not a lot

But a good amount

Hmphhhhh

I still have muffins from this morning

Mmm

So good

Well now that's just rude

You're the worst

Thank you!

I want
You can't have

Hmph

Are you pouting?

No

Awww, you are

I am not

Aren't you tho

Noo

Cute

I know you are

Oh don't try to turn this around

Too late now I'm thinking about how cute you are, can't stop me

Aha, so cute

Like, say, a muffin

Hmph

I'm sure you can find something else that's good to eat

Eh

Snacks before dinner are important

Oh sure

Almost as important as snacks after dinner

Is there some time of day you're not eating?

Well you know I sleep a lot

Of course

It's not my fault food tastes good

Judging on the way you make risotto, I'd say it's a safe bet that when food tastes good, it really isn't your fault

Ouch

;)

For your information, I'm a natural at seasoning. So if I manage not to burn it before, which,
admittedly, isn't very often, the food tastes not just good, but great because of me

Oh you'll have to prove that

Won’t be a problem

Good

I get it from mum

Cute

Sure

Hey

Questions?

Oh, sure

How many are we behind?

Three to make up, one for tonight

Okay, so three before dinner and one before sleep?

Yes

You go first

Did Alice tell you what we talked about?

Yes

Is that okay?

I should have waited to talk to you, I've felt guilty about having a conversation about you without you there ever since, especially when it's not necessarily something you wanted to share. I was in a bad place. I was worried. A lot. I just. There isn't a good excuse for it. I'm sorry. Was it okay?

It was okay, Sirius, don't feel bad about it

Yeah?

No part of me was upset because of it

Are you sure?

I'm sure.

Okay

Do you think
Occasionally.

Funny.

Do I think?

Once I tell you, and you freak out, do you think you could give me a chance to try to explain a bit more?

What do you mean?

The illness?

Yeah, the

Whole thing

I promise. You will have a chance to explain everything. You'll have all the chances.

Okay.

Thank you.

You are very welcome.

My turn?

Yeah

Will I be able to ask questions about it?

Yes. However many you'll want.

Okay

What Alice told you, does it change things for you?

No.

Okay

I've thought it through, there's nothing it could be that would make me change my mind about you. Because nothing you could "]""""""""have"""""""" could negate the conversations we've had and that's the you I

I really really like

Okay

I'll try to believe that

Please believe that

If anyone, I'll believe you
That's something

Why don't you want to tell me?

Just why. Not "What".

Because there are other things I'd have to tell you before that. Some that I can't yet, and some that I'm not ready to talk about. And because I'm scared.

Okay

I'm sorry

Don't be sorry, please

Does it feel like I'm lying to you?

Not in the slightest.

You've been as honest with me as you can be and I appreciate all of it.

Okay

Your turn

Oh

I lost track of what we count as questions and what are just sub-questions

I had to go back and recount

We could

Just count that as one each, since it was all in the same area

Okay, that works

And technically makes it your turn

How do you take your toast?

Talk about a change of subject

Butter and jam

Well I dunno

And?

I'm not complaining

And more butter?

I don't like beans on toast

No I meant
Jam and butter? Not jam OR butter?

James does that, it just seems so excessive

What, of course jam AND butter

You can't just have one without the other??

Excessive

Is not

But like, you can't even taste the butter under the jam. What's the point?

It needs to be there, it makes the toast all buttery

Uggghh

Do you smoke?

No

I tried.

To tick my mum off

James would've decked me if I hadn't hated it anyway

Made everything smell unpleasant. I cannot abide that.

Your lungs and my tongue are grateful

You

What

Hm?

I prefer my kisses to taste of nicer things

Uh huh

You don't think so?

Oh I think so

Oranges, remember?

Right.

Mhm

Your turn

Do you think about that?
About what
About the
That part
Happening
It crosses my mind
Like
How?
How?
How
When it crosses your mind
Just like a kiss.
Like a nice, hypothetical future kiss
But it's nice?
The nicest
The nicest
Yes
What if it's not?
Then it won't be
And we're left with two options
Yeah?
We either decide kissing isn't for us, or we practice more
And either way is okay
Oh
We
If we decide it isn't for us, does that mean
Would we just
We would just not kiss
Nothing else has to change
It wouldn't for me.

For me, this isn't

It's not all leading up to that.

It's just one way it could go

Admittedly, a way I'd really like

But still

If it won't, it won't be the end of anything

Would I still be allowed to like you like this?

I don't see why not

Okay

Okay

I like the other bit

The other bit?

The part about practicing

Oh

Your turn?

When we decide to meet, can that not be a date?

Yes

No, I mean. I mean it won't be a date.

I'd like to meet you properly

Okay, good.

Me too.

I never thought it would be, but then Alice made some comments, so I thought I'd ask and make it clear

You know that's

It's like that for me too?

I just want to keep talking to you, whatever capacity it's in.

Yeah?

Yes
Okay

Um

Mum's been calling me to dinner for the last ten minutes, talk after?

Yeah

Hi?

I'm here

Hey

I didn't plan to be gone that long, sorry

No sorry

I am, because I'd rather be here

You're here now

I am

How are things there?

Quiet

Reg took my bed, they've been asleep for a bit now

You with James?

Yup yup

I sort of want to ask to speak with him and ask him if you're doing okay, but I don't want it to seem like I don't trust that you're okay when you tell me you're okay, because I do.

Oh, a request to speak to me? To what do I owe this honour?

Oh

Hi

Is Sirius doing okay?

Hey

Ah

She's doing okay, all things considered. She'll probably express all of it when they leave, but I don't think she realizes she's suppressing anything. So I'm worried about later, but she's alright right now. Talking about her family is never a positive experience and that's almost exclusively what's been going on.
Is there anything I can do?

You seem to be taking her focus off of the bad stuff pretty well on your own

What did she say to you before dinner? She won't say but she was freaking out and not about her sibling

I don't feel like I'm doing enough. Freaking out how?

No idea. Distracted, kept dropping things

In a bad way or in a kind of cute way?

Oh lord it's both of you

Cute way

Okay then I can't tell you anything

Wait what if I said in the bad way???

You'll never know

Damnit

This is a good thing, right? With Reg.

It's huge. And having known about everything from the start, I'm still processing it myself. But I think this is the best thing that could have happened to her

Okay. Good.

That's good

Thank you.

No problem

Can I have her back please?

I suppose

Did I get a good report?

Thank you

Well???

It was satisfactory

Hmmm okay

Heard you were being cute

Probably heard right
Are you

Okay about everything?

Yes

Okay

Do you want me to not call tonight?

Because James will be here too?

You'd still want to?

I want to

But I understand if it's uncomfortable

I think I'd be okay with it

Really???

Does he snore?

Oh

Not terribly.

But we talk

If you don't mind me hearing..

I

Don't

You don't sound too sure

No I really don't

It won't be that much anyway

Okay then

Okay

But questions first, yeah?

Oh yes, obviously

Okay

You?

If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?
Well
I think right here.

Yeah?

I love it here. I'm close to all the things and people I want to be close to

Sounds nice

Yeah

Your turn

What's your favourite holiday?

Hanukkah

Okay, why?

Latkes

I have a horrified sort of respect for your relationship with food

I've never had a latke

Well, you'll just have to come round here in December

Deal

Great

Should I call?

My record's still playing, so I can't guarantee perfect silence, but I am pretty close to sleep, yes

Mm okay

Goodnight

Tell me after I fall asleep

Okay

Perfect

Calling

"You're both such nerds."

"GoodNight, Prongs."

"Goodnight nerds."
"Pads, are you still awake. Pads. Padfoot! Oh good, you are."

"Mnnnnn. Am now, you prat. Okay?"

"Don't you think it's sad that pigeons can't watch movies? I just learned that today. From a movie. Which they couldn't watch! Isn't that sad?"

"Why can't pigeons watch movies?"

"They eyes are too good, the pictures move too slow."

"Their eyes are too good? Do you think that's why you really like movies now? 'Cause your eyes are shite?"

"Oi!"

"I don't really think people make movies pigeons would be interested in anyway."

"What kind of movies do you think would interest pigeons? You don't know. They could like romantic comedies."

"Pigeons are so emotionally far beyond trivial human interactions like in romantic comedies. They have better things to worry about."

"Like who next to shite on."

"Carefully planned bird shite. They know what they're doing."

"I still think it's sad."

"I don't disagree. I just think we're more sad about it than the pigeons are."

"Ughhhh of course we are, because we're looking at it from our perspective and thinking about us as pigeons when really we have no idea what it is like to be a pigeon. Their values are different, but that's hard to imagine, because people suck and we think ours are the only right ones and those of other beings are lesser. Why do we suck so much, Pads?"

"That's what I was trying to say. It's just in our nature. Humans are more narcissistic than pigeons."

"Ugh."

"You wanna go feed some pigeons and ask them about their day tomorrow?"

"Probably, yeah, wanna come?"

"Yes. Wait, is it condescending to feed them? Or helpful?"

"Oh, crap... I don't know. Let's think about that in the morning."

"Okay."
"Uhhh stop poking me."

"I'm not poking you. I'm nosing you."

"What d'you want?"

"..."

"..."

"Are you awake?"

"Mhm."

"If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?"

"I CAN live anywhere in the world and I'm here, so here."

"That's what I said."

"Boyfriend asked you?"

"Mhm."

"I wouldn't mind being somewhere that's a bit more green, but I'd have to move you all with me."

"Green like back to Scotland? Or green like deep rainforest?"

"Nah, somewhere with more sun."

"Ugh what is it with you and this sun fetish?"

"I like happiness?"

"You're gross."

"Shut up."

"Fine. Gimme your arm."

"Take it yourself."

"You're so laaaazy."

"Only when I sleep."

"Go back to sleep, lazy."

"Mmmhm."

"Hey, Sirius?"

"Mmmmmm."
"Love you."

"Love you too."

"Sirius?"

"..."

"You two are... I don't even know. I really like what you two have, I really like your friendship. Just. Yeah. I don't know. Goodnight. Sweet dreams to both of you."

"Goodnight, Remus."

"Oh."

"Sleep well."

"Thanks, James. You too."
Good morning

Good morrow

Do you have work today? Because if not I'm going back to bed

Rude!

I could feign work just so you have to stay awake with me

But no, I don't

If you did that you'd get me for an hour and then have to not text for eight. This way you just have to let me sleep for three more, so I'd say that's a better deal

Well when you logic like that

Sweet dreams Moonpie

Mm

I had a dream that I was Hansel from Hansel and Gretel. So there was some sweetness, but I also almost died.

Who?

Is that a movie?

It's a children's story?

Oh

Okay

They're brother and sister and after their parents leave them in the woods, they find a house made of gingerbread and candy, and they start eating it

That sounds like you

But then the witch who lives there almost eats them

Oh

It's an evil witch story?

Aren't they all evil in my
most stories?

My problem exactly

Yeah, it's not really right.

I don't like it

Me neither. But it's not like

Like?

Nothing

You didn't die in the dream though?

No, it followed the story

That's not very original, I give this a 6/10

Sorry to disappoint

There's always tomorrow

Or just later today

Hmph

Or that

Tea?

Green

Okay

I beg you to leave the sugar where it is

No thanks

I'm gonna call Alice, she won't judge me

Then I'm judging her too

If that's how you want to waste your energy

I really do not

Alice sends her love

I send mine back

How are things?
Okay

We're going to a park to commune with pigeons

Oh, you were serious about that

I don't know why I'm surprised

You heard that?

Yeah

Oh

Oops

Yeah we were serious

I wish you the best of luck

Wait! What do you think. Is feeding them condescending?

Hmm

No

No?

Nah

Your logic?

They seem pretty happy when people do it

That's true

And they can always refuse if they don't want it

Also true, I guess

Okay, we'll bring stuff

Have fun

Thank you!

We have fed and named every pigeon in the city

Really. Every single one.

I do believe so, yes
Let me hear them

My favourite was Buttercup. They landed on my shoulder. And Helga and Row tried to follow James home. Most of their names were really just sounds, though, like "Bloop" and "Skra"

_Helga and Row._

_They just took a liking to him_

_Of course they did, who doesn’t like James_

_Exactly_

_So you fed the pigeons, did you feed yourself too?_

_I had nibbles of the bread I guess_

_That doesn’t count_

_I'll eat_

_Okay_

_They did earlier_

_Did James try to feed Reg kale yet?_

_Reg very politely drank an entire glass_

_Oh god, ew_

_I admire them a bit, but. What a fool._

_Hah_

_Yeah_

_Now they'll have to drink it all the time_

_There's no escape_

_I think I'm going to talk to James about it_

_Okay, that might be an escape, good luck with it_

_Thank you_

_<3_

_What did you do?_

_Worked_

_Worked?_
Yeah. Dad talked to me yesterday after dinner, that's why I got back so late. About how much I cost him. So now I'm doing his paperwork.

That

Sure. Okay.

It's fine, it's fair

No. Call it what you want but not fair. Please.

I'm of age, it's his house, he could kick me out if he wanted to, it's his good will that he helps pay for the medical bills, I should be grateful, bla bla bla

Yeah that. None of that is fair.

Maybe not, but it's true

His good will?

No?

Don't care if you're a legal adult, you're still his kid

He barely thinks so

Yeah

Whatever

How is the paperwork?

Dusty

20 year old files

Ew

Yeah

Are you still doing that?

Yeah

Have funnnn

<3

No don't

Don't leave

I'm not

I wasn't going to
Okay

Hey are you alright?

Mhm

Moony?

I'm fine

Okay

Just not the most fun thing to do

Sounds about right

It's

It's about what I have

My dad used to... do research on it.

Before I had it.

What do you

Oh

Oh okay

Like he researched it when you were

Dunno, diagnosed?

Like he was an expert in the field and fought for all infected to be... removed from society, for a lack of a better explanation. And when he almost managed to put one guy, admittedly a very bad person, in jail, the guy thought it would be a fun revenge to infect his kid.

What

Remus

What

That was a lot

Sorry

No, that's not what I mean

I'm over it

I'm

Not
I need time with that.

Removed from society?

I knew your dad was an arse I didn't know he was

Like mine

I don't just hate him for no reason

I didn't think you did but

Yeah, well

I'm sorry

Me too

You were

It was intentional

Yeah

I don't know what to say

You don't have to say anything

I don't

Think any differently of you with this information, you know.

Okay

I just want that to be very clear

Okay

How long do you have to do that for?

Until I get everything done

How can I help make it easier?

I think I'll stop for the day

Okay

I am

Thank you

It's not pleasant going through all of it, but it's nothing I don't already know. So I'm okay, you don't have to worry. But I'd appreciate your company while I'm doing it.

I'm here
That's all I need

Okay

I'm gonna go take a walk.

Give you some time with this.

Oh

Alright

Would you rather I not?

I don't need time with it. There's nothing to process. I'm angry with your father. I'm frustrated that I can't, I dunno, give you a hug or something. It's awful, but it changes nothing

Alright

I'm still gonna take a walk, but I'll take you with me

Thank you

If you were an animal, which animal would you be?


If you were a plant, which plant would you be?

Maybe a succulent

I just think they're neat

Neat

Sure

If you were a fruit, which fruit would you be?

I am a fruit.

Quince

I have no idea what that is

It's

A sort of ambiguous fruit

It looks like a pear, it's used like pears and apples and kind of tastes like them but it's neither of them, it's a quince

I like that.

Thank you
If you were a vegetable, which vegetable would you be?

Broccoli.

Ew

It's floral and also delicious

So you're saying you're delicious?

Well if that's how you interpret it

If you were an item of clothing, which item of clothing would you be?

That's too hard

Depends on too many things

Okay. If you were a musical instrument, which musical instrument would you be?

An oboe

Is there a reasoning?

No not particularly

Alright. If you were

Nah, I'm all out

If you were a flavour of hard candy, what would you be?

Butterscotch

Yummy

Mhm

If you were a type of blanket, what would you be?

A really shitty one. I'm cold all the time, I doubt I could make anyone warm.

So like

Loose knit, made of polyester

Yeah, that. A boring brown with lots of holes

That sounds like a cute shawl though

Great, so I'm not even a blanket

If you're better off as not a blanket, don't try to be a blanket. Play to your strengths

Well aren't you inspirational
I'm very deep.

I can see that

It's true

Which arm is your

Are you right or left handed?

Right

Lame

I'll take that as you're left handed and argue that that's not lame at all, it's actually perfect

State your argument

It would make it very easy for both of us to do things while also holding hands

Oh

Good argument?

Yes

Moony 8, Padfoot 1

I got one?

Yep

When?

Don't worry about it

I am worried about it!

I need to know how to replicate it

Nope, not telling

Hmph

Do you

Like holding hands?

I crave hands for holding

I like playing with fingers

Okay

Good to know
It soothes me
I like it too
I like doing the thumb thing
The little circles thing????
Yeah

I like the little circles thing
If you'll play with my fingers you're not allowed to make any comments about pianos

I won't make any comments about pianos.
Good
If you could pick the thing people notice first about you when they meet you, what would you want them to notice?
You mean appearance wise?
First thing you'd want a person to notice about you.
I don't know
That I'm kind?
That's a good thing to notice
What would you want?
Dunno
Anything really
Anything that's me
I want them to notice Me
Do you feel like I noticed You?
Yes.
I'm not confident that I would if I'd have just seen you on the street
Oh
Just trying to be honest. I think I'd be overwhelmed by all the cute to see other things right away.
Yeah
But I'm also confident that if I had a chance to talk to you for five minutes, or even just watch you be, I'd notice.
Yeah??

*Without a doubt. You're so many things, I couldn't not.*

I think you would

*Do you think you would see past my*

*Everything?*

No

*I think I'd see and appreciate your everything as a part of you.*

*That was a shitty place to break a sentence*

I didn't mean to break it

*Tell me I'm cute so I can recover*

Remus, you're really cute

*I don't want to look past parts of you, I want to be allowed to like all of it. Because you're cute*

*I'll allow it*

Thank you

*It's not anyone's place to tell you what you can and can't like*

Oh. Yeah

*But would it be okay with you?*

Yes

Then thank you

*You're welcome*

How is your walk?

*I'm lying in the grass*

How far did you actually walk?

*Maybe a mile*

I'll accept it

*This is a well deserved rest*

Enjoy it then

*I am, I am*
Reg and I are playing a game we used to when we were kids

Yeah, which?

It's a marbles game

How do you play?

I'll teach you sometime

It sort of defies explanation

Hah, okay

It's nice though

That's good. Have fun?

You don't have to go anywhere, we've been playing for a while

Unless your cute self wanted to relax in the grass

No, I'm okay.

I'm never sure if you still want to talk when you've got something else going on

Remus, if I have proper service and use of at least one hand, I want to be talking to you.

Okay.

And that doesn't mean you need to feel the same. If there are times you need space or your attention has to be elsewhere, that's perfectly fine

Okay

That's definitely not the case right now

Okay good

Should have brought bubbles

Next time

I could just

Yeah, next time

Going to walk all the way home to get bubbles and come back?

Hmm no

Didn't think so

Not because I'm lazy

Didn't say that
But did you think it?

No

I still have the image of you in the grass in my head and it just seems very comfortable

I wouldn't want you to leave

Won't until the sun goes down

Good

Peaceful

Mmm very good

Warm

You're going to fall asleep, aren't you?

Mhm

Enjoy that too

Thankyou

Sweet dreams

Why didn't you wake me uuuuup

Me???? I'm being blamed for this????

Who else knew I was asleep??

How was I supposed to do it?

I don't know, but you could've at least tried

Okay, my apologies, next time I will

I forgive you

How was it though?

Nice until I woke up

Oh

Sorry

Wet grass and a clear sky

That sounds nice?
No

The clear sky does

Not a fan

You prefer clouds?

I prefer day

But the stars

Are barely visible when the moon's this bright

Put your hand out in front of it and block out the light

Not exactly how it works

It helps a bit

I see you

You see me?

Sirius

Ye

Oh

Me

You see me

Mhm

The brightest

I can see

It's the only thing my parents gave me that I like

It suits you

Thank you

You're welcome

I won while you were sleeping

Oh, yay!

Congratulations

Thank youuu
Did you gloat?

Of course I gloated

Of course you did

Reg is not a movie person

This distresses me

How very not a movie person?

They fell asleep

They weren't even tired

Which movie?

TPB?????

I'm not sure I can like them now

Me too.

Shame

Oh well

You're watching it a lot

Because

Sometimes I don't have the attention for the book but I want to exist in it

You say that, but I know the real reason

Because it's amazing?

Because you can't get enough of Westley's moustache

How dare you

I don't hear you denying it

I deny it! I officially and formally deny it!

A bit late

No?????

I'm afraid so

No!

Yes
How long would you be able to date Westley before you shaved it off in his sleep?

Maybe a week

I think that's more than fair

It's just so

Awful

So awful

Are you still watching?

It's on, but I'm reading

Oh, double tpb

Exactly

Sounds nice

It's perfect

Nah

Close to it

Closeness is the missing element, yeah

Well

Yeah.

I hate this

What

I hate missing things I never even had

Oh?

How can you even feel like that

I dunno

But I get it

I don't hate it, that was a too strong of a word. I don't hate anything about what we have. The distance just sucks sometimes.

Okay

Thank you for that

And there's no getting around it. It sucks.
Yeah

Promise we'll do this?

Yes.

Okay

And that offer to read to you still stands

Don't think I've forgotten

Okay

I'm counting on it

Okay

Are you back home yet?

Just trying to slip upstairs unnoticed

Oh okay, I'll be extra quiet

I appreciate it

No problem

Success!

Congratulations!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thank you, thank you

Woo!!!!!

That's a bit much

Just being loud now that I don't have to be extra quiet

Right, of course

Seemed appropriate

Are you going to sleep soon?

We're heading in that direction now

Questions?

Yes please

How do you paint? Do you need to be alone, does it have to be quiet, do you listen to music...?

I listen to music. And I don't have to be alone bit I have to be completely comfortable. So anyone who's there has to be someone I'm comfortable with.
Do
Okay
Yes?
Would I qualify as that?
I think you would.
I'd love to see you create.
You would?
Very much so
I want to try
Then try you will
And if I can't?
Then I'll just enjoy your paintings once they're done
You wouldn't be offended or disappointed?
I probably wouldn't completely love the feeling, but no, I wouldn't hold it against you
Okkay
Don't have to try at all if you'd rather not
No I meant it, I want to try
I just never Ever want to be the cause of you feeling
Dunno
Like that
We can wait until you're very comfortable around me in general and try then. Give me higher chances
Okay
I've done it while talking to you before
So no matter what, if it turns out that I can't, it's not You
I'm already flattered you'd want to try, my feelings are all good
Okay
Your turn
What's something you're weirdly good at?
Like something most people don't know because it's totally random but you're secretly proud of?

*Untangling headphones*

**Really?**

No, but I wish I were

**Struggling?**

*Have been the entire walk home, and they're still a mess*

**That sounds dreadful**

*I guess I'm condemned to silence*

**Nooooo**

Yep

**I'm sorry**

Eh, it's fine

**I'm still waiting**

*On what?*

Oh

*I haven't actually answered*

Ummm

**Mhmm**

*I can fold paper airplanes really well?*

*And fast*

**Ohhh that's useful**

*It's come in handy a few times*

**Like when?**

*Diversions for pranks*

**Yessss**

*Thought you'd approve*

**I definitely approve**

*Sadly I don't have the greatest aim*
You and James should team up

And prank you? Well, okay. Just remember that it was your own idea.

Um no???

Is that not what you meant?

Oh well

Too late now

No????????

Yes

I already came up with a perfect plan

Moonyyyyyyyyy

Padfoot

Hmph

I won't, I won't.

Probably

HMPH

Do you want to call?

Please?

Whenever

Okay

"Why yes of course you can borrow my pjs, thank you so much for asking!"

"You're welcome."

"Unbelievable."

"Awww, no, YOU'RE unbelievable."

"Just get your arse under here and stop letting in the cold air."

"Fiiiiine fine. But I look really cute in these, yeah?"

"You know you do."

"Soooo?"

"You look really cute, Pads."
"Why thank you!"
"Mhm. Shh now."
"You ssh now, you're the one being all loud."
"Unbelievable."
"Why are your feet so cold?"
"Shhh!"
"Okay okay okay."

"Hey, Sirius?"
"Hmm?"
"No, nothing, never mind."
"Tell me?"
"Lily and I have been talking."
"That's good."
"About living together."
"Oh."
"Yeah."
"Well, you practically do. I really don't think you need to be worried about the normal things couples are worried about with that. You know you can stand each other four days and weeks and months on end. You'll be perfect, you two always are."
"Not worried about that."
"Good. James, this is fantastic news, what ARE you worried about?"
"Well... How would you feel about it?"
"I'd feel like my best mate's making good decisions for himself concerning the rest of his life."
"Yes, but this would affect you too."
"I realize that. I'll be okay."
"You're fine with her moving in?"
"Moving in, moving in here?"
"Well where else would she move in?"
"But I thought... I thought you meant you'd move out."

"What, no! No. She'd move in."

"Okay. Okay. Okay."

"You thought I'd move out, why would I move out, we've been here less than a year, I love it here, I love living with you... I'd just love living with Lils too."

"Because the way you said it like you thought I'd be upset. I thought you must be trying to say that."

"No. No, I'm sorry, I should've worded it differently, it just didn't cross my mind that you'd think that because doing that never crossed mine... Come here. I love you too freaking much to just move out. I just thought you might be upset because we've talked about sharing a flat since year one, and this wasn't part of the plan."

"No. We are sharing a flat. I love Lily, I love her being here all the time, her being here All The Time would only be better. And then you wouldn't be away so much to stay at her place. So really, this is even better for me."

"Yeah?"

"I would have supported you and been happy for you even if you'd decided to move out. But this, I'm just outright excited about. Do you want me to talk to her?"

"I can see that you're dying to, so yes."

"You can't see anything, it's dark and your glasses are on the table behind me."

"Aha."

"And I love you, too."

"Well, duh."

"Shhhhh."

"I can't shh, I'm too happy."

"I am too but I'm doing it quietly."

"You're no fun."

"You take that back, I'm the most fun."

"No fun."

"Am too!"

"Nu uh!"

"I'm the funnest!"

"That's not even a word!"
"I made it up, that's how fun I am."

"Amazing."

"I know I am."

"Go back to sleep, Sirius."

"Hmph."

"Goodnight."

"Night night."

"Sirius? James?"

"...

"...

"I feel a bit weird listening to your conversations. They seem too private and I don't think I have a right to them. But I can also never bring myself to not listen, or to hang up. They're just... You're really nice to listen to. Sweet dreams."

"Sirius, hey! Sirius! Wake up!"

"Wh-"

"Heyheyhey it's okay, it was just a dream. Just a dream."

"Yyeah. Yeah. No."

"Shhh it's okay. It's okay."

"Not, not, not, not."

"Breathe. Sirius! Look at me. Look at me. I've got you. Breathe."

"Mhm. Mhm."

"Good, that's good. Can you tell me what happened?"

"R-Remus."

"Remus? What did he do?"

"No! No he didn't- he didn't do anything, he was just..."

"He's okay. Remus is okay. He's sleeping. Nothing bad happened to him."
"It did, it happened, something happened."

"He's okay, listen, you can hear him breathe, he's okay."

"Yyeah. Yeah. Okay."

"Just breathe, Pads, yeah? It's all okay."

"Okay. Okay. Sorry."

"Oi! Rule 6, we don't apologize for nightmares. Do you want me to go get you a glass of water?"

"Mostly I'm sorry for kicking you. Yes, please."

"I'm fine. Be right back, okay, you just keep on breathing."

"Thanks."

"Here you go."

"..."

"Wanna talk about it?"

"He told me some stuff about his past that's really bad and, I dunno, he didn't go into detail, but now I'm imagining."

"Bad how?"

"Something bad. The thing that puts him in the hospital every month. He didn't say exactly and I won't ever make him."

"Oh, Pads."

"Yeah."

"Come here."

"Mhm."

"Prongs? Hey, Prongs?"

"M up."

"If Lily lives here, I could just borrow from her closet any time of day."

"M not up anymore."

"And if Lily lives here, you could just... Live with her. Like she'd always be here, and you know those times when you're all 'I really miss Lily right now'? There just wouldn't be any more of those."
"Mmm yeah."

"I can't wait."

"How does next week sound?"

"Really?"

"She has her last exam on Friday, and she doesn't really have a strong desire to move back home for the summer."

"It sounds perfect."

"I'll let you tell her tomorrow, she's coming over for breakfast."

"Yееееееееее thankyou!!"

"Mhm, can I sleep now?"

"If you must."

"Wanna."

"Fine, fine."

"G'night."

"Goodnight."

"Be spoon."

"Mmm."

"Mm thank you."

"Much better."

"Agreed."

Chapter End Notes

I'm never sure how much background-ish things you want to know, but I just wanted to mention that when Remus called Alice it was to have a rant about wizard children's books and their depiction of muggles.
Good morning

Good morning!

Oh, cheery

It's a good day

Any specific reason?

Some reasons

Any you can share?

I could use a good day

I have work today and Reg is coming with me. They'll spend the day between the shop and the shops around it if they get bored.

And I get to ask Lily to move in with us officially today

Shouldn't that be James' job?

Nope, it's mine

How are you going to do it?

That's what I'm trying to decide now

My money's on you blurring it out before you follow through with the plan you'll come up with

That's not helpful!

I could be wrong

She could read it off of your face before you manage to get out a single word

Moony!

Sorry, did you want me to be more supportive?

Please

Nah, this is more fun

Hmph

When you write that, do you actually make the sound? Because I imagine you making the sound.
Oh

Maybe

Maybe?

Maybe.

Hmm okay

Rude

What is?

You is!

I is?

You is.

I strongly disagree.

You distracted me while I was pouting at you

Ha!

See? Do you see this very rude behavior?

Nope

Try it with your glasses, then

I'm wearing them

You are?

Yeah, I'm reading

Oh

Waiting for dad to leave before I venture into the kitchen

Okay

Anything good in there?

In the kitchen or in the book?

Sure, both

I want a particular boy
in slack jeans and a dirty shirt,
pulling that smile from his caution
that lights up everything, like a flare;
a flare that soars then collapses
till its brightness penetrates the water's cold
and the same blackness hasn't gone
although there's someone searching there
and the rescuer and the rescued are as one
in that the tragedy or heroism of it all
is not decided, in that we're both at sea
hoping to find another human being
who will reclaim meaning from the shocked void.

And there should be some toast.

Ohkay

Raspberry jam today I think

Don't forget the butter

I never do

Enjoy

Soon, hopefully

My fingers are crossed for you

Thank you

Anytime

So Lily's moving in?

Yessssss

I'd ask how you feel about it, but I heard you

Oh, you did

You did

How long were you awake last night?

Not sure what time it was. I was up for maybe half an hour more after that

Okay

I should've hung up. Sorry

What? No

Of course not

It's my responsibility to hang up if I think there's something private

Okay
Was that the last thing you heard?

Your very adorable 'night night'

Okay

I think I was a little selfish later in the night

Had a nightmare I should've made sure you didn't have to be a part of

But you were breathing so steady and real and it was comforting

It didn't even occur to me I should hang up

If it helped, I'm glad you didn't

It helped

Do you want to talk about it?

I don't think so. I just want to be completely honest with you

Okay.

I don't know if it's the right call, because the very last thing I want is for you to feel responsible or guilty. But I had a bad dream about what you told me yesterday.

About what I told you yesterday.

About me?

Yeah

Ok

I shouldn't have said anything

No, I'm glad you did

I shouldn't have told you

No

Please

I'm so grateful you told me

Yeah, what good did it do?

I know. There's a bit less I don't know. You trusted me and that

That is good.

But you having nightmares isn't. You being hurt isn't.

And it's only going to get worse, the whole thing is so much worse
I'm not hurt, I'm fine. It was a bad dream, there's no harm in it

I've had worse, believe me

That's not

It was a bad dream. I'm not bothered by it

Fine

I'm sorry

Why, you're not bothered by it

I'm bothered by this

I don't want to hurt you, even if it is just in a dream

You didn't

Yet

Hey

What

It's true

If you're having nightmares about this, then

One, I had one stupid nightmare that shouldn't even have been worth mentioning

So far

Remus

What

I used to get nightmares a lot. Bad ones. Verging on night terrors. Some were memories, some were not. It was back when I first started school and I was beginning to recognize how bad things with my family were. James and Pete helped me through them and occasionally the school nurse had to as well. And then they all came true and my life got a whole lot better. But the point is, this is just how I process negative information. It's always been like this. It's just a dream. It's not worth this.

But what happens when I tell you more and you dream about that and then wonder when that will come true?

Remus

Nothing is going to change this.

You can have things in your life, in your past, in your future, that are bad, I just want to be there for you though them.
It's not about me being hurt, it's about me hurting you

You're not hurting me

That's not hurting me

I don't

I don't want you to be scared of me

I'm not sc

What

No

Why would I be scared of you?

I'm not going to be. What could make me scared of you?

I can't

Don't

You don't have to say anything

But that's not going to happen.

You don't know that

I do, I have control over my own opinions.

Opinions can change

I'm sure they will. But never for fear or hate or disgust or whatever else you're worried about me thinking.

You're late for work

No I'm at work

You'll get in trouble

I told the manager it was something important, she told me just to be discrete

But it's not

It is to me

We're fine

I don't feel fine

Neither do I, but I don't know what you want me to say
I just want to be given a chance

I feel like you've written me off as the same as everyone else and I don't want to be that

I haven't. I'm just trying to prepare for the worst, because having expectations and things not turning out that way is getting too much

I don't want you to prepare for the worst from me?

I'm not expecting you to react the worst, but I need to consider it

But it seems like that's all you're considering

I'm not

I'm just afraid

Please remember I'm me? Let that factor in?

It's hard sometimes

Okay

It's not about you, it's not about me not believing you, it's about everyone else and my head convincing me otherwise

I know. I understand it. I just hate it.

I'm sorry

There's nothing to be sorry for

Thank you for talking to me about it

You too

I'll talk to you soon?

I'll be here

Sorry for ruining your good day

You didn't

Making it less good, then

Still nope

Less fun

I still have all the same things to be happy about

Okay

Thank your manager for me
I will

<3

*Have a nice day*<3

*I still don't feel too good about it, but since you said I shouldn't be sorry, I'm just going to say I'm grateful for how patient you are with me.*

*And we were out of raspberry jam, so I had blueberry*

**Blueberry will do, I suppose**

*It was alright. Hi.*

**Hey**

**My boss says no problem as long as I don't take advantage**

*Doesn't seem like something you'd do*

*I wouldn't*

*Though if there was one thing that could tempt me it's the prospect of extra time talking to you*

*I'd refuse to reply*

**You wouldn't**

*If you were neglecting your job because of me? I would*

**I make decisions for me**

*And I make mine for me*

*I don't like that though, I don't like when people do what's "best for me" if it's not what I want*

*It doesn't matter. I won't do it anyway though.*

*I wouldn't do it because it would be best for you, I'd do it because it would be best for me, because I'd feel guilty if you got fired because of me*

*I guess*

*I don't like this*
Remus please

Remus I'm really really hating this.

If you're just away and you're busy it'll be fine but I really wish you'd come back and tell me

Please

I don't like being ignored

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I didn't mean to upset you

I wasn't thinking outside of myself

I'm sorry

Sirius?

I'm sorry

I didn't mean to upset, can you please reply?

These aren't sending why aren't these sending

Wh

Fuck

No, Sirius, what, why are you sorry, I'm not upset

I only just got all your messages

I wasn't upset, I'm sorry

Dad was working on something and he put

He blocked the signal, I didn't know

I wasn't ignoring you, you told me you hate that, I wouldn't do that

Oh

Trying not to be hurt that you think I would

I tthought I'd really fucked up
And it was too much finally
But we were just talking
I know. I know. I don't know
I'm sorry
Don't have to be
Not your fault
You're not too much
Okk
What can I do, how can I help?
You did
You are
I'm fine
I'm sorry I freaked out
Don't apologize, please
Okay
Are you?
I am
Yes
Okay
Are you?
No
Can I help?
You can help me decide with how much anger I should approach dad
I would like you to approach him with all the anger
But I also don't want him to take you away again
He won't. All the anger it is.
He won't?
I promise
Okay

I

That was weird

He just said "Sorry, I'll tell you before I do it next time."

What?

Oh

Okay

I don't know how to deal with him when he's being nice

It sounds strange

It happens sometimes. It's like he forgets for a moment that he's supposed to hate me. And it just makes it so much worse, because I get these glimpses of how it could all be different, that he's capable of being like that, but he chooses not to be towards me

Remus

What

I'm sorry

It is what it is

Unfair

Yeah

I'm glad he'll tell you next time though

Me too

That'll be better

I'd never purposely not reply. If I needed to not, I'd tell you.

Okay

I know you would

I panicked

I know, it's okay. Just wanted to say it again, so you really know

Thank you

It would fall under hurting you, and I think we've discussed plenty how very much I don't want to do that

It's just
I'd been thinking while I was at work. That it's kind of nice that we can talk and be unhappy but not be worried that the talking is going to stop. But then after, the talking turned unhappy again I started doubting and then

Just bad timing

Really bad timing.

But I agree, that is nice

Yeah

Do you have anyone around?

No

Waiting for Lily but she shouldn't be here for awhile

Where's Reg?

Oh, exploring!

We support this

I was

Not doing well earlier and I didn't want them to worry

But then they said they wanted to walk back to a bakery we'd passed the other day and I think them taking initiative is really good

That's really great, and I'm a big supporter of bakeries, but I need someone to give you a hug

I'll tell them or Lily, whoever gets here first

And for now I can hug myself

That's a strange mix of sad and adorable

That's me

Do you want to listen to a record?

Yeah

Yes

Okay

What do you have?

What do you feel like?

The Smiths, so we should listen to something very different
I have Zeppelin in front of me now

That would work, which album?

I have IV

Of course you do. Okay. Tell me when to count

Okaaaaay

Count

I'm just going to assume that the first song is your favourite one on here

I can't tell if you're being mean about it or not, I'm just enjoying feeling like you know me well enough to guess

Only being a bit mean

Well you're right and I don't care

Mine's the obvious one this time, so you can be mean about that back

Could, but I won't

I'll just listen to Stairway extra loud

Me too, so that I won't hear myself sing

Awww

I want to hear you sing

Sorry, that's level 12 friendship, and the scale only goes up to 10

Hmph!

I don't make the rules

You very much do???

Oh, that's right, I do!

Oh well

It's still a no

Hmph

Aww, you're doing the sound again

You don't know!

 Doesn't stop me from imagining it

Fiiiine
Cute

You are

Sometimes

All the time

Definitely not all the time

Far as I'm concerned it's all the time

Can we settle for most of the time?

Sure

Thank you

Mmhm

Evening plans?

Propose to Lily

Got a plan?

Nope

Gonna wing it?

That's the plan

Ha, so you do have a plan!

Amazing

I am a bit

Quite, actually

Do you at least have a key ready for her?

Oh

Sure

Yes

Other than the spare one?

I'll get another spare

At least put a nice key chain on it

 Okay
Key chain
Okay

And maybe empty some shelves for her in the shared spaces
But she's already got three shelves and a drawer
Empty more
It's about the gesture
Okay

And you should throw her a moving in party once she's all settled in
Oooooh yes!
And invite me to it.
You'd come?
I'd hate to miss it
You won't
Yeah?
Yes.
Okay.
You sure?
I'm sure
Okay
Okay
Are you sure?
I'm so sure
Okay
Okay
I'm excited
I am
Really
Oh wow
Yeah

Soon?

I suppose it depends on Lily, really

James says there's no reason she should have to move back home for the summer, and her last exam is Friday. And I really can't envision a world where she says "no".

So the weekend after?

Probably something like that but if you need me to stall I will

I don't

Are you sure? Because I'd be very clever and subtle about it.

Oh I'm sure you would be

I'd walk up to Lily and say "I really want to invite Moony to your moving-in party but I'm not sure we're quite ready yet so do you think we could push it back a week?" And she'd say "yes of course, that's fine, it'll give me time to unpack things anyway LIKE ALL MY RECORDS", OH MY GOD IF SHE'S MOVING IN SHE'S PROBABLY BRINGING ALL HER RECORDS WITH HER

I'd say definitely

She has a lot?

Yes

Lucky you

But anyway, the point is, she'd understand

I think I'm okay with ten days

Ten days

Okay

We have a date

Like a date on the calendar I mean not a date date

I'll write it down

Okay

Not because I wouldn't remember, but because it's a really nice thing to put on a calendar

That is

The best way of thinking I've ever heard
We'll meet before, right?

I want time with you before time with you and everyone else

Before

Oh!

Yes. That's not even a question

No way I'm meeting you at a party

Not when I know how good you look on a train platform. I can pick you up from there? And then we can spend the day together before the party? Or Alice can pick you up and I guess you could spend time with her before if you want to, just as long as I get you with plenty of time before the party.

I think she might murder me if she finds out I was in London and didn't come to see her. How about I go to hers on Thursday and sleep over? That way I can be well rested and we can meet for breakfast if you won't have work, and spend the whole day together

Okay

Breakfast, okay

Or is that too much?

No, that's just enough

Okay

Okay. Breakfast in ten days.

I'll see you then.

Yeah. See you.

Again.

I'll see you in ten days.

Again.

Shite

Lily's home

Home home

I've got to go do the thing

Go go go!

I'll talk later see you in ten days okay
Okay

Good luck<3

Thankyou

She said yes!

I mean, of course she did, but it's official!

Tell me everything

Well I cleared off a bunch of shelves and moved some furniture around and just started telling her where things of hers could go if she wanted them to and at first she was confused and then she asked if I was asking her to move in and I said yes and gave her the spare with the little cushion-ball keychain and she said yes!

Ahhh that's wonderful

The first thing Pete did when we called him was ask when the party is going to be.

I told him ten days

Pete's got his priorities straight

Pete has never been called straight in any capacity before, I'll let him know you said so

No!

Oh yeah "Idk what his problem is but Moony seems to insist you're straight" he'll love that

Noooo!!

I would never

Thank you.

Reg and I are going to go to his tomorrow

Any special plans?

More movies, hopefully we'll just keep showing Reg movies until they stop falling asleep through them

Alternatively, you could do something they like

But they like boring things

Like what?

Like chess

Which they and Pete will almost certainly be playing at some point tomorrow
Oh I love chess!

I never get to play with anyone

You all sicken me

It's fun!

It soooooo is not

Yes it is

Gross

You're gross

Am not

Neither is chess

But it takes foreverrrrrrr

So the fun lasts longerrrrrr

Ughhhhhh

I like b

it

Tell Pete and Reg I support them

Hmph

Do you pout after making the sound?

I'm imagining you pouting

Still pouting

Awww

Reg is back now

With most of the contents of that bakery

A full list, please

Is this like porn for you, listed baked goods?

Already got a hand down my pants

That's

One of every type of muffin and danish in the shop, three croissants and a bear claw
Oooh, don't stop, don't stop!

Um

I think they said they had a kouign amann on the way back

M-more!

Um

Cupcakes

Cupcakes?!

I don't know?! I ran out of things they actually bought and I can't think right now?!

You are terrible at bringing a guy off

Like at least give a good description

I

Could

Not

Think

Very

Clearly

There weren't actually any hands down my pants???

I'm aware of that realistically

But you put the words there

You brought it up

I said the word "bakery"!

You asked if baked goods were my porn!

It was a rhetorical question!

Or at least not a very serious one

Not the point, the point is you started it

Ugh

Moony 100,000 Padfoot 1

Now I get chocolate!!
Oh
So you do

*I promise I won't masturbate to it*

Okay

Good to know

*It still better be good*

Oh it will be

*I'll be the judge of that, thank you very much*

Yeah yeah yeah

*I will be expecting it eagerly*

Any preferences I should know about?

*You seem very confident that you'll pick a good one, so no, you don't get any clues*

Okay

Got it

*I hope you do*

I won't let you down

*I believe in you*

Thank you

So were the baked goods good?

So far yes

*Eat some for me, I'm starving*

I shall

Thank you

Cranberry muffin in your honour

*Mm that sounds good, I approve*

I warmed it up and everything

*Now you're just teasing*

So good
Is this revenge for the muffins?

You bet your arse it is

:(

Well no, no sad

:(

Noooooo

:(

Noooo please no sad

Okay

Better

Yes, well, I've got food now

Oh good, what?

You don't want to know

Oh no

It's delicious, that's all that matters

If you say so

I do

As long as you're eating

You say that now, but then you'll complain again if I ever stop

Absolutely

Hmph

Hey, are you doing the pouting thing?

Thought I'd try it out

You're right, it's really cute

No, that's just when you do it

Definitely not

Yes

You don't have to agree for it to be true
Hmph

See?????

No

I do

Fiine, think I'm cute, see if I care

Good

I will

Fine

Fine

I'm not gonna do it again

Damnit

Moony 1, Padfoot 0

I don't get to keep mine?????

Of course not??

Whatever, I got a Moony pout, that's worth at least three

Fine, I'll give you three

Yes!!!

I'll catch up in no time

I'd like to see you try

I never try, it just happens

Rude

Me? Never

Hah!

Mean

Me? Never

Mhm

:(
Oh, right
:*:

Star face?

The star's a kiss

A kiss? I get a kiss face???

You get a face blowing you a kiss, yes
*:*

Okay

Are you upside down?

No, my little face is facing your little face

Oh

So they can blow kisses at each other

Aha

I got it
:*::*:*:

Well, more like
:*:*:*:

First one was fine, too

Oh okay

Or
:*:*:*:*:

On the cheek

You have cute cheeks

Awww

Do you think that would be okay?

Definitely

Okay

Would it?
Yes

Good

Okay

I'm gonna go read for a while, questions later?

Yes

Perfect. Have a nice evening

You too

Sirius?

I'm here

Can you tell me something nice?

Are you okay?

I'm okay, I just need something happier than the ending of that book was

Oh no

Yeeeah

Well

I'm nearly done with This book

Oh!!

Oh

Don't read the ending to that one either

What?

Just don't read the last two pages

What, why??

Trust me, just stop at 'And they lived happily ever after.'

I don't know if I can do that?

Ughhh okay

How do you just not read the last two pages?

I don't know, I read them, I just regretted it after
Oooooookay

Just a warning

But it's so gooood whyyyyy

Because life is pain?

Sure okay

I ignore the ending

Like you ignore the other thing?

Yes

Alright

Questions

You go

Have you seen any other movies with Cary Elwes?

With?

The actor who plays Westley

Oh

No?

Thought so. He made some other bad decisions regarding his facial hair

Noooooooonoo

I'm afraid so

Like what?

Let me down easy

More moustache

Oh nooooooooolllllllllllllllllllll

Oh yes

That's terrible news

I'm so sorry to be the bearer of it

What kind of mustache?

Slightly less lame
Hmmmmmmm

It's thicker and there's a bit of beard, but only on his chin. It's still bad, but it's not as cringeworthy as Westley's

What movie?

Robin Hood

What is it?

What do you mean

What is the movie about?

It's about... Robin Hood

Well okay

You've never heard of him in general? Steal from the rich, give to the poor?

Oh robin hood, sure

I'm not judging, I'm just a bit surprised

I asked Lily

Okay. You should add it to your list, and the disney one

There's two kinds?

There's got to be at least fifty different movies about him

He's a folklore hero, there have been poems about him since the 14th century

Oh

Oops

Your turn, Marian

Who?

She's the love interest

Oh

When you were little, what did you want to be when you grew up?

Like little little, the first thing I remember?

Yes

A firefighter

Like
Fighting fires

Yeah

See, brave Moony

I was 3. All of my reasons came from thinking the fire trucks on my pyjamas looked cool.

Awww!!!

Not the point!

Kinda the point

Is not

It's what I got out of it

Not me saving kittens from trees?

Oh wow

Just saying

Gosh

And on that note, I bid you goodnight

Best thing to leave on

Good night Moony

Night, Pads

Chapter End Notes

The stanza's from a poem called Poem: L.M.C. by Tim Neave
Morning

Good morning

Did you sleep well today?

Noooo

Sorry to hear that

Kept getting pushed out of bed

That the only reason?

Yes

No bad dreams, I promise

Okay. Bed not quite big enough for three?

Nope

Too big for one, definitely not big enough for three

Maybe SOMEONE should've taken the sofa

Yeah, James probably

Exactly who I meant

Oh good, it's unanimous, I'll tell him

It's what makes sense

Tea?

Green please

Okay

Yesss

Oh no

What?

We're out of sugar

Oh thank goodness
Oh, I know! I'll just add honey

Noooooooo

Yesssss

Two spoons

I'm begging you to just not

I'm not gonna drink gross tea

That's what I'm trying to save you from

Too late

Ughhhh

Yum

Gross

YUM

YUCK

YUMM

I'm going to go have an orange.

You're gross

It's retribution

Can't believe you're gonna eat an orange just so that I'd be grossed out by you. That's some weird flirting tactic you've got there.

As opposed to all of my other, very effective flirting tactics

Yes

Moony I have zero flirting tactics

Yet you still do it all the time

I do not!

You never flirt with me?

I don't try to

Okay

I would

You would..?
If I knew how and were any good at it I would so flirt with you

Oh

Everything is different with you

I used to hate the idea. There was a while where I got accused of being flirtatious, but I wasn't doing anything???

I really wasn't trying, and I started actively trying not to

Now it's you and

Dunno

I don't want to try not to

Okay. That works for me

Ugh this is so bad

I'm exhausted and I'm supposed to be at Pete's for movies in a few hours.

I can't fall asleep while we're watching, I've complained too much about Reg doing that already

So sleep now

I don't know if I can

What if I go back to sleep and you call me and you can pretend it's night?

You'd

Really?

Yeah

I think that was part of the problem last night

I've gotten used to the calls

I have too

I'm ready

Call

"Sirius?"

"...

"I'm glad this worked. You sleep way too little. If we ever-"
"Um, Sirius? When are we- Oh, you're. Okay. I'll just...come wake you up a bit later."

"..."

"..."

"Well Reg sounds adorably awkward. I'll follow their suit and let you sleep in peace. Sweet dreams."

Moony?

Hi, sleepy

I hung up when I woke up and went to shower

Oh, good

Nice shower?

Nothing special

Oh well

Feel rested?

Much better

Good

Definitely

Did Reg wake you up?

Yes, because we're supposed to be leaving

Heard them earlier

Oh

You did?

Mhm

What did you hear?

Oh, I think they just came in to ask you when you'll be going over to Pete's

They saw you were asleep so they left

Okay

Is it?
Yes, I was worried they'd be upset because I was in my bed, which is temporarily their bed

They didn't sound upset

Okay

Thanks

So you're heading out now?

Yes

Okay

Have fun

Thank you

What are you up to?

Paperwork

Oh, I'm here for that

Yeah?

Yes

Thank you

I said I would be

I know

How is it?

Still not fun

Understandably so

But I have more tea, so that's good

Oh good

Don't talk to me about honey

It doesn't have honey in it

Okay good

I procured some sugar

How did you manage that?

Well you see there are these things called grocery shops
How long was I asleep?

Long enough

Oops

Not that long. I can be quick when I care about something

Sure

I can be!

I believe you

Good

I wouldn't doubt you

I wouldn't lie

Pete says he has that Robin Hood movie you were talking about

You should watch it

If you're in the mood for terrible facial hair, that is

We're going to

Enjoy, I suppose

I'm not going to stop talking, you know

I know. Just doubting your enjoyment

Is it not good?

Moustache, Sirius, moustache

Other than the moustache

I'll let you judge for yourself

Okayyyyy

I don't like influencing people's opinions too much

But Your opinion is kind of very important to me

Kind of

It's very important to me.

Well then you can get it after

Okay
You have snacks, right?

Pete always has snacks

I like Pete

He says he likes you too

Aww

Hmph

You can't possibly be pouting over your friends liking each other

Nooo

So what then?

Maybe

But I like that you like each other

But you're still going to pout about it?

Maybe

Amazing

Reg has bet households chores that they won't fall asleep this time

Oh so now we're hoping they do?

Honestly, no, they've never washed dishes before, I don't think that would end too well

Never?

Never

Never ever

Nope

Wow

I hadn't until I started living with James

I forget sometimes how you grew up

Lucky

I

Sorry

I didn’t mean it harshly
Sorry

I just meant you don't act like a pretentious posh wanker

Thank you

Well you don't

It's a concerted effort

I need a break from this

Oh

Alright

We're just going to watch now anyway

I guess

Take your time

What

No

No, I meant the work

Oh

Oh!

I'm sorry

I thought you meant

Okay

Sirius, if I needed some time for myself, I can guarantee you I wouldn't word it like that.

How might you?

Ideally, it would be something like 'Hey, do you think we could continue this conversation later? I'm not upset/angry/etc, I just need to be alone with my thoughts for a bit/put my phone away for a while/etc. I don't expect I'll be longer than _____, but if I will need more time, I promise I'll let you know. <3'

That's perfect

Thank you

No problem

I didn't mean to jump to conc
Moustache.
Beard.

*Initial reaction?*

I'm into it

*Gross, no you're not*

Oh I am, I am sooo into it

*Are not, say that you're not*

He's even sexier now

Ew

Just

Imagine leaning in to kiss

All that

*No thank you*

Mhm mhm

So good

*I repeat, ew*

Yum

*Fine, you go ahead and enjoy him, I'll take Marian*

**Pleasedon'tleavemewithhisfacialhair**

*What's that, I can't hear you, I'm riding off into the sunset with a moustache-less companion*

Noooo come back

Byeee, enjoy your hairy kisses

*I do not want them!*

*But you said they're yum!*

I was lying!

Remus this is awful!

*Don't you mean sexy? I'm pretty sure you said sexy before*

Liiiiiiiiies
Well that's what happens when you lie, you get stuck with moustache kisses

Don't want

Tough

:(

:*

Nooooooo

Yes

Hmph

You pout abnormally often

No I don't

Yes you do

Well maybe you're mean abnormally often

I know I am

Well then that's why

Hmph

Your fault

Ok

Moony, you know not really, right?

No

Not really.

Okay

If I'm pouting it's because I'm not upset enough to feel actually bad about it. It's playful

Yeah, no, I know

I would try to tell you if you really upset me

Thank you

I'm enjoying this

Yeah?

The movie, yes
Good

I'm glad

I didn't get it at first but I think I do now

It's not to be taken seriously

Yes, I was not warned

Oops

Yeah oops

Rude

We've established my rudeness already

Just making sure you still know

I do, I do

Good

Back to work

Ew

I think I'd rather walk around with that moustache for a month than do this

That would be a shame

No kisses?

Exactly

Okay, I'll suffer through this

Anything for kisses

I'd endure the moustache for it

Awww

It's awful, don't get me wrong

And I'd never stand for it if I had to kiss Cary Elwes

But he's no Remus

What about Cary Elwes with no moustache, would I still win over him?

Yes

Sweet
I'll let you judge that

Oh

Too much?

No

Okay

There's a pretty high chance it will indeed be sweet, though

What with all the sugar I consume

I'll endure that too

Bet you'll like it

Yeah? What's your bet?

If I win you have to drink tea made by me

My punishment for enjoying your kisses is gross tea????

I never said it will be gross

Hmmmm okay

And what if I REALLY like it, so I win?

Because I know we made contingency plans for if the kissing is not so good, but I'm not willing to bet on it.

Wait what

You don't win if you like it, you win if you don't

No no. You win if I like it, I win if I REALLY like it.

No?? Because you're doubting that sweet can be good

Though to be honest, I think we both win if you like it

Only if you do too

I cannot, in good conscience, place a bet AGAINST me enjoying sweet kisses from you.

Then I guess no bet

Right, so then just kissing and then you make me tea

Deal

Does this count?

Count as what
The flirting thing

It feels like that but it also feels like just talking

Oh

I think it counts, yes

Nice

How am I doing?

Well I'm positively swooning

Yeah yeah, alright

I'll try harder next time

;)

Mmmmmhm

Good luck

<3

Thank you

Mhm

Reg is still awake

Congratulations to them

Yesss

And to you, for getting to do the dishes yourself

I'll look at it as a win

Tell me to stop doing this

Remus, stop doing that.

But I have to

Can you take another break?

I mean I can, yeah. But then I'd have to go back to it

But if it's too much right now please take a moment to breathe?

Yeah

Yeah, okay
Thank you

Pretty sure that's my line

I'll share it with you

That works

Are you alright?

Not really

Do you want to talk about it?

I thought I'd sort out some less dusty papers today, and they're about my case. And I don't think I'd even be that bothered to be honest, I know all about it. But my dead name's all over them.

Oh

Fuck I'm sorry, Remus

It's alright

It's messed up that you should even have to go near those

Yyeah

I'm sorry

It's okay I'm okay

Alright

Just need to breathe a bit

Like you said

Okay

Walk away?

Mhm

That's good

Mhm

Can I help?

You are

Okay

Distract me?

How can I do that?
I don't know

Maybe with some of the many pictures you take?

Oooh okay

I know we agreed I'd do that but I didn't know if you'd forgotten

Waited for them, just didn't want to say

Yours?

Yes
And your legs

Those too

Nice shoes

Thank you!

What are the yellow bath bombs

I believe that one would be Fizzbanger

Apple and spice

Okay

More?
Stories
The first was just in the parking lot outside of work, the oil on the asphalt just struck me as really pretty

The Experimenter is just one of my favourite bath bombs because it's so colourful

The rainbow oil isn't the first one

It's not?

No

Which was?

Lips.

Oh, they sent differently than they appear on mine

That's a spare bit of paper I just found on Wormy's dining table

Just

Yeah, just now

Okay

Are you?

No, but it's a very different kind of no than before

Consider that me trying harder

When you started sending them, I didn't really think I'd want to change my background picture every two minutes

And now?

And now I can't pick

<3 good luck

Aha thank you

My pleasure

But really. Thank you.

It's just pictures

You know it's not

You're welcome

I'm sitting on the roof eating ice cream

That sounds much nicer
Bit cold

Even in whichever jumper I know you have on?

It's windy

Damn

And you're wrong

I'm wrong?

I'm not wearing a jumper

You're not??

I'm devastated

Cardigan

Colour?

Brown

With what under it?

Just a tshirt

And the wind is blowing those curls around isn't it?

It did before I put a hat on

Oh no there's a hat?

Just a beanie

A beanie

Sure

Yeah, yeah, it's too warm to wear a hat, bla bla bla

Yup that's what I was going to say.

Just can you do me a favour?

Depends on what it is

I need you to tell me every last strand of hair is tucked into that beanie

Uhh

Not exactly

Whyyyyy
Sorry?

I cannot forgive you

I think I can live with that

Good

Please continue to live, windswept and beanie clad

I will

Until I run out if ice cream

Wow

...then I'll continue to live inside, with no wind and no hat

That's good too, I suppose

I promise I'll still look cute

I believe you

Still plenty of roof time, though

Enjoy it

Trying

Good

So do you kiss pieces of paper often?

Only when there's no one around to kiss who won't whine about never getting the colour off

It's a nice shade, they'd be lucky to have it on their person

My point exactly

I can usually kiss Wormy, but only if there's no colour

To have the luxury to refuse Sirius kisses because you know there'll be more...

Oh

Never thought about it like that

Is Reg not a fan of pretty colours either? Or are you not at the kisses stage yet?

Not at kisses yet

We've hugged a few times

I'm still just happy enough to be at the talking stage
Thought so.

And hey, hugs are really good!

They are

I'm glad it's going well

Me too

Have you discussed yet when they'll go back?

Yeah, before the weekend

They have an appointment with the professor you've heard so much about to discuss things on Saturday

Okay, that sounds reasonable

And I have not heard that much

You should have, she's amazing

Weeeeeeell

She's one of the smartest people in the entire world, I think

High praise

It's true, she always has the best answer for everything

Even to your provocations?

Especially

I require at least two examples

One time, we were upset with her over a particularly nasty detention, and in retribution we sort of rearranged the classroom so that everything was, well, lifted well off of the ground very precariously. For that, she dismissed the rest of the class but we had to sit through her lecture in the desks we'd manipulated. She never would have let us get hurt, it was just immensely uncomfortable. Except for James, he really enjoyed himself.

Then there was the time I don't know what happened. When I think of her it's the thing I think of first. My first year, after I was put into the House that was my House, with James and Peter, instead of the House my parents had been in - and their parents and their parents and all my aunts, uncles, and cousins, and Reg. We're divided based on a sort of psychological evaluation. So they came to the school themselves. They said there must have been a mistake and demanded I be removed at once. I just know there was a lot of yelling and threatening in front of and at me. But she calmly asked them into her office and talked to them for what felt like hours. And they came out and mum wouldn't look at me but they just left. They didn't yell at me more and I never had to switch houses and the professor just winked at me. That's when I decided she must be the smartest person in the world.
She sounds absolutely amazing

She is

I want to be that kind of teacher

You can be

It's a good goal

Already mastered step number one

Which is?

Be someone Sirius Black wants to take out

That is a requirement

One I'm very glad I fulfill

Hopefully I have better luck this time

We'll see

You should meet her someday

So she can see who you settled for?

So we're settling now?

Well you clearly are, she's "the light of your life"

True

I'm okay with it

Can't believe I have a type

Ha!

Can't believe your the same type as her!

*you're, Mr Black

This is bad, I don't know whether to be annoyed or very attracted to you

I vote for the latter

Unanimous then

Excellent

Still pretty annoyed though

Oh well, can't have everything
Hmph

If you get points for pouting, do I do as well?

No

Why not?

I'd be buying you too much chocolate, you'd be sick

There is no such thing as too much chocolate

This is why I worry

I have never in my life been sick from chocolate

And I don't want to be your first

Fiiiine

You concede?

Doesn't look like I have much of a choice

Hah! One more for Padfoot

Do you also want chocolate if you win?

Oh no, I already know where to get the best

Doubt it, but okay

Trust me

What do you want, then?

That's for you to decide

No??

I decided the chocolate

Yes, but I'm easier to decide for

I don't mean to be difficult

That's not what I'm saying. I'll just knit you something, I've got plenty of time

That definitely works for me

Okay

Thank you

It's still not likely that you'll win
I'm winning so far

Enjoy it while it lasts

I'm basking in it

I'm basking in the sun that finally got the message that it's spring

Mmm good

Means all my curls are free again

Yesssss, my formal petition worked

Oh, there was a petition?

Mhm, I signed it a thousand times

I'm not impressed

All those detentions, you're bound to be great at writing lines

I hardly ever wrote likes

My Love was far more creative than that

Are you saying you didn't get detentions in other classes? Because that's a bit hard to believe

Oh I did, but she was using responsible for assigning punishment

By third year professors stopped giving us detentions at all, they just sent us to her so she could take care of it

Oh she must've loved you

Of course she did

Of course

James and Lily are on their way here

Oh, nice

Yesss

We almost never all come here

Why not?

It's less convenient

Not for Peter

And it's good to get Wormy out of here when we can

Is it not a nice place?
It is, but it's filled with not his stuff

He gets moody when he's here too long, but he won't move any of it out

Okay

I dunno if I'm explaining right

His parents' things are in boxes all around. And I know he looks at things when we're not here and it brings him down.

You explained okay

Alright

I still think it'd be good if you came around his more. That way when he's alone there, the nice and fresh memories of the place can fight the sad old ones.

We try

He also needs his space more

I'm not dismissing anything you're saying. I know you're right. There's just reasons why we sometimes don't.

I didn't doubt there were. I'm not trying to tell you how to do anything

I'm not exactly an authority on friendship

I know

You do friendship just fine

Yeah

Are you content with your sun while I go figure out a meal out of the odds and ends in Wormy's refrigerator?

I'll be okay, yes

I'll talk soon

Good luck<3

Thank you

The answer was nothing, we had to go get things

Now we're playing a m

A game

What game?
Scribble

Scrabble?

Sure that

I predict Lily's going to win

You can't know that!

Wooo go Lily!!

Moony!

Yes, Padfoot?

How are you not on my team, you're only talking to me???

Yeah, sure, but I like Lily better

Moonyyyyyyy

Padfooooooot

Hmph

Fine

James'ill support me

Boo James

Don't boo James, I'm rooting for James

Boooo James

How dare you!

Wormy is also hoping James wins, Lily has money on Worms. No one else is betting money, just her.

Is no one hoping they'll win themselves?

Ummmm

No

Wow, losers

Pretty much

Who's Reg rooting for?

They haven't said but their last word was three points, so I hope it's not them
I'm also secretly hoping they win

You're all too good

Not at the game, at heart

We might be good at the game, it's too soon to tell!

Keep holding onto that quixotic idea

That's not a word

It is

Not a real one

It's in the dictionary

Oh

Did you look it up?

I did

So little faith in me

Have I mentioned how attractive you are?

Is kwim a word?

You might've implied it

And no, no it is not

Damn

How about kwis?

Still no

This is terrible

How's Lily doing?

None of your business!

Reg is definitely on her side. Every time she puts a word down they mutter "brilliant", I can hear them

Go Lily, go Reg!!

Them too before me???

It goes Lily, Reg, Pete, you, James

James is last????? How is James last???
I have a feeling he wins a lot at other things

Fair

Plus he has you as a cheerleader, he doesn't need anyone else

I'm louder, yes

Well you don't know that

Right now I am

What if I'm yelling really loud?

We can't hear it, so as far as we know you're silent

Way to make a guy feel important

You could always call and yell all you want

I think I'll pass

The offer stands

But just for yelling?

No

Okay

Always

Thanks

Moony I am losing

No!

I am though

No!

Then help me!

Hmm no

Pleeeeeease?

Which letters do you have?

W I S N I P

Is there an E anywhere?

Yes?
Am definitely crediting you
As you should.

No one believes me?????

What?

That it's yours????

That it's my penis?


Not how I meant that

That it was your word

Give someone the phone

Remus!

Hello, person who isn't Sirius

James

I'm winning if you don't count Lily

Oh but I do count Lily

Yeahh I count her twice

Awww

Why were you thrown at me?

Not complaining, though

I wanted to talk to someone about Sirius telling you I told him to play a certain word?

Ahhh yes?

Yes, that is false information.

Oh I know
Okay, good. Just wanted to make it clear. Not sure what he's been telling you about my penis, but since I don't have one, you should just disregard anything he says.

I usually do

Always putting his penis places. Can't take him anywhere

Aww and then poor guy has to settle for someone he met through texts

Settle! Sure! Like he isn't impossibly choosy

Yes, we just discovered today that he definitely has a type

His type is "anybody Prongs didn't set him up with"

What kind of awful people are you setting him up with?

Nice people! I have a very careful screening process!

Which is?

I need to definitely trust them

That's it? That's your "very careful" screening process?

I'm very careful with it?

How many people have you set him up with?

Ever?

Yes

A dozen? Two?

And you completely trusted all of them?

I thought I did

Okay

I just want him to be happy and safe

I

Yeah

Can you give the phone back?

Yes

Why does it seem like I didn't win that?

I need some time. I'll be okay. I'll definitely text you before bed.

Oh
Okay

Sorry

Don't be sorry

Talk to me when you can

Ok

hi

Hey

How are you

okay

Missed you

you too

Lily won of course

congrats to her

We're laying out blankets now to all stay here tonight

that sounds really nice

It is

What are you up to?

nothing

Could also be nice

isn't

I'm sorry

it's okay

Are you going to bed then?

yeah

Questions?

mhmm

When things are bad, is it better for a person to be around you? Or do you need space then?
Okay
Noted

same question
Not space.
okay

noted.

I'm not enough company for me on a good day
you're enough for me
That's a really good thing to hear
it's true.

goodnight

Okay

Goodnight Moony

Hey
Can't sleep
Hope you're sleeping nice and having good dreams
This is weird
Not the sleeping on the floor bit, we do this sometimes
But Reg is next to me
Reg hasn't slept next to me in
Too many years
Their sleepy face is the same as ever
They look so small
I feel small
Pete's also snoring, which is nice
Used to help me sleep
Sleeping without the noise over the summers was always the worst

I'm tired, I want to sleep

There's just too much

Dunno

Too much static

I'll try again

Goodnight

did you succeed?

i keep waking up

which i suppose isn't really bad, because nightmares

but i'm tired too

my eyes hurt

im here

did i wake you

Nah

half awake anyway

can you call?

Yesplease

"Hi."

"Oh, hi, Moony, hi."

"..."

"We don't have to say anything. That was nice. Thank you."

"T-thanks. Goodnight."

"Sweet dreams."

***
Morning

Good morning

Just morning

Okay

Glad it's good for you

Just nice

James and Lily are making waffles

Okay

Smells good

Of course it does, it's waffles

Yesss

Do you have ice cream?

It's Wormy's, of course we have ice cream

I don't know you, I don't know what's normal.

What's not normal is ice cream with breakfast

And take that back

Ice cream is a perfectly valid breakfast food.

*I don't know all of you that well.

Hmmm good enough

Add a 'yet'

No it is not, but I'm going to do it anyway

Much better

Good.

Did you have breakfast?

I'm still in bed

Never had breakfast in bed?

Used to a lot
I do in James's bed sometimes, it's always nice

I always forgot to take the dishes back downstairs, so they just kept piling up. So I stopped

You should do it, just one day

Like today?

Yes

Okay

Yes??

Yeah, sure

Yes!

Should I make it all fancy, put it on a little tray with a little flower

Awww yes

No

Breakfast tease

It's four slices of toast with nutella on a chipped plate

Close enough

Sure

At least there's nutella

Yes, well, unlike some people, I make sure there's always nutella

Yeah yeah yeah

Ughhh I see your plan now

Hmmm?

Making me not want to take any naps because my bed's full of crumbs

It's a solid plan, why do you think I only ever do it in James's bed?

I'll just go sleep on the sofa

Rude Moony

Goodniiiight

Night
I’m off to work now

Sleep well

s

Remus?

cant just hi so you wont worry

Okay

??

will be

Okay. Thank you

Hi. How was work and the rest of your day?

Oh hi

Work was good

Really good, I had fun

Worried about you later though. Tried not to be because you said not to, but I was

That's good about work

And I'm okay.

Okay

What did you do all day? You don't have to say if you don't want to

Felt bad about myself, cried, fought with my dad

In reverse order

Moony

That's me

Can I do something?

You can do anything you want

Can I do anything to help improve your day?

You're talking to me and there's no chance you'd call me the wrong name, so just keep that up and
I'll be okay

I would never, even if I knew how to

I know

What are you up to now, then?

Sitting in my crumbs covered bed, finally being calm enough to text you

That's okay with me

You're not busy?

No I'm not

Okay

Was reading, almost done

Enjoying it?

I don't want to leave

That's what rereading andrewatching is for

It's not the same

I know

I'm loving it, thank you

You're welcome

I was going to ask a question about your day, should I not do that?

You can

Was it a bad fight?

Yeah

Do you not want to talk about it?

He woke me up and asked/yelled if I've done all his work yet and I said no, and I tried to tell him that it was hard for me but he wouldn't listen. So I went to do it and it got really bad again, and after having a cup of tea and calming down a bit, I went to ask him if I could at least skip the files that are about me, and he said no, that he doesn't understand why I couldn't do them too. And I tried to explain, but when I mentioned the name thing he got really upset and started yelling about how he gave me that name and did I not even consider his feelings when I stopped going by it, and he just kept saying it over and over again. I tried to leave the room, because I couldn't take it anymore, but he wouldn't let me. And he said some more things about that and about my condition that I'd rather not repeat. And then we sort of got into a fight.

Oh
Yeah

I'm so sorry

This is one of those times I feel useless because I want to be there for you, physically be there, and I'm not

Sorry

Remus, no

I'm sorry. I'm sorry you have to live with that and that this just happens to you because you don't deserve this. You are good and real and valid and I love knowing you, and I'm really really sorry that there are people in your life that don't feel the exact same way as I do, it seems impossible to me. It's not right.

I'm sorry. I shouldn't tell you about your life.

Sorry

No

No, I was just trying to think of what to say

I don't know what to say

You don't have to

Okay

Just know that even while that's happening, people care about you

Thank you

Sorry I wasn't around

Please don't feel bad about it

Alright

I smell delightful. You'd hate it.

Ewww why would you

But pretty oranges, not just regular oranges. Like oranges but sweet and floral

Still ew

Hmph

I smell great

Do not

Bet you'd still like it
Would not

We'll probably never find out

Would not love iiiiit

Well I'm not going to chance it, so

You're going to give up oranges for me?

I'm not going to risk you not wanting to smell me?????? No fruit is worth that?????

So the list goes: smell, fruit, kisses

Interesting

Well the kisses are optional. If you can't stand how I smell you won't want to even be around me. That's important.

What if kisses will be really good, will they move above fruit?

Definitely

Okay

And I'm still going to eat them when you're not around

Oh, of course. I wouldn't ask that of you

Okay, good

But I'm still going to complain

I would expect nothing less

Good

How do you just talk about it so casually?

I take it you don't mean oranges

I don't mean oranges

I don't know. I suppose it used to be easy because I didn't think there was any chance of it happening anyway. And then it just became normal

Don't think I've forgotten the things you said before it became real

Oh? What have I said?

Things

Things.

Yes
Do you think about things a lot?

More than I should

Why do you say that?

They're distracting thoughts

Nothing really wrong with that

Really really nothing wrong

Well then

No matter how sweet I know you are, you'll always be Dirty Nerd to me

I'm okay with that

Good

Would you rather we talk about it less?

No, it's not bad

Usually with guys it us and it makes me uncomfortable. But it's not like that with you. Not uncomfortable, just effective

Ok

Is it?

Yea

It's not, what did I say?

It is, it's okay. I'm glad you're not uncomfortable.

There's a negative part I'm still missing

You're not. Just my head twisting words to mean what they don't mean.

What did I say

Nothing

I can't know what to be aware of if you don't tell me

Okay. I'm making it about me. I didn't mean to do that.

You didn't do anything wrong, okay

Just drop it

Okay

Sorry
No need to be

Okay

<3

<3

Thank you for saying hi last night

Missed your voice

Yours too

Again tonight?

I'd really like that

Me too

We never have to if you're not completely comfortable

I know

I just need to establish that now

Thank you

You too

It goes for everything

Agreed

I like this

This?

This thing that we have

I really like it too

Also you

I really like you too

Do you want to see a herd of elephants?

Yes?
Oh

Oh oh oh oh oh

I was not prepared for that cuteness

There are little hearts on them, too

Of course there are

Those are adorable

Thank you

Where do you find these?

Around

Beautiful

I think so

Definitely makes up for the disappointing lack of them on the train ride

I'm glad I could provide a satisfactory alternative

Thank you

You're very welcome

Oh no

What?

It's perfect

What’s on the last two pages?

Nothing
They don't exist

Leave them

Close the book

Get James and tell him to rip them out

Did YOU just tell me to have pages ripped from a book?

Yes, so you know how strongly I feel about this.

Okay

Okay what

Okay, I won't read them

Really?

I trusted you enough to read the book when you said I should, I'll trust you to not read the part you think I won't like

That

Okay

What?

Not used to it

Trust?

Yeah

I trust you

Means a lot

It's just true

Yeah

Okay, if I have this in here I'm going to be tempted, I'm going to pass it onto Reg, I think

That's a good idea

Maybe THEN they'll sit through the movie

Or maybe they won't make it past ten pages

Oh no, I forgot about the beginning

Suggest skipping it

Okay
I just think it's a shame to miss out on the story

I agree

But I guess I can also understand that it's not for everyone

No

No?

It should be for everyone

Not everyone can like the same things

Hmph

What's something you don't like?

How do you mean?

Just anything

Well you know the big things

Being ignored, people touching my hair, being alone, being hit, chess

Something smaller than that

Facial hair, kale smoothies

Closer. Now something I don't know yet

The feeling of anything between my toes

There you go

Can't stand it

And for me it's not something that ever even crossed my mind

How???

I'm just not bothered by it I guess?

Ughhhhh

Everybody's always talking about sand between their toes being a pleasant feeling and I just

Nooooooo

Ohh I like that

Gross

It's lovely
It's agitating

So I guess sex on the beach is out

What

That's

That's not

Actually, I'd be far more worried about getting sand other places than my toes in that case???

No? Because the toes would bother you so much it'd never get to the point where others thing could?

Speaking of, that should count as a point to Moony

What should??

You got all flustered

Moony if I give you a point every time you fluster me

I may as well send your next box of chocolate now

I'd be okay with that

Nooooooo

Fine, but I'm still counting the points whenever it's extra obvious and cute

Fine, I'll be less obvious

Noooo

Mhm next time I'll just stop talking to compose myself

I don't approve of that plan

Tough

:(

Nooo don't be sad

But I like flustered Padfoot and you're threatening to take

Pronouns?

Her

Threatening to take her away!

Oh well

:( 
Didn't say I'd be terribly successful at it

Forgive me for hoping you wouldn't be

I forgive you

Oh how kind of you

Very.

Aha

One day. One day I will have the effect on you that you do on me. Just you wait.

Good thing I'm very patient

I'm not

Just gonna have to stick to that try harder plan then

Mhm

Questions?

Yes

You go first

What's the easiest way to go about all that?

All what?

Flustering you

I'm not going to help you with that??

It's the question!

That I won't answer

Hmph

Well I tried.

What would be a perfect day for you?

A good book, an endless supply of chocolate, and good company

That's not so difficult

I'm a simple guy

Sure you are

You don't agree?
No

I'm quite enjoying getting to know all of your layers, thank you

You're welcome

Mmm

What worries you the most about us meeting?

Oh, that you'll finally realize I'm Too Much and not worth the effort

Okay, that's not going to happen, what's the second thing?

It might

That something will get in the way and it won't happen

You're not too much, it won't. You've been yourself this whole time, meeting you in person won't change my feelings. And I really hope nothing gets in the way

Me too

Like seriously, that would suck

Exactly why I worry about it

I didn't until now

Oh no, I'm sorry

I didn't mean to put that out there

I asked

What are

Well what WERE you worried about most?

That I'd ruin it somehow

How do you think you'd do that?

Dunno

Well you won't

I promise you won't

I might

Won't let you

Okay

We don't have to feign social cues. If I think you're starting to get self destructive, I could ask
you if you'd like to take a moment to breathe before we say anything else.

Okay

Promise we won't pretend?

Promise.

Thank you

You too

Thank me next week

Right. Next week.

Yeah

Call?

Calling

"I'm excited."

"About next week?"

"Yeah."

"Me too."

"Do you know a good breakfast place?"

"I could find one."

"Nah, that's okay. We can find one together so that we're both to blame if it won't be good."

"Oh, I like that."

"Then what?"

"We could walk around Regent's if it's nice?"

"We could sit and talk in Regent's too."

"Sure, less walking, got it."

"There can be some walking."

"Well, there'll have to be at least a bit. But sitting and talking sounds nice, too."

"Mmm."

"What if it's not nice out?"

"In. Tea. Or gallery."
"Oh, gallery! We could go to a gallery, yes, we could."

"Mmhm."

"We could find a piece we really like and just sit there like we would in Regent's anyway."

"Myes that sounds nice."

"We could go to the market that smelled really good to you for lunch."

"Mhm keep talking."

"And I can't promise I won't be horrified by the amount of food you consume, but I won't prevent you from doing so."

"'Preciate it."

"We'll get a whole bunch of things and share them. Widen the variety."

"..."

"Moony?"

"..."

"Moony did you fall asleep?"

"..."

"I don't care what we do next week. I'll be there, and you'll be there, and there won't be a barrier between us."

"..."

"It's going to be really nice. And you're not going to mess it up. And I'm... You're not going to hate me."

"Mh mnever hate you."

"Oh. I'm sorry, Moons, didn't mean to wake you."

"'S okay. Like your voice."

"I like yours, too. I liked this."

"Mm me too."

"Go sleep, have nice dreams."

"You too."

"I will. Goodnight."

"Night."
"Are you two done being nerds now?"

"Not even close."

"Good."

"Night James."

"Nighty night, Remus."

"No Lily?"

"She's in full revision mode. Not to be disturbed until after her exam tomorrow."

"'Kay."

"Goodnight, nerd."

"Shhh."

"Okay, we'll be quiet."

"No."

"Okay, we won't be quiet. Padfoot, your boyfriend is so bossy."

"Maybe that's how I like them."

"..."

"Shut up!"

"Only if you do."

"Won't, Moony likes my voice."

"Well then he's stuck with mine too."

"Stop brushing your perfect teeth and get in bed already, I need to be cuddled."

"Brushing my teeth is how they stay perfect."

"But you've been at it for hooooours."

"Two minutes! Which side do you want tonight?"

"Hmmmmmm left."

"Then move over."

"Just watch the mobile charger cable."

"Oh hell. One second too late."

"Get up and plug it back into the electricity!"

"Noooo I'm comfy now."
"Proooongs!"
"Okay, okay, I'm going."
"Thank You."
"Better?"
"Yes."
"Now give me your body heat."
"Take iiiit."
"Alright?"
"Perfect."
"Good. Night, Pads."
"Night."

"Padfoot."

"Hm?"
"Are you up?"
"No."
"Yes you are."
"M not."
"Yes you are, you're talking."

"What d'you want?"
"Do you ever think about colours?"

"Oh! Oh oh oh! All the time!"
"Dumb question, I know you do. But I mean do you think about what if people see colours differently?"

"You mean like you see a different yellow than me?"
"Yes, but we both call it yellow, so we'd never know."

"No."
"Why?"

"Slightly different shades, sure. But not more. I dunno, ask Lils about the sciency part of it,
but to me it's the same description people give of colours that convince me they see the same. Not the "grass is green" and "sky is blue", but the feelings."

"Ohhh, that's nice."

"Yeah."

"But what if the feelings come from your perception of the colour? So yellow makes people happy but what if that's only because they associate it with sunshine?"

"No because most eyes are the same and colour comes from light and light is the same."

"I accept the combination of these things."

"Plus remember the cones thing we read about when I freaked out when I couldn't see red and green as Padfoot."

"Ooooooh, there is that."

"Mhm."

"That makes me feel better."

"You barely see anything, anyway."

"Will that ever not make you laugh?"

"Your shite eye sight? Probably not."

"You arse."

"Your arse."

"My arse, yes."

"Love you."

"Love you, too."

"James?"

"..."

"James."

"Mmn."

"How do I say goodbye to Reg?"

"You don't."

"But what do I do?"

"You hug them and tell them you'll see them soon and then you see them soon."
"What if they don't come back?"

"Sirius, they're coming back. It's all worked out."

"What if something happens, what if they don't? I'm just sending them back, I don't know if it's really safe for them. What if they find out about all of this?"

"The people who need to know, know. You did all the right things. They're going to be safe. They're basically just taking exams and they'll be right back here. With us. Also safe."

"Don't want to lose them again."

"You won't. You have them, they're here and they're going to stay."

"Y-yeah."

"You'll write them the whole time they're gone."

"That'd be much easier if we were muggles."

"Yeah. We'll get them a mobile first thing when they come back."

"Soon. Not that long. And they'll be okay."

"They will be."

"Tighter."

"I've got you."

"Thankyou."

"You're okay. They're okay and you're okay."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Are mum and dad free for lunch this weekend?"

"Think that's the plan."

"Good. Need that."

"Need food."

"Food too."

"I'm deprived."

"Eat less kale."
"Eating less kale will not mean I'm eating more of mum's food."

"No, but I'd be less grossed out."

"Mmmmmhm, so you say."

"Yes, because it's true."

"Oh yes, you hate my kale smoothies, mhm."

"Strongly dislike."

"Suuuure."

"What? Yes?"

"Not what your boyfriend says."

"...What."

"Damnit, I wasn't supposed to say."

"What did he tell you?!"

"That you liiiiiike them."

"He... Is that why you've been leaving them around more?"

"You HAVE noticed!"

"Of course I noticed! Merlin, you're an idiot."

"I'M an idiot?"

"Yes, Prongs, you're an idiot."

"How am I the idiot?"

"I don't like your smoothies, James, I never have."

"Ouch."

"Don't ouch me, you've always known this."

"And I'm wounded every time, why did he say that then?"

"My guess would be to mess with us, and you fell for it, Merlin, how did you fall for that?"

"Could ask you the same thing right now."

"No you couldn't."

"Mhm."

"I didn't fall for anything!"
"He's YOUR boyfriend!"

"FINE, so I fell for HIM, but not his-"

"Ohmygod!"

"I- shut up. Shut up shut up shut up!"

"Merlin, you said it, you said it you said it you said it!"

"I hate you."

"Doesn't matter, you've FALLEN for him, hate me all you want."

"Ughhhhhhhhh."

"Padfoot, Padfoot. Tell me honestly, though. Do you think you really have?"

"...Yeah."

"Siriuussssssssssss come here!"

"Ughhh."

"Don't ugh this, you're ruining my moment."

"YOUR moment?!"

"Yes, my moment, I'm so happy right now!"

"Ughhhhhhh."

"Sirius!"

"Get offfff!"

"I will not! Talk to me about this, this is huge!"

"Ughhhhhhhhhhh."

"Siriuuuuuus."

"He's just really...y'know. Everything."

"No, I don't know, tell me."

"He... Ughh. I don't know! I just have all these feelings that I've never had before and I want to talk to him always and I think about him all the time and I want him to be okay and I want to make him smile and I want to touch his hair."

"So happy, I'm so so happy right now."

"Stop bouncing!"

"I cannot!"
"..."
"Siriusssssss." 
"What."
"I'm really happy for you."
"You're happy for everyone, always."
"But this is a really good reason to be happy."
"Not if he doesn't feel the same it's not."
"How could he not feel the same? It's you."
"Exactly."
"You're incredibly lovable. You're the most lovable. And he's not an idiot. You'll see."
"I dunno. Even if he does like me, he told me he doesn't date ages ago. But then again he also wants to kiss me, so--"
"He said he wants to kiss you?"
"Yeah."
"He said that? With words?"
"Yes, with words! Is it really that hard to believe?"
"Yes! It is hard to believe that you are worried about him not feeling the same if he's talked about how much he wants to kiss you?"
"Yeah, well, lots of people have wanted to kiss me without actually liking Me."
"Do you think he's like that?"
"No."
"Neither do I."
"But I'm still me, I'm still Too Much."
"You are not and have never been Too Much."
"Feel like it."
"Other people haven't been enough, you've never been too much."
"I really like him, James."
"I've been waiting so long for you to say that. He likes you too, I know he does."
"Don't jinx it."
"Okay okay... So what exactly does he say about kissing?"

"Nu uh, we're not doing this, you already know too much."

"How have we not done this already?!"

"Because you get way too excited."

"If I calm down and climb off will you tell me?"

"Maybe."

"Okay."

"Goodnight, James."

"Heeeey."

"I'll tell you in the morning if you'll make me breakfast."

"Fiiiiine."

"Big or little?"

"Hmmmm little spoon."

"Okay. Sweet dreams."

"You too. Dream about kissing boys."

"No, just Moony."

"Dream about kissing Moony."

"Mmkay."

Chapter End Notes

What would be a perfect day for you?

A normal day where at the end of it you press me against a wall and you're holding one of my hands while the other's in my hair and you whisper if you can kiss me
Good morning

And to you too

Why thank you

Good sleep?

Very

Excellent

You?

Also very

Also excellent

What are you up to today?

Not up yet

Okay

When we said we'd meet for breakfast next week, in exactly a week, seven (7) days, what time did you have in mind?

Because I'd get up early for you, but not super early

It just needs to be early enough that I'll be hungry by lunch time with you

Sooo

So ten is pushing it, but I'll deal

Okay, 9.30

Are you sure?

I'm sure.

Okay

Seven days

Seven days!

One week

One week!

That means this time next week we're going to be together
I am very aware of that

Wow

Yeah.

I just realized how impossibly long seven days is

It's not that long

It's so long

I have to wait a whole week

Just. Just a week

Seven days. That's a day and then another day and then another and another and another and another and another and another

Seven questions

Ughhh

So many

Only seven!

That's more than I can fit on my hand

That's more than the six fingered man can fit on his hand!

That's why you have two

Hmph

Seven days.

Seven

I'm excited

Me too

More excited than nervous?

Yes.

Good

You too?

Definitely

Okay

On a less utterly spectacular note, Reg leaves tonight
I remember. Any special plans for today?

We're about to play a game

Which?

The gross one

Chess???

YOU’re gonna play chess?

Yes I'M going to play chess

Mmm chess for breakfast

We had leftover muffins

I think I have fresh scones

I dislike you

Lie

Yes

I do! They're delicious. Tea?

Ugh

Which fruity ones do I have to choose from?

Cherry, apple, peach, plum

Peach

Okay

Sounds sweet enough for you

I never have sugar in fruity ones

Really????

Really

Oh thank you

You're welcome?

Fruity teas are sweet enough

I agree
That's relieving to know

Judging me a bit less now?

A bit

I'll take it

I lost

That was quick

I don't even know how, but I definitely lost

You're gonna play more, right?

Unfortunately

Go focus on the game

Doubt it'll help but okay

Good luck<3

Thank you

I lost three more times

That's... not that bad

They started letting me win the third one but I got upset about that so they just beat the life out of me instead

Congrats to them

Hmph

Tell them

Must I?

Yes

Hmph

Did you do it?

They're celebrating

How does that look?

An extremely nerdy little dance

Oh that's wonderful
It really is, actually

_How do they feel about going back to school?_

They're nervous

I'm nervous

But they're going to be okay

_And it's only for a few weeks, right?_

Yes

_They'll be back in no time_

More weeks than one

_It's gonna pass quickly_

One is forever

_So you've known me for five forevers?_

Feels about right

_Somehow that doesn't sound like a good thing_

It doesn't?

_No, it does. Just how I read 'Feels about right' doesn't._

Would it help if you knew I was smiling at my phone when I wrote it?

_That would help immensely_

The lip bitey kind

_Even better_

They should make flavoured lip rings, because this is boring

_Oh no, are you playing with it?_

Well I was

Am

Maybe

_You're killing me_

I'm sorry?

_Definitely not._
I'm not sorry

M

Oh my god

Do you play with it when you pout??

Dunno

Yeah

Why?

Killing me

I didn't do anything?

You're being hot and cute at the same time, that's not allowed

Probably be hotter if you were the one doing the biting

i

I agree

Holy shit

Point to Padfoot please

You can have ten

Really??

Yes, I choked on my tea

Oh nooo

I'm okay

Okay

Good

Ten points for Padfoot, nice

I guess I better get to knitting

You'd better start now

I'll go buy yarn right away

Good

Any colour preferences?
Colours.

Hmm okay

Yesssss

I'll see what I can do

Thank you

You've earned it

Thank you

You're welcome

Pick a colour for my next one

Okay, options?

Silver and black go with everything, but I have other colours too

Do you have blue?

Also what material are they made of?

I do

Surgical steel

Okay. Blue.

Why?

Why the material question, not why blue. Okay, blue.

Just curious

Okay

Talk to you later?

Oh, sure

Yarn shopping

Oh! Yes, okay. I'll talk to you when you get back

Stay cute

I'll do my best

Hi
Welcome back

Thank you thank you

Buy me lots of yarn?

So much yarn

Yessssss

I'll start after lunch

What's lunch?

Pizza

Toppings?

Don't know yet

<3

Usually it's everything I can find in the fridge

Oh are you making it?

Kind of

What does that mean?

It means I bought the dough

Does your mother know?

Nope

Ooooooooooooooo

You can't use this as blackmail

Oh

I wasn't going to, but now I might

Nooo

Hmmmmmm

Noo

Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

No

I wouldn't
I would

Let me correct myself

I would, but never against you

Hmm. I would against you too

Rude?!

Oops

Hmph

Ketchup, tomatoes, ham, cheese, bacon, cheese, pineapple, cheese, garlic, oregano

Eliminate half of those things

No thank you

You're not really putting all that on there

Yes I am

Please, please no

It's really not that bad?

All of it together???

Yeah, it sounds good

You're so lucky you’re cute

I knew you only liked me because of that

See, I want to keep messing with you, but I can't with this

Probably for the best

I like you for lots of reasons, you being cute is just a pleasant side-fact

Right back at you

Enjoy your pizza

Oh I will

Ugh

Good

Don't ugh my pizza

I'm ughing your pizza
Reg is packing

Oh

Ugh that instead of my pizza

I am

I don't really know what to do with myself

Make pizza

Oh

Yeah okay

Yesss

But with less things on it than yours

Boring

Yeah yeah yeah

At least make your own dough

I am, I am

Good, because it's a crime not to

You're a criminal

Wow! Such accusations!

Mmmmmhm

It's still pizza

Mmmmmmmmmmmhm

It is

If you say so

I do

James is skiving off practice tonight

Good.

Told him he didn't have to, he told me to shut it

Good.
Where are you in your pizza making?

In the oven

Wow okay

I just had to throw stuff on

True

But I did it very neatly

Oh good

I didn't actually

Do you not know me?

Damnit, Remus, I really thought

Haa

I'm still on dough

<3

Sometimes I forget that's "good luck"

Maybe sometimes it's not

Okay

;)

Thanks, you made me rip a hole in the dough

Moony 1, Padfoot 0

Sure sure

For now

Well obviously I don't plan to stay on just one

There's a plan?

To get to ten, yes

Solid plan

I think so

I'm cheesing

You're what
Putting cheese on

Cheesing

Yes

The verb form of cheese.

Not a word

Is now

Not how it works

Is if I say so

Nope

Yuh huh

Nu uh

Look at me just cheesing away

No

Yup

Nope

Now I'm prosciuttoing

What

That one doesn't work as well, does it?

Well now I'm ovening anyway

No, I mean who puts prosciutto on after cheese??

Well there's more cheese on top, but most of it is on the bottom

You're pizzaing wrong

Says the one with store bought dough

Come here and fight me

7 days

You think you're going to waste my Moony time fighting me?

It looks like it's what you want

Nope, separate special fighting visit
You want us to meet once just to fight?

Yes

Well I want you to come here on the pretence of fighting and then we can just not fight

Why fight when we can kiss

Yyea

That

Moony 2

Fair.

I am cheesing, i.e. grinning widely

I am

Changing the blue ring because it's too small to play with properly

I vote black

Yeah? I have this one for now

Padfoot 1.

There you are

Here I am

Thought we'd lost you
Well I needed a moment and then I almost burned pizza and had to deal with that

Oh lovely
Your fault
Not??????
100%

You never answered whether I should switch to black or not, so I left this one in

It’s good
That one’s good
Very
Very good

No need to switch

I still think that flavoured ones would be ingenious

Oh, absolutely

I’d buy a thousand

A thousand

A thousand

All different flavours?

Obviously

Which

Give me options

No, you said you’d buy a thousand different flavours, I wanna know which thousand

Moonyyyyy

Yes?

Ugsgghhh

Ten

Maybe

Chocolate, mint, strawberry, lemon, peach, raspberry, vanilla, cinnamon, banana, bubble gum

Good choices
Oh you actually approve?

Yes

Would lick 10/10 during kissing

That's the idea

Yum

Moony 2

3

Yes that

Pizza is yum too, just so you know

Good! Gross but yum

What were your boring toppings?

Prosciutto and leftover caramelized onions

That's it??

Yes, we're reasonable, you see

The standard garlic and fresh basil, but I don't count those as toppings

I guess that's slightly better

It smells fantastic

Okay shhh you're making me hungry

Are you not PRESENTLY eating pizza??

So?

You make no sense

Sense is greatly overrated

Fair enough

Reg done packing?

Yeah

You okay?

Not terribly

Can I do anything to help?
Nah, I'll be alright
It's not about me

Is a bit, though

Shouldn't be

It's about both of you

Right now it's about them being strong

Yes...and you.

Can't think about that now

Okay.

An hour before they go

So they still get to eat your boring but delicious pizza!

Yes, exactly

That's good

And it's not boring, it's delicious

It's both

Hmph

Enjoy it

Thank you

<3

I'll text you in a bit? Want to spend time with them before

Of course.

Thanks

They're gone

They'll be back.

Maybe

No, not maybe. Definitely.

I guess
You made a plan. It's all gonna go according to plan.

Yeah

Your Love and Light of your life will help them, and they'll just take their exams and be right back.

She can't be there all the time

She won't be there when They're harassing them

The "friends"?

Yes

They can handle them

They can

Yes.

What if

Dunno

So many things could happen

But they won't

Something will

And it that something will be something bad, they'll know what to do. They know that they have you to turn to.

I think so

It's gonna be okay

Yeah

I miss them

They'll be back in no time. And you can still talk in the meantime, I'm sure they'll call

They

Yeah

And the professor will keep an eye on them

Yeah

Do you need some time?

Maybe

No
Don't want

Are you sure?

Yyeah

Want to talk about something else?

Mhm

Okay

Um

Guess what's on my socks

Pineapples

Gimme a moment

Okay

Correct!

You're kidding

Clearly not

Why do you happen to have pineapple socks???

I have lots of fruity socks

Of course you do

Not more than I have animals, but still a lot

I love it

My favourite are still the ones with fries, though

Fries?

You have socks with fries?
Yes

And ones with burgers and ones with hot dogs and donuts

Oooof course

Adorable

Thank you!

They're very you

Does that mean I'm adorable?

It's logic, yes

I'll take it

Good

You too

Sure

Well you would be in my socks

Oh but I have been
You wore my socks!

I did, the other day

Comfy?

Sooooo comfy

Good

Thank you

You won them fair and square

True, I did. Just like my next pair

I'll have a collection as big as yours in no time

Next pair?

Yes, the one you just bought yarn for?

I never said I'd knit you socks

Oh

I thought

Not socks?

Nope

Oh

What then?

Not telling

Why?????
I want to see your face when you see it

It'll be done by Friday?

I have a whole week to do nothing but that

You should do it out of the house

I will if the weather will be good

Good

Yeah

Thank you

Sure

Ice cream

Yes, please?

Need it

Don't have it

Want it

Go get it

I don't want to go out

Have James go get it

Well

He is. But now I'm alone

Pick a record

Your turn to pick

Do you have Abbey Road?

Oh

I do

Can you play it and call me?

Mine's broken

Yes

Yes I can call you, yes
"Hi."

"Hi thank you."

"No problem."

"This is better. I didn't even think of it."

"I... did."

"Thank you."

"Anything."

"Ready?"

"Ready."

"Okay, so I got strawberry, lemon, hazelnut, chocolate, and pistachio."

"M- How many people will be eating this?"

"Hi James! You make good choices, I approve."

"Oh, hi Remus! Thank you! And just you, Pads, I've got myself a frozen yoghurt."

"Ewww, I take it back, you make the worst choices."

"This is why you like me better."

"You can save the chocolate one for me if it's too much."

"It's yours. I'm starting on the pistachio."

"See how much easier mine is to scoop?"

"Nobody wants your yoghurt, Prongs."

"Thanks. I'll, um... leave you to it, then."

"Oh, okay. If you'd prefer."

"I- I don't know, I mean..."

"Stay, nerd. Help me keep this one's mind busy."

"It's really a four person job, but I have faith you two can manage it."

"..."

"..."

"Wow, or not."
"What can we do, then?"

"Well Remus is doing enough by just being here, but you could definitely try harder."

"Oi!"

"Hah-hah."

"I got you ice cream!"

"Yeah, and then what? Just sitting there."

"Ungrateful much??"

"...You know I'm not."

"I know that. What kind of bad is it, how can I help?"

"Could hold me. It's the empty kind."

"Wanna maybe move off the floor then?"

"No."

"Okay. Can I at least get some pillows?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

"Remus?"

"Still here."

"Don't mean to leave you out of it."

"You're not, I'm enjoying listening."

"Okay."

"Are you?"

"No."

"Care to say exactly what's on your mind?"

"No."

"Want us to talk about something else entirely?"

"Yeah."

"I know what we could talk about. We could talk about why MOONY is a great big LIAR! You said he LIKED my smoothies."

"Did I? I said that? I don't recall."
"You said!"

"Hmm. Don't remember that."

"You're the worst."

"Your smoothies are the worst."

"They are not!"

"Are too."

"You wouldn't know, you don't drink them!"

"And I never will."

"Your loss, then."

"Sirius, do you agree that it's a loss?"

"Not in the slightest. I think it's for your protection."

"Betrayal!"

"They're vile, James."

"They're healthy!"

"Exactly."

"Healthy does not decry deliciousness."

"Hmph."

"Ooooh, Moony, he's pouting."

"Awww."

"So cute."

"I bet."

"It's okay, I'll make him pout again next week so you can see."

"Aww, thanks!"

"Can you two stop??"

"No."

"No."

"Thank you, both of you."

"You're welcome, Prongs."

"No problem, James."
"What even."

"Can you go put another record on? Music helps."

"On it. Requests?"

"Moony?"

"I'm okay with whatever."

"Your choice then, James. M- God help us."

"Prepare yourself for Abba."

"Can't dance today."

"I'll dance for you."

"No, you have to keep holding me."

"Moony it's gonna have to be you."

"Okay. To all but 'Dancing Queen.'"

"I accept these terms."

"Then it is law. Prepare to dance, Moony!"

"I'm ready."

"So the aversion to Dancing Queen?"

"School dance trauma."

"Too painful to share?"

"Because I'm dying for you to share!"

"You want me to dance AND tell you stories?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"No."

"Okay, then when it comes on and you're not dancing will you tell us?"

"Maybe."

"Close enough, I'll take it."

"It's the second song."

"Yes, precisely."
"Did you think I was suddenly going to be patient?"

"Ughhh. Fine. We had a dance and attendance was mandatory so I volunteered to be in charge of drinks and stuff so that I wouldn't have to stand awkwardly on the dance floor all evening, I could stand awkwardly behind a table full of food all evening. Somehow that also meant that before the dance, I had the job of blowing up balloons. So naturally, I filled them with glitter. I had a plan that when they'd fall from the ceiling I'd do a thing that would make them pop and cover everyone in glitter. But then against all odds, I was asked to dance. By a girl who proclaimed herself queen of the dance or whatever, even though we didn't do that. She wore a tiara. She gave me a crown. With all eyes on us, refusing wasn't really an option. Plus she was pretty, so. We danced. To 'Dancing Queen'. Balloons fell down. My plan was forgotten. One popped on my crown. The only one covered in glitter was me. It didn't come off for a week. The end. I hate you both."

"Moonyyy- Stop laughing, this boy's in pain! Poor shiny Moony."

"Ughhh."

"Oh sure, act like you don't think it's adorable. It's two of your favourite things: Remus and glitter."

"I'm sorry that happened to you, Moony, PLEASE ignore our friend, he's clearly hysterical."

"Should've just spiked the punch."

"You would've wound up roped into a drinking contest and gotten plastered off your arse or something."

"Ugh, with my luck, probably, yeah. Can you stop??"

"I'm trying so hard."

"I can make him stop, want me to make him stop?"

"Nah, leave him be."

"Ugh fine. I'm just going to lie here then until he stops."

"King Moony, Dancing King, Human Disco Ball."

"It's hard to pull off elaborate pranks alone. But I can still put glitter in your shampoo, so watch it."

"Aha! Oh that full stop, that was brilliant!"

"Hey!"

"Thank you, thank you."

"Can we keep him?"

"Hmph."

"Can we can we can we?"

"Hmph!"

"Why don't you want me, James?"
"Because you're going to glitter my shampoo!"

"Hahaa!"

"Only maybe."

"We can keep him, but I'm hiding the bath products."

"Don't touch my stuff, Prongs, I have a system!!"

"MY bath things, then. I couldn't carry all of yours if I had four arms and a trolley."

"You have my permission to put glitter in my body wash. Please and thank you."

"Hmm glittery Sirius."

"That's what you have that powder for."

"That doesn't really glitter, though, it shimmers."

"Shimmering Sirius sounds nice too."

"I'm always nice."

"Hah hah."

"I so am?! Moony, tell him I'm always nice!!"

"I've known you to be nice once or twice before."

"Remuuuuus."

"Yes, Sirius, you're very nice."

"Hmph."

"There he goes with the lies again."

"Do you two basically just take turns pouting all day?"

"How dare you!!"

"It's mostly just Sirius, I barely get a chance."

"That sounds about right."

"I thought the plan was to make me feel better, not to gang up on me."

"The plan was to get you to not feel bad about that anymore. Now you feel bad about something else, so we're doing just fine, you're welcome."

"Okay, we can definitely keep him."

"You hush and keep braiding. You're all very mean."

"There's braiding going on?"
"Has been for a few minutes."

"Mmm."

"That's my line. Mmm."

"The strangest things make you happy."

"You two make me happy."

"Are you calling us strange?"

"Are you calling us things?"

"I'm taking it back."

"Aw, Moony, he doesn't love us anymore, whatever will we do?"

"Wait for him to change his mind again."

"Stoooooop."

"Okay."

"Whiny."

"That's not stopping."

"Okay, okay."

"Thank you."

"Hair tie?"

"Right here."

"Thank you."

"No, you."

"You're welcome, Pads."

"I'm pretty, now, in case you were wondering."

"You're always pretty."

"True."

"Get a room."

"We had one, you walked into it."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No."
"No."

"Wouldn't anyway. No offence, Moony, but he needs someone physically here right now."

"Don't talk about me like I'm not here."

"Didn't mean to talk about you like you're not here. I only meant to address Moony."

"I know. But Moony, you're important even if you're there and we're here."

"I know."

"Sorry."

"No?"

"We were laughing, I didn't mean for it to get bad so suddenly."

"I don't think it's bad."

"Okay."

"Still don't want to talk about it?"

"Just don't want to be told the comforting things."

"Okay."

"Just want to lie here."

"More ice cream?"

"Strawberry please."

"I want strawberry cheesecake. I wonder if mum's in a baking mood."

"Ooohhhhh, James, I want strawberry cheesecake!"

"Do you know how to make it?"

"I do I do."

"Well then."

"But only if Remus's mum is in a baking mood."

"I won't mind if you have it and I don't."

"I would."

"I'll go ask."

"Hey, Prongs."

"Hm?"
"He 'mmm's pretty, doesn't he?"

"Wow."

"He dooes."

"You are SO gone for him."

"Shut it, I'm fine."

"Aha, I'll shut it when you stop grinning like an idiot."

"Don't wanna."

"Good, it's a good look on you."

"Now I just owe you six years of being insufferable about it."

"I wasn't that bad."

"Am I?"

"I love seeing you like this."

"Hmm, love you too."

"You're not insufferable. You're cute."

"Yeahh, you weren't either."

"He wasn't what?"

"Oh. Um. Insufferable. Over Lily, back in school."

"And who's the other not insufferable person?"

"Me, because I'm insufferable all the time."

"He's not."

"You're not."

"So they say."

"Who says that?"

"I'll fight them."

"I'll help."

"Fight me."

"Well, okay."

"H-"
"Um."

"Mooneyyyyy make him get oooooff!"

"James, can you get offf Sirius?"

"Nope!"

"Okay. Sorry, Sirius. I tried."

"B-Betrayal!"

"Hah!"

"Mum said she can make the cheesecake, but I have to help. James, promise you won't hurt him?"

"He would never hurt me."

"I promise."

"Good. Carry on."

"Oi!"

"I'll stop if you go make cheesecake."

"I said I would, did I not?"

"I'll just g-"

"Moony, Moony wait! Tell your mum I say hi! Ow-"

"You okay?"

"Hit my shin on the table. Ohhh that's going to bruise."

"I didn't even hear it, how hard was it?"

"We may have to amputate."

"Better call Lily then."

"I'll tell her. Um. Text you later?"

"Talk to you later, Moony!"

"Bye, Remus!"

"Bye."

Mum says hi back, and a bunch of other things as well. Our cheesecake is in the oven.

What other things?
We're only a bit behind

Oh, good!

I see you avoiding

Should I drop it?

She hopes you're well and she's wondering when she'll get to meet you and have you tried making her scones yet and are you sure you don't need any help with the cheesecake and where did you get your strawberries because she knows a good produce guy in London

She's wonderful

She agrees.

James will never forgive me if I don't get her produce guy's name

Oh Mgod

What???

You're all bonding, it's gross

This is what we do, Moony. We soak into your life until you can never detach us ever.

Never ever?

Never ever

She'll find his number

Thank you

No problem

Ours is in

I really really like it when we do the same things

Mm so do I

We should cook together again sometime

Yes.

Oooh

Once this is out of the oven, Prongs and I are going for a run

I don't understand

Running. But as

It's different. We haven't done it much since leaving school and I miss it.
Not easy in London

Running.

The cake will be out of the oven and you'll go running.

Yes, while it cools.

But

Okay

It's a fun thing

No

It iiiis

Wormy is going to come with us it's going to be perfect

Sure it is

It will be

I'm just gonna continue not believing you, but okay

Hmph


For fun, not fitness, there's an important distinction to me

Yeah, fitness makes more sense

And we know how important making sense is to me

There's just so many other things a person can do for fun

One day I will explain and you will know

Okay

Why must these things take forever?

I actually really like the time between putting something in the oven and it being done

No, that's the time when so much can go wrong and I have no control over it, that's the worst.

You control the temperature

Uh huh

It gives you time to rest

Gross
My mum agrees with me, but she likes it because it gives you time to clean everything and then you can enjoy what you made in a nice environment

I guess

Oh, of course, that "you guess". My reason is gross but this one that really is isn't?

Hers is logical

Aha

Are you cleaning up then?

Yeah

Are you?? I'm impressed

Well I'm not about to let mum do it alone after I begged her to make it

That's good, then

Mhm, keep being impressed

I am

Good

James and Lily are STILL on the phone, how should I disturb them?

Oh, how did her exam go?

By the sounds of it, very well

Okay, disturb them by stealing the phone and telling her congratulations from me

That's not disturbing???

No, but can you please tell her anyway?

Ughhhhhhhh fine

Thank youuu

She says thank you

Does at least she agree with me that running is awful?

Oh yes, but she gets why we do it

Because you're awful as well

Rude

But true

Hmph
Oh wow

Unfair

I cut the strawberries

Beautiful

I think I did my fair share

Looks like you did great

Thank you, thank you

Of course

Think about how I'll be eating it while you're running

Think about your mouth while I'm running, got it.

You can think about other parts too

Eyes, yes please

And hands

Yeah

Good hands

Mhm

Probably shouldn't think about them while I'm running, actually

Wouldn't want to run into a tree

Yyeah

Or fall into a hole

Yeah that

Long fingers holding a fork full of that cheesecake, bringing it to my mouth
Mhm

And my tongue licking the spoon

Y

Wait, it's a spoon now?

Um

Yes, because I'll have tea with the cake and after I'll stir the tea I'll forget to switch back to fork

Sure sure

It could happen!

I believe you, I just need to get the story straight so I know what to think about while I'm lying in the hole after I've hit the tree and I'm waiting for an ambulance to arrive

Forget the cutlery then, just imagine me licking my lips

Rright, got it

Tell me later if I got another point

You got another point

I don't know how, with cheesecake, but you definitely did

Sweet

Mhm

4 - 1

Not even fair

I think it is

Uh huh

Speaking of, is my chocolate on the way?

Yes, I've been waiting for it to arrive

Excellent

It is

Good

You'll see

That I will

Ours is out now
So is this goodbye?

Well

It's talk to you later?

How late do you think you'll be up?

I'll wait.

It's usually really late

Well I sleep long in the morning

Very true

Okay

Talk to you later.

Soon

Are you still up?

mhm

Oh good. But also what are you still doing awake??

haven't done questions yet

Moony

hm ?

Nothing

You go first

dyou think you'll ever be comfy enough with me that i that you'd let me braid your hair

I can't say for sure right now because I've only has limited experience with your physical presence. But from where I'm sitting right now, yes, absolutely.

do you hope so cuz i hope so

I really really hope so

Long fingers

mmm kay

What aren't you scared of, meeting me? What are you sure is going to be okay?
you

Oh

Well

That's good

even if i ruin it i still think you'll be nice about it

You won't do that

might, but you won't call it that that's what i'm saying

Okay

and i don't mean this not ruin this

just moments

You could never ruin this.

Moments are okay. Moments can be bad without ruining anything

yeah

We're going to be just fine

mmm we

Mhm. We

im sleep

Go sleep, Moony

gnight

Good night

Hey Moony?

mhm?

Can I call?

mhm

Thank you
Good morning

Good morning!

Sleep well?

Yes

And had cake for breakfast

Oh! Oh oh good idea!

Somehow, when YOU say it, I worry

Double standards much??

Oops

Aha

Tea?

Chocolate!!

You got it?????

Yessss

Yeeeeessssss

Hm

Hm?????

It's alright

Alright

It's alright?

Yeah

Not glorious?? Not the best???

Definitely not the best

I'm trying again.

Trying what?
Trying different chocolate, I WILL find the best chocolate

You're gonna send me more chocolate??

Yes

I am very very okay with that

I didn't think you'd protest

You got the quantity part almost right

I'll do better next time

Still a good weekly supply, thank you

A week

Oh wow

What?

I thought that was a lot

Not for a Moony

My mistake

You'll learn

I am as I go

It goes well with the cake

You never picked the tea

Yummmm

Green

Okay

Lily is here

Hi Lily!

So are all of her things

Hi all of Lily's things!

Hi indeed

She says hello by the way

Are you helping her unpack?
Yes

*Should you be focusing on that?*

We're all kind of multitasking

Okay

Once we start moving furniture around I may concentrate harder on it

Okay

Hey hey hey

You'll like this

No sugar in my tea

!!!!!

I'm so proud!

*Thank you thank you*

Have enough with the cake and chocolate?

Yes

Good thinking

*So your cake was good?*

Sooooo good

Good

Ours is all gone

Is it just the three of you?

Yes?

*But we ate most of it yesterday already*

Fair, I suppose

*Oh, how was running?*

 Fucking perfect

Soooooo nice

Aha

It was amazing
Aha

It was

Sure

Hmph

I'm glad you enjoyed it

I really really did

Good.

What did you do the rest of the night?

Watched tv with mum

That's nice

It was

Watch anything good?

Just whatever was on, mostly we talked through everything

Definitely nice

Yes

Good

You came up a lot

I did?

Mhm

What about me?

Mostly good things

Mostly

Well there was that whole debacle when you insulted her profession

Ughhhhhhhh

<3

Uh huh

:(

Tell me nice things
Um

Your chocolate wasn't the only mail I got, that's nice

Oh?

But that's more nice for me, not nice for you

The knitting's going well

That's good

I hope you'll like it

I think you will

I'm positive I will

I'm not good at this like you are, I don't just have a supply of nice stories

I only meant nice things that came up about me with your mum

But I love that you're trying

Oh. Dunno. Just told her bits and pieces because she kept teasing me about checking my phone all the time.

Liiiiiiike?

Like how cute you are

Fair conversation topic

And how talented you are and how sweet and how you nag me about sugar and how unfair your piercings are

You told her my piercings are unfair?

Yes

Because they are

Amazing

They're that, too

You are

Nah

Yes definitely

Maybe a little

Excuse me while I bask in the nice things
You are excused

Thank you

You're welcome

Okay I'm good for now

Quick basking

It happens in spurts

Just so you know, at some point in the future you'll have to paint her something, because she compliments your paintings every time she walks into my room

Awwww

I will

I don't think you really have a choice

Well alright

You do.

Don't need one

Okay

That's really pretty.

Going to try not sending things in bulk, just pretty things when I see them

I'd like that
Then it's like you're experiencing them with me

_That's why I'd like it_

_I like that better_

_Me too_

_Pick a record for us_

_Something fun for unpacking_

_Like disco_

_We have a library to choose from now_

_Something by the trammps_

_Classic, sure_

_Would you prefer Bee Gees?

_I always prefer the Bee Gees, but we've landed on Trammps_

_I literally shuddered, just so you know_

_There was a solid month where whenever James and I disagreed I'd sing You Win Again at him in school. It was a lot._

_M_

_Christ_

_Take that as a warning_

_Oh no_

_Mmmmmmmmmhm_

_I shuddered in my mind_

_Are you disagreeing with me, Moony?_

_No_

_Are you sure??? Are you sure you're not disagreeing with me???? Because we gotta level before we go and tear this love apart, Moony_

_I'm sure I'm sure please stop_

_There's no fight you can't fight_

_Byeee_
Pick up the phone, Moony

I need to serenade you

You don't need to say anything

Just pick up

No thank you I'm alright without it stuck in my head

THIS BATTLE OF LOVE WITH ME

YOU WIN AGAIN

DO LITTLE TIME WE DO NOTHING BUT COMPETE

I'm turning my phone off

THERE'S NO LIFE ON EARTH

NO OTHER COULD SEE ME THROUGH

YOU WIN AGAIN

it'll be here when you get back

SOME NEVER TRY BUT IF ANYBODY CAN WE CAAAN

Are you done

Hmmmmmmmm

Nope

AND I'LL BE

I'LL BE

FOLLOWING YOU

Bit stalkerish

Better then the next part which always seemed more like assault than anything else

Yeah, don't sing that

I never do

Good
Can't believe you didn't answer my calls

Believe it

What if it had been an emergency?

What if I'd been dying?

You'd say 'pick up, it's an emergency/I'm dying'

But I am dying, I'm dying having to listen to Disco Inferno like it isn't the most generic song in the history of music

Burn baby burn

When I'm dead, yes, maybe

It's not that bad

Says you

Well it's not

Mmmhm

If I sang it, would you listen?

Yes.

Then it's not that bad.

It still is, I just really want to hear you sing

Not gonna happen

Hmph

Moons?

Sorry, was getting dressed

Oh okay

Alice is coming over soon

That'll be really nice

Should be

Good

She'll probably want some alone time

Oh?
With me minus my phone

Oh that

Okay

Yeah

Tell her hi from me

I will

Thanks

Of course

Talk to you later?

Oh okay

She says hi back

Thank youuu

Also that I can definitely stay at hers next week

That's very good news

Also that you're lucky that even if she wouldn't be busy otherwise (still trying to get her to tell me with what) she'd have another party to go to, so she forgives you for not inviting her

Oh! She could have come!

She says too little, too late

:(

She doesn't believe your sadness

It's real sadness

She's not convinced

I'm feeling loss that I won't be meeting her as well and I didn't even know that was something I really wanted to do

Some other time

Okay

She's not too happy about it either

I'm sorry
I'm not sorry I get that time with you instead, in any case

*So much time. Whole day*

Yes

*In less than a week*

Yes

*We'll see each other*

Yes

*Again*

Yes

*Properly*

Yes

*Aaaaa!!!*

I mean we don't have to do the whole day if you don't want to, we could meet for breakfast and talk and things and then you could take a break from me and we could meet back up for the party

If you want

*I don't want a break from you*

You might

*Do you not want to do this?*

I want to more than anything

*Then can we just stick to the plan?*

I'm not going to stop being afraid of you hating me until you're here, I think

*I'm not going to hate you*

Yeah

I'm sorry. I'm so excited about it, I don't want it to seem like I'm not

*Is there anything I can do or say that will make you less afraid?*

I don't know

I just need to remember that I get to see you, as much as you get to see me
I forget everything else when I remember that

You get to see me

And your face

And my face

What do you think you're going to wear?

I don't think, I know

What are you going to wear????

Hmmm should I really tell you

Yes.

Hmmm

Tell meeeeeee

It's not like it's that hard to guess

Which jumper???

Iiii can't tell you that

It's gonna be a new one

Probably

New???

So fancy

Well it's a special occasion

Does that mean I get to buy something new for it too???

Well

I'm not going to stop you

Yesssss I'm telling Lily

Does she get to go shopping with you?

That's why I'm telling her

She likes it too?

To a point. She likes the having cute things more than the getting new cute things

See, this is why I like her better
Do not

Nah. It'd be pretty hard to like someone more

Mmm better

Alice wants me to herself again

I'm envious, but I understand the feeling

My love to her, go have fun

You too

Hi. That was longer than I thought we'd be. You still up?

I'm up

Hi

How was it?

Really good

Good

Did she stay?

Yeah, she's just in the shower

Good

You okay?

Yes

Yes I'm okay, sorry

Questions?

Okay

You first?

Well mostly I'd just like to know about your day. Pick one moment and describe it in detail

That's not a question

But okay

Can you describe one moment in your day?

There
So the first night James and I moved in we didn't have most of our furniture here yet. So the four of us ate Chinese takeout on the floor where the dining table would be once it got there. The layout of the flat, you'll see it. It would make more sense if the table was where the sofa is and the sofa was where the table is, but something about that night made that the official eating area. And moving everything in and around today felt a lot like that first day, so we moved the table and chairs and rolled up the rug that's there and the four of us ate Chinese on the floor like we did then. And if it were anyone else, it'd seem really stupid to get nostalgic over something that happened a few months ago, but Wormy and I both tend to get nostalgic for things immediately after they've happened.

That sounds really nice.

It felt really nice

I'm glad

I didn't mean to not talk to you before questions. I'm

Dunno

It's okay, you don't have to

Okay

My turn?

But you can if you want to.

Yeah

Do you think about me when you're not texting me?

All the time

Really?

I always wonder what you're doing, and when you're at work I'm hoping you're having fun, and if you're gone for long I get a bit worried. And sometimes I just daydream

You daydream about me?

I

Yeah

That sounds nice

It is.

Thank you

For what?

Not sure
Lots of things

You're welcome.

I suppose we're not calling tonight?

I can call when Alice falls asleep and if you'll still be awake you can pick up?

Okay

She's pretty tired, I'd give her 15 minutes tops

I'll keep my fingers crossed

Just in case: goodnight.

I'm going to wait.

Okay.

Call me when you're ready

"..."

"Hi?"

"Hiiii."

"All okay?"

"Mhmmm."

"Goodnight, cutie."

"Mmmnnnight."

***

Morning

Good morning

How are you?

I'm with my roomies, I'm great

I'm trapped

Trapped?
Half of Alice is sleeping on me

That could be nice

It is

That's good then

Does she smell nice?

Like my shampoo

What should I draw on her face?

Mmm tea tree

Freckles and a flower with a winding stem

You're too nice

No one has ever said that

I just did

Thank you

What are you up to?

Carefully preening through Lily's clothes as we put them away

Looking for things to steal

Of course

I don't care if we're completely different sizes, I'm going to look great in these

Oh I don't doubt that

Good

I assume you'll decide what to wear on Friday that morning?

I have six potential outfits lined up

Six

Yes, so far

Do I get to know what they are?

Are you kidding?

No?

No.
Okay

Some of them even show a bit of ankle

I'm wild like that

Oh, my!

Think you'll be able to handle it?

Doubt it

Then I'll be sure to at least cover the wrists

I can't make that promise

Why Moony!

I, too, am wild.

In that case, I'll only cover my wrists

Only your wrist and nothing else?? That is wild

Precisely

How about hair?

I do have some, yes

You know what I meaaaaaan

What about it?

Is there more chance of it being up or down

That depends on lots of things

Yeahhh I know, just trying to imagine

Don't know yet

How is it now

Now it's down

And you're wearing

Pretty sure you don't want me to answer that

I really really do though

Torn up denims and a grey shirt that used to be a Don Henley shirt but has been repurposed into a crop top

Dark denims or light?
Light

*How high is the waist?*

Not

Not?

Not high

Okay

Okay

Okay okay okay

Otherwise you couldn’t see this thing

Oh fuck

Don’t do it

It’s there whether you can see it or not

Ughhhhh I forgot about it I was already dead before

Do it

Nope too late

What, nooooo

Lost your navel privileges

So sad

But I wanna see

Sooooo sad

Siruuuuus
okay

Is it?

*You were right, I shouldn't have asked what you were wearing*

Told you

*Let the record show the hair is going up*

*Let the record show you got a point*

Yessssss

*Not fair*

*You asked, you literally asked, several times throughout*

*Should've saved this for Friday*

*So I'd die??*

*Well nooo*

*Well how would you expect me to handle that if I doubt I'll even handle wrists and ankles*

*Okay, so nothing that reveals all piercings at once?*

*That narrows it to three clothing options*

*Yes, murder me gradually*

*As you wish*

*Aha*

*Your turn*
Ookay

I

Meant what are you wearing but

That too yes that definitely too

Oh, oops

No

Not oops

Still in my pjs

Which are?

Soft

How soft?

Very

Cotton soft or fuzzy soft?

Fuzzy

Shirt?

Um. Tank top, but I'm gonna change soon when we'll go downstairs

Okay

Probably just into a plain tshirt
Possibly scarlet, Alice insists I look good in red

Mhm mhm how soft will that be?

I bet you do

Also very soft, but cottony

Perfect

Lots of hugs from Alice guaranteed

Tell her to give an extra one for me

Will do

Thank you both

You're welcome

I get to do that soon

You do

That's

Something

That's something?

Yes

Is there a word for "exciting" and "deeply comforting" at the same time?

I know what you mean

So something

I am very much looking forward to that something

Me too

Tea?

Oh never mind

Alice is taking over

Hmph

I promise you can pick again tomorrow

Okay

How many clothes so far?
All of them

My wardrobe basically just doubled in size

*Do you steal James' clothes as well?*

*Other than pyjamas*

*Is it stealing if we basically share anyway?*

*Does he see it as sharing?*

*We do the laundry together and put clothes in whichever closet they land in, so yes*

*Then no, it's not stealing*

*He generally doesn't borrow any of my lace or leather and I usually don't touch anything with a team logo on it of his, but we meet in the middle on band shirts and things*

*Sounds like a good arrangement*

*It works well for me*

*We're going back to bed*

*You're both impossible*

*Shhh*

*Hmph*

*dreams*

*Thank you<3*

<3

Moony, I'm going to practice with Prongs. If I'm not around when you wake up that's where I am

*Hi?*

*No?*

*Okay*

*Boo*
We're going to mum's work for lunch. Hope you're having fun...watching James run around?

Are you around?

Practice was really good, Lily and I cheered them on and ate sandwiches

This is starting to suck

Shite, hi

Hi

We were in the kitchen and it was loud and busy, I didn't hear the first two

It's okay

Sorry. Were the sandwiches good?

Don't be

They were alright

It was too hot to enjoy them fully

Were you still in your crop top?

Well yeah

Still hot though

Rain here

That sounds so welcome right now

Cold. No more fuzzy pjs.

Noooooo

No more hugs

Unacceptable.

I agree

I want to talk to Alice

Hello?

Why aren't you hugging him???

Excuse me?
He said the hugs stopped and that doesn't make any sense at all, someone should always be hugging him at all times, always

When he wants them, anyway

He could've said.

Would you say?

Yes.

Does he usually say?

Sometimes he nudges me.

That's a thing he does?

Yeah, he just sits or stands there with all of his lanky limbs, looking all awkward, and he nudges me with his elbow and gives me this nervous/pleading look.

Right?

That's

Possibly the most endearing thing I've ever heard

I'll hug him, do you want me to say it's from you?

Mhm please

Thank you, you didn't have to do that

But I want to and I can't, so

Thank you.

What are you two up to now?

Just walking around, waiting for mum to finish work so we can all go back together

Oh that's nice

And it will continue to be as long as we stay away from the streets with shops

Booooooring

Pleasant

Hmph

As pleasant as it can be in the rain

Extra pleasant

Cold.
That's what you need me around for

But you're not

No, I'm not

Change of subject to something nicer?

Ohhhh yummmmm

Yesss

Well now we need to go find a bakery

Oops

Aha

Your mum doesn't have anything suitable?

Nah, we stole too much already

Ah, fair

Yeah

Find something yummy

We'll try

<3

Thank you

Meanwhile I'll have a chocolate one for you
Tease

I

I know you didn't mean that to be

Anything

But could we avoid that in future?

Yes.

Sorry

It's not the word, the word is fine, it's the accusation

Which I know it wasn't

We're talking about pastries, I know

Nothing to be sorry for, as long as you know it wasn't that. It'd never be that.

I do know

Then it's all okay and I'll avoid that

Thank you

Thank you for telling me

We said we would

I know. Still

It didn't feel bad to say it

That's really good

I think so

Yessss

All four chocolate eclairs are mine
All four

Wow

Two are for later, stop judging

Mmmhmm

They are!

I believe you

Mhm

I think I’m going to draw for a bit

Enjoy.

Thank you

I didn’t draw

What did you do?

Paint. Been doing that a lot more lately

What did you paint?

And more importantly, are your hands art?

My hands are art

Mmm

I love that

Me too
You'll see

Oh

Oh I will!

I'll see more of your art!

You will

This just keeps getting better and better

I have a feeling we can't even imagine how good is going to be yet

Yeah

Less than a week

Less than a week.

What did you do while I was doing that?

Drove home, had dinner

Now we're back in bed

Of course you are

It's appropriate time for bed

For normal people maybe

It's cozy and warm

Good

And fuzzy pjs are back

This I definitely support

And cuddles

I definitely definitely support that

Me too

I want cuddles now

Go get them

Imma do it
Yesss

I have them.

Yes!

All of them

All of them?

Well both, but that's also all

Are you in a cuddle sandwich? I'm imagining you in a sandwich

I aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Enjoy it

I am.

Good

They had the cuddles all ready and rudely forgot to invite me

Mean!

That's what I said!

They should make it up to you

Good point, I'll tell them

b

Y

Yes but

They're

Kissing

Me

Awww

Call and

Save

Me

Nah

Call! !!!
Nah, I'll just let you drown in kisses

Moony!

"Oh now they stop."

"I don't know what his problem is, we've been perfectly polite the whole time."

"Padfoot, did you lie about kisses so that I'd call you?"

"No! Though that's not a half bad idea for future."

"I miss your voice' would work just as well."

"Awww!"

"Wow, nerds."

"Noted."

"I have to get back to Al. James, Lily, carry on. Sirius, text me later."

"See how bossy he is, Lily?"

"I like him."

"Me too?? I like him too!"

"Oh we know that."

"Bye, Remus, it was really nice hearing you."

"You too, Lily, you're my favourite."

"Hey!"

"Oi!"

Take it back!

You're my favourite, Sirius.

THIS IS JAMES

I AM SO HURT RIGHT NOW

Oh hi James

You're ranked after Peter

WHAT

You're just not that loveable, what can I say

MOONY
I am incredibly lovable, ask Sirius

I just don't see it??

Well of course you don't see it, this is not visual communication!

Paint me a picture then, tell me what about you I should love so much

Um because I'm amazing and you don't need more proof than that????

But what makes you amazing?

Born with it?

Sure, sure, take the easy way out

Hmph

Have your boyfriend, you seem to like him better for some reason

He's all pouty now

Nooo no no no tell him I didn't mean it

He says it's too late

Why does he believe things so easilyyy

James trusts his friends as blindly as, well, James

Please tell him I like him and am not in the business of ranking friends

He's blowing kisses, I'm almost sure they're for you

I'm...not blowing them back, but I appreciate his

Good enough

Sorry I hung up so fast, Alice really doesn't like phones, I went to the bathroom to talk.

It's okay. I didn't mean to cut into her time

I did miss your voice

I missed yours too.

She's letting me text because she's afraid you won't like her if she keeps being the one taking me away.

Nooooo

Of course I'll still like her

And I definitely can't blame her for wanting your attention

That's what I told her, but she still thinks you'll associate her with a bad thing too much
I won't. I'm going to go cuddle these losers because they look cold and lonely trying to do it on their own. Amateurs. Enjoy your time with her.

Thank you <3

Hi?

Hi

Cuddles were good?

Yes, but the bed still isn't made for three, sadly

No room for a bigger one?

No, we tried to e

Tried fitting one and it didn't quite work

Too bad

Yeahhh

Questions?

Yes

You first

How open are you with Alice?

She knows everything, but she knew everything before she knew me, so it's not really comparable. I don't know how much and how soon I'd tell her otherwise. But it also says a lot that she knew the bad and still gave me a chance, so in general I don't hide things from her.

Okay

Took a while to get more personal, but she can be very persistent when she wants to be

I like her

She likes you too

Thank you

You're welcome

Your turn?

Have you heard from Reg? How are they? Is it okay to ask about them?

It is very okay to ask about them

They're resilient. My cousins are already giving them a hard time though
Hard time how?

They're not buying the illness story, they want to know where they were

Is telling them to fuck off not an option?

No

We're lucky if they haven't alerted my parents to their strange behavior already

Is there anything they'd approve of that could work as a cover?

They've already gone with violent illness, they sort of have to stick with that

Well they could say that was a cover

Oh

I don't know

But what for

Preferably something that they could also ask their cousins not tell their parents.

Okay.

Just a few weeks.

Yes

Alice is snoring, wanna hear?

Yes

"..."

"..."

"Beautiful."

"Shhh whisper."

"Okay. Beauuutifulll."

"Oh."

"Oh?"

"Nothing, just...haven't heard you whisper before. It's nice."

"Oh. Thank you?"

"You're welcome. Goodnight?"

"Goodnight, Moons."
"Mmmoony."

"Hmm?"

"..."

"Pads?"

"..."

"Hope it's a nice dream."

"Mmm."

"That's a nice sound, so I'm gonna assume it is."

"..."

"I think..."

"..."

"I think I'd really like sleeping with you."

"..."

"If nothing else you'd keep me warm. It'd be really nice to have someone to keep me warm."

"..."

"I'm letting myself hope. I know it's probably not a good idea. I know it probably won't end well. I know someone like me isn't likely to be loved. But I just... I like you too much not to try."

"..."

"Remus?"

"Oh fuck, sorry. Did I wake you?"

"Yeah, you okay?"

"Mhm, just talking."

"To yourself?"

"Well- kind of. No. Phone."

"Oh, that."

"Yeah, sorry, I'll stop."

"No, it's okay. Do you do this a lot?"

"Which part of it?"
“Talk at him while he's asleep?”
"Yeah, sometimes."
"Weird. Kinda cute, but weird."
"Sounds about right."
"So you really really like him, huh?"
"That's not what I said, was it?"
"But you do."
"I- yeah, I do."
"Youuu have a cruuuush."
"Ughhhh must you?"
"Yes."
"Can you do it quietly so you don't wake him?"
"If I go to sleep do you promise to give me details in the morning before I leave?"
"I promise. You don't mind the call still running?"
"Nah, you do your thing."
"Goodnight."
"Night, weirdo."

"Goodnight, Sirius."

"Mmm."

"Mmm indeed."

Chapter End Notes

Sirius was dreaming that he and Remus were together and he was explaining that he was a wizard, as were James, Peter, and Lily, and Remus was just really supportive and happy about it and wanted to learn all about wizard culture. The "Mmmoony." was when Remus started nerding out and asking technical questions about magic, being all fascinated, and the "Mmm." was when Sirius shushed him with a kiss. / Yes, that quill tattoo is magical and nerd uses it to write things sometimes, usually reminders // The next chapter should be up sooner than this one was, this week I was just very busy with Pride events and dying from back pain; sooner means 2-3 days; probably two more chapters before they meet
Moony Moony Moony wake uuuup

too early

Hmph

important?

Noooo guess not

ok then shhh

<3

Fiiiiine

Okay, what?

Nothing, just missed you

Oh

Yeah

Well I'm here now

Yessssss

Hi

Hi, good morning

Sleep okay?

Yes, very

You?

Alright

Okay

Know what I have?

A bad hair day? A pony? A magic wand?

Well

A smoothie. But close?
Please tell me it's not one of James'

Ew gross, no

Okay good

But also not good, because now I'm envious

Make one

Um, no

Whyyy

The blender's super annoying to clean

Sooooooo?

Smoothie

Eh

Might as well just eat fruit

That's a level of laziness I have never encountered

Until now

Until now

You're welcome

Thank you so much

Tea?

Fruity

Hmm. Okay.

If you won't have a smoothie

Yeah, right. You're just trying to keep me away from sugar

Is it working?

Maybe

Yessss

Hmph

I believe that's one point for Padfoot

Maybe half a point
Hmph

So quick to pout

Well I can’t see winning the argument for the other half

How do you feel about lemon in tea?

Strategically useful

Wow

What?

Nothing

No lemon it is

Fair

And an apple

You know those grow on trees, right?

I am aware, yes

The freshness won't make your skin itch???

I'm used to that

Okay

Might have a banana as well

Impressive

But I'm having it will nutella

That makes more sense

Apple was... not the worst

Progress!

Yeah yeah

Victory for me, now go eat a banana

Go to work

I am, I am

Have a good day

You too
Still there?

Still here

Hi there!

Hello

What have I missed?

Um

I just woke up

What

I woke up Alice and we talked for a while and then she left and I went back to bed

But

What?

But it’s nearly evening

It’s 5

Yes

So still hours before it even gets dark

Remember we were talking about proper times to be in bed?

This is not one of them

Well I’m up now so

That part works for me, I won’t complain about that

Out of bed and everything

I’m proud

As is right

Do you stretch when you get out of bed?

Like when you yawn and stretch kind of stretch?

Yes

Yes
Noted

Do you?

I do before I get up

Arms really up?

No, across

Okay

I starfish

You starfish

Uh huh

Noted

So what are you going to do with this whole entire wide open day you have ahead of you now?

Write ads for offering tutoring

Oh!

That's excellent

Yes.

I think so, at least

That's perfect

Been putting it off for a while

You're going to be so good at this

Maybe

So definitely

You can't know

I do know

You can't know

But I do

How

Because I know you

I know me too and I don't know
You're too close, I see you and I know this is going to be good

Okay

But I'm blaming you if it's not

That's fine, do it, because it will be

Yeah, yeah, I'm doing it

Good

And your plans?

Lily time

Meeting her to go shopping

I need three replacement outfit-options for the ones with too much midriff

Noo

Oh yes

Noo

No such thing as too much midriff

But you said you'd die! I would really like you to be alive for this!

I'd manage!

Hmmmnnnn

I would, I'd survive, I promise

We'll see, still shopping though

Ew, have fun

We willllll

Hellooooro

Hi

Making progress on ads?

All done

I want to seeeee

No
What why??

Just. No

:(

Don't

Okay

Sorry

No???

Okay

But are you pleased with how they came out?

Yeah, I think so

Good!

Yeah

Not having second thoughts?

No.

Okay good

Did you buy anything nice?

Of course

What

Hmmmm can't say, you might see

Hmph okay

These are new, you can see these
thank you

Anytime

You can have that other half of the point

Nice!

Your legs are

They serve their purpose

Aha.

Did Lily buy anything?

She diiiidiid

Things you'll wear too, I see

You know me too well

Getting there

Hmph

Is that a bad thing?

Well I don't think it is

So you're pouting because...?

Kinda seemed like you were denying it

No

Kinda

I wasn't

Alright

Feel really happy that you think so, actually

Okay

Is it, are you, are we?

Yes, yes, definitely

Okay

Sorry

No?
I just want to be home. I want to be home several minutes ago. It hit me all at once that I just want to not be out here anymore.

Go home<3

We're on our way

Good

I'll text you in a bit?

Okay

Still around?

Yes

I'm sorry about earlier

Why?

I think I would have been better if I'd just kept talking to you

Then I'm sorry that you didn't

Better now?

A bit. Calmer at least

Is there anything I can do?

Just talking is good

Okay

What are you up to?

If I admit to being back in bed, will you be horrified again?

Yes but not really

I'm back in bed, reading

Something good?

Just started, haven't decided yet

What is it?

Just some novel

Okay
It's about werewolves, I doubt it'll be any good

You tell me if you find me a sufficient boyfriend in there

Hmm no

I've not given up hope on finding an incredible werewolf boyfriend to live happily ever after with just to prove you wrong about werewolves.

I think I've helped you enough with that already

What have you done 'already'???

I help by just existing

Well yes, in most matters, but this one not so much

You don't know

Been taking my picture round to all the popular werewolf bars, then?

Sure, sure. Made a collage of all the bits you sent

Well that explains why I haven't gotten any calls yet

Oh well

Guess you'll just have to settle for me

Settle for

You

As

I mean

You

Well I do call you all the time

You do

Well, to be fair, you call me more

I've been meaning to say something about that

Are you okay with that?

With

With you calling more often than I do

Oh

Yes, it's never bothered me
I just

My phone bill's gotten really high and I can't

But if mine has so has yours, so

Don't know if that's a problem for you or not

It's not

I'll do the calling from now on

That's not really fair

You can still ask. The wanting to be called is still nice. But the bill is completely insignificant to me and it's not to you, so why not?

Okay

Thank you

No problem

Oh you did the different pair thing

Those are cute!

Thank you

Is that a dog?

Yeah, Snoopy

Sure sure

He's a beagle from a comic book

Got it
Thank you

Too boring on its own so I had to mismatch

I love the polka dots

I have other colours too

I'm waiting

I'm not getting up just to show you the same socks in different colours

Aren't you though?

Nope

Aren't youuuuuu

No

It was worth a shot

I'd say I'll wear a pair on Friday, but I've already got a different pair picked out

Ohhhh special socks?

Just for you

Awwww

☆☆☆

???

You'll see

Ughhh okay

It's stars

Oh

Oh!

Awww!

Stars

For me

I'm a star

You're a star.

And they glow in the dark
Ooooooh

Mhm

I want to see!!

That's what Friday is for

Friday is for lots of things

Mmmhm

By which I totally mean my friend's moving-in-party

Oh, that, yeah, of course

Yes, not like I only just remembered that's why you're coming

No, no, of course not

Not at all

Nope

Oops

What should I bring her?

Oh you don't have to do that

But what if I want to?

Then she likes music and movies she seems to think are classics and fiction books

Okay

If I give her one of my used books would she mind?

She'd prefer it if it's already got love in it

What an incredibly sappy way of putting it

I'm great

That you are

What book?

Going to pass on the werewolf one?

No, haven't put any love into that one

I'll think about it

Okay
It's between me and Lily anyway, you don't get to know

Well rude

You talk in your sleep as well, can't have you spilling secrets

I talk in my sleep?

Well you did last night

I did?

Just a little

What did I say?

Just my name

I mean

Moony

You said Moony

Oh

Yeah

I think I remember the dream

I didn't say anything else?

No

Just 'mmm'

Okay

Okay

What was the dream?

Nothing

Doesn't matter

Yes it does

I was telling you something

It was something really personal

And then

Doesn't matter
But it was a good dream

Okay

Which I think I'm going to do again soon

Questions, then?

Okay

You first

What was the best part of your weekend with Alice?

The talk we had this morning

Good talk?

Mhm, very

What about?

Me

And you

I'm quite popular in your conversations

Yep

Nice things?

Feelings things

Oh

Or maybe, oh?

Still all nice

Okay

Good

My turn?

Yes

Without any pressure or expectations, what would your feelings be if I asked you out at some point in the future?

Well

There would be a lot of them

Do you think they'd be mostly positive?
Yes.

Okay

I'll do the calling if you'll do the asking?

Deal.

Deal

"Hi."

"Hello."

"Was it okay that I asked that? I know it's soon and I know it's just a pre-question and I know things may change after you learn more about me, but that's exactly why I don't want to pretend and hide what I'm feeling, because I'm hiding enough already. And Alice said I should."

"Thank Alice for me, please."

"She'll be glad she got all the credit."

"It's very okay. And I don't want you to hide things from me you don't really feel you need to. And I know it's soon and it's a weird situation. And I don't really care that much about that."

"Me neither. I really like you."

"I really like you, too."

"That's a nice thought to fall asleep with."

"Feels warm."

"Mmm."

"You do that pretty."

"Hm?"

"Noises."

"Oh."

"Mhm."

"Thank you."

"Welcome."

"Definitely haven't heard that one before."

"Until now."

"Until now."

"Mm sleepy."
"Goodnight."

"Night night."

***

"Moons?"

"..."

"Good morning. Hope you're sleeping as nicely as I was."

"..."

"You're really good for dreams."

"..."

"Text me when you wake up. Obviously."

Good morning

Good morning

Any nice dreams?

Yes

I'll share if you share

You first

I was walking through a forest and for some reason decided to swim in a river I came across. And of course I was cold after, so I went home, just that it didn't really look like home, but my bed was still the same. And I climbed in and texted you and you thought it was unacceptable that I was so cold, so you came to warm me up.

I'm very utilitarian like that. Did I do a good job?

Very

Mmm good

It really was

I dreamed I was back at school, only you were there. And Reg didn't hate me. And you and me, we kept sneaking off to all my old favourite hiding spots in order to plot harmless pranks against Peter and James.

Did we succeed in any?
We never carried any out

Maybe in the next dream, then

Or, you know, real life

Ooooh true

Anything we could pull off?

What

Did we come up with any pranks in the dream that we could realistically do?

Oh. If I remember any of them clear enough, I'll let you know.

Okay

I don't trust my sleeping brain to have come up with anything too clever though

That's what your awake brain is for

We'll see

Tea?

Chamomile

Okay

Plans?

Gonna go put up the ads on campus and the library, maybe the high school one as well

Very good

Possibly

It will be

Maybe

Definitely

You have work?

Yes

Do you know yet if you can get Friday off?

Oh yes, Friday is clear

I switched with someone, that's why I'm working today

Okay, good
If not, I was going to call in sick

Hm

Yeah yeah

Worth it.

Okay. Have a nice day then

I will!

How did it go?

Great, will tell you more later

Oh okay

Good!

Sorry, I was at a late lunch with my former English teacher

I ran into her when I was trying to find someone who could tell me if it's okay to put my ad on their notice boards, and she wanted to catch up

They wouldn't let me pin them up at the library at first, but then someone working there recognized me and said it was fine

And no problems on campus, and someone already called me

Only to ask if I could help them cheat, but still, it's a start

It is! That's really good

Yesss

How was the English teacher?

Oh, wonderful

Yeah?

Yeah. It's really not that hard to get a date with a teacher, I don't know how you managed to fail at it so many times

What no
That was lunch it wasn't a date

Lunches can be dates

And I was still her student at the time, it's ninety times easier with a former teacher

Sure sure

Late lunch with a former teacher isn't a date.

Try going on one then

Was it nice like a date?

It was very nice

That's so great

Though I wouldn't mind skipping over having to hear all about her grandchildren

Grandchildren?

She has six. Two sons. Has been happily not married but living with her partner for more than forty years now

Oh, that's nice

Really nice

Mhm

So not a date

Not a date, no

Okay

You think I'd go on a date?

Well

I dunno

Sirius

Would you?

No.

Why?

Because I just asked last night if I could ask you? Why would I want to go out with someone else?

Dunno

I don't.
Okay

Also teachers are your type, not mine

Well that's true

Aha

I would've been supportive, though

I would've tried

And people say you're not nice

Who?????

James

That's rude of him

I agree

Hmph

Work was good?

Oh, fantastic!

I talked an older man into mascara and blue lipstick and he seemed really excited about it

Aww, nice!

It was it was

I'm glad

And now party planning

Ohhh, fun

Fun?

Fun!

Good!

What might you want to drink?

Juice?

Kind?

Any but orange

Orange with extra pulp, got it
For me to dip your hair in, okay

No orange, got it

Thank you

No problem

Are you the president of the party committee?

I suppose, yes. Co-president at least

Are there gonna be balloons?

There are, is that alright?

Very

Bubbles' cousins

Yessssss

Semi-permanent bubbles

Exactly

It's going to be good

Yesss

Lots of reasons

Yes.

Other requests?

Snacks?

Yes, what?

Just a lot

Noted

I'm not picky

You say that now

I'm nooot

Mmmmmhm

I'm not!

Not when it comes to snacks
Fair enough, alright

How many people will there be?

Around a dozen

Okay

And the bedrooms are out of party bounds, so if you need space for a while, you can always just duck into one of those

Thank you

No problem. I want you to feel safe and okay

Thank you

You're very very welcome

Moony?

Yes

Okay?

Yes, sorry, someone else called about the tutoring

Oh good!

How’d it go?

Meeting her tomorrow

Aaaah it worked!

It worked

Congratulations!!!!!!!

Save it for after I see if I can actually be of any help

You will be, I already know this

Okay okay

Yessssssssssss

Professor Lupin: the journey begins

Wow

Yes.

Sure
Yes.

Shouldn't my journey begin with me realizing I wanted to teach?

No.

Why not?

Because I said so?

Sure, okay

Yes.

She needs help with history, so it shouldn't be a problem

Perfect, she needs help with history, you're a giant nerd. Perfect.

Hey

True though

Hmph

Pouting won't make you not a giant nerd

Shush

Okay but I won't though

Good

I'm kinda proud of you

Oh

Thanks

No need, I just am

Not really 'kind of' either

So what do I say if not thank you?

You could tell me which colour balloons to buy most of

Lighter colours, they last longer

They do?

Darker absorb more heat and pop faster

Oh

Oh you're a SUPER nerd
Shuuuuush

Huge nerd. Oh wow wow wow. Such nerd.

Ughhh

Great nerd

Fantastic

Light colours it is, then, nerdy nerd

Mhm

Thank you

You're welcome

Pastel balloon party

Sounds nice

Hope so

It's gonna be great

I'm not worried about it

Good

Too worried about the other stuff

Nooo

Not worried

Jittery?

Jittery is acceptable

Okay

Me too

It's going to be good

I should be running around doing things for now, I'll talk to you in a bit?

Congratulations again though

Thank you, go run around

Yesss
The running has ceased

Did everything?

I believe so

Did everything right?

Probably not

Did everything not horribly wrong?

I think so

All good then

Close enough

I prepared a bit for tomorrow in the meantime

Good!

Yes

Feel ready?

Yes

Really??

Yes?

Excellent

Yes

You'll be great

Yes

Are you okay?

No

Talk to me?

I don't know

You're good at this, Remus

You're going to do it well

Yeah

I believe it.
I know you do

I'll tell you I told you so tomorrow

I don't doubt that

It's going to be good

Yeah

What's the subject? What kind of history?

Everything

Everything.

Yes

Primordial to modern government.

Probably just to WW2

Better

And nothing too in depth

Much better

I'm not worried about not knowing how to help, I'm worried about not being liked

Which, wow, sounds pathetic

Not pathetic, just unlikely

You're the most likable person I know

And that's saying a lot, I have very likable friends

That can't be true

It is though

Okay

Just be your nerdy self

Not sure I know how to be anything else

Then she'll like you

Just need her to be okay with me teaching her

She will be

Hopefully
Will be

I'm sorry we keep talking about this

I'm not???

I feel annoying. You've reassured me a thousand times already

And I'll do it a thousand more if it helps

Thanks

Anything

Yesssss

I'm still saving you the chocolate here

Mmm good

Fear not

I won't

Tell me something interesting

Hmm

12% of sighted people dream only in black and white

What???? Why is that a thing???

I'd guess exposure to black and white media? Though I think it's often that it's not that it's black and white, but the colour of something just isn't specified because it's not important
That is fascinating

Well you wanted something interesting

You delivered

Your turn

The skin on the back of your elbows is one of the least sensitive areas on your body, and because of where it is, if you were to stand being someone and very carefully lick their elbow, they frequently will not notice until something else brings it to their attention.

Have you tested this?

Frequently

Whenever James is distracted and my face is at his elbow level

Wormy and I had a competition one year to see who could to it to him more

Did you win

By the OFFICIAL RULES yes

Ahh, you lost

No?????

But yes, right?

No!

Aha..

The rules clearly stated JAMES' elbows

Suuure

They did. But Wormy had to get crafty and they let him have the extra points for creativity

And so you lost

In the eyes of some people.

All but you?

Yes.

Aww, I'll take your side

Really???

No

Hmph
Yes, really. Pouty.

Well I wasn't about to go putting my tongue on anyone else

Wormy got six hundred points for the headmaster's elbow

Oh wow

Yup

I'm still on your side, but I'd give him some points too

H m p h

What was the score before that?

I SHOULD HAVE won by twelve

Not my question, I want to know how many times James had his elbow licked

Oh, upwards of sixty, and that's just the ones he didn't catch

Amazing

His elbow is the official Most Licked part of his body.

Wow

We're good friends

Clearly

We know

Good

Know what's weird?

What?

That living with Lily isn't weird.

I didn't expect it to be, but I expected to have to adjust at least a little bit, but no

You know what's weird?

What?

That you answer my questions before I ask them. I was about to send 'Did you expect it to be?'

It's a good weird

Well it

Just seemed like you wouldn't just let it sit, you'd want to know
I would
Made sense
Mhm
Because you know me
I feel like I do
Better than most
I like it
Me too
Did you eat yet?
No, ice cream was just a pre-dinner dessert
Oooof course
Why?
We're just doing that now
Making or eating?
About to eat
What?
A rice thing Lily made
Enjoy
It smells like I will
Good
When are we going to cook again?
Do you have work tomorrow?
I do not
We could make lunch
Oooh okay, what?
Something easy
I picked last time
Not really, you were already making it
Still

Lasagna?

Yeeeeees

Okay, I can do that

Yes yes yes

Okay. Lasagna.

Tomorrow

I'll text you when I get home?

Yes

Okay

Sirius?

Nooooo

My 'going to eat dinner' text never went through

Oh okay. I was getting worried

I'm sorry

It's okay

Okay

Got caught up talking

Anything nice?

Mhm

I don't get to know?

You came up

Oh?

Mhm a bit

Tell me?

We just talked a lot about Friday and you being here and ways to make you comfortable

Okay
James has stopped calling you Boyfriend and has begin calling you HIS best friend

"Where are you meeting my best friend when he gets here?" "Did you ask my best friend about snack preferences?" "Do you think my best friend would like this?"

Ummm I don't know what he's talking about, I didn't get any friendship bracelets from him

If I tell him that, there will certainly be one here waiting for you by Friday

There better be

You've got it

Is there a reason you got demoted?

Dunno

Hm

I asked him to not call you the other thing anymore, so I think he just needed a new name that still conveys your importance to us.

Oh

Okay

Yeah

The rice thing was good?

Soooooo good

She won't tell me what was in it, so I live in fear, but it was good

Good

You?

Had pasta

Good?

Very.

Lots of parmesan

Could you still taste the pasta under it?

A little

I'll allow it

How kind

You're welcome
Questions?

Yes

Why did you ask James that?

Ask him what, not to call you that?

Yeah

I dunno

Okay

It didn't bother me until recently

It's James, I know he doesn't mean to do it with any kind of mean spirit, but it started to feel kind of mocking

Okay

Okay?

Yeah, okay

It didn't bother you at all?

No

Okay

But then again I didn't hear it that often

True

I overreacted, I think

No. If it didn't feel okay, it was good that you said something

Dunno

I do

My turn?

Yes

Do you prefer stripes or polka dots?

Polka dots

Noted

Collecting info to know how to best kiss my arse?

I'm calling it seduction, but sure
Okay, go ahead and woo me with polka dots

Maybe I will

Maybe you should

Maybe I'll try

Cute

Is there such thing as a cute seductress?

Well clearly there is

True

Do you want to call?

Yes

"..."

"Do you want to stay quiet tonight? Say nothing if 'yes'."

"Thought I did, but now I'm not sure."

"We can if you still do. I just thought of a question I should have asked."

"Yes?"

"That time I told you you don't make me feel the way other boys make me feel?"

"...Yeah?"

"I need you to know that I meant it the way I mean James feels different and Peter feels different when they say things like that about me. It's different because it means something different coming from You. Not because you are separate from the boy category in my mind."

"..."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought it up, maybe this was just pointless insult, I don't know. Forget I said it, I'm sorry."

"No just give me a moment."

"Okay."

"..."

"..."

"Sorry. Lump in throat."

"Oh fuck me, I really am sorry, I didn't mean to upset you."
"No... Thank you for saying it.'

"It was bad then?"

"Wasn't great. I mean I knew that's not what you- but it still... I don't know."

"I'm sorry I wasn't clear about it. I didn't even think about it until later. But then I thought, and I know what hearing that would make me think and- I would never mean anything like that. My question is, can I try it again?"

"Yeah. Yes."

"Okay. Okay. Moony. Most of my experiences have led me to feel uncomfortable whenever someone speaks to or about me in any sexual manner. The few exceptions are my friends and I am pleasantly surprised at how quickly and completely you fit into that group for me."

"It's a good group."

"I'm very picky."

"It's nice to be picked."

"I really like feeling comfortable with you."

"I'm glad you do."

"Thanks for letting me explain."

"Of course."

"And for talking."

"I think it's my favourite thing."

"Oh?"

"Not in general. To you."

"Even like this?"

"Yeah."

"Mine too."

"Hey, Sirius?"

"Mhm?"

"Two and a half days."

"Shi..."

"Sirius?"

"Ow, hit wall, phone fell, much ouch."
"Well that was silly."

"I knew that. It shouldn't be surprising."

"You alright?"

"Yes. Very."

"You sure?"

"Yes. Two and a half."

"Two and a half."

"And then..."

"And then breakfast."

"It's about time."

"...Right."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Did I say something else?"

"I wasn't ready before."

"Oh I didn't- Okay. Okay. I wasn't either. And I wasn't sitting here waiting for you to be ready. But now that I think we both are? It seems like a long time coming. I've seen your face once and I miss it."

"Soon."

"Two and a half days."

"Yeah."

"Do you think you are?"

"What, ready? Yes. So ready."

"Okay. That's very good."

"It is."

"Should we sleep?"

"Probably."

"Good plan."

"Goodnight."
"Sweet dreams."

"You too."

"Okay."

"Do you need to have the last word?"

"No."

"Okay."

"Just don't want to stop."

"Then you keep talking and I'm gonna sleep."

"But that's not the part I like."

"Need sleep."

"Yeah, I know."

"We can talk while we cook."

"Oh, we can?"

"Don't see why not."

"Okay. Only if you want to, you can still change your mind."

"That's always."

"Always always."

"I know."

"Okay. G'night Moony."

"Goodnight, Padfoot."

"Oh."

"Oh?"

"I just like it."

"Wasn't sure if it was okay at the start, but you never said anything."

"It's incredibly okay. It's the most okay."

"Okay. Good. Goodnight, Padfoot."

"Goodnight, Moony. For real this time."
ewww why is it so early

Because you woke up in the morning?

no thank you

Then why are you awake?

Rude

Good morning

Good afternoon to you too

It's not!

Nearly

Nu uh

Pretty close

Still almost an hour!

That is not helping your case

I'm pretty sure it is? It's not afternoon

I demand a different greeting

Alright.

Good gracious, you're getting up late, are you ill???

Hey!!

Good morning, how are you?

Well rested.

Very good

How are you?

Well
Just got back from shopping for ingredients

Oh, a productive morning. gross

More than that, James and I went running really early and I feel so good from that

Why do I like you

Because the running is about being free and alive and nothing else

No, that's why you like running

Well you tell me then

I guessssss it's because you're amazing

True enough

Tea?

Give me my options? I need an update

Green, black, black with peaches, peach, cherry, apple, chamomile, mint, cranberry, plum, elderflower, etc, etc

Plum

Hmm okay

Yesss

Hmm

Why hmm?

Not sure plum is sweet enough

Cherry, then?

Nah, it's fine

Cherry tomorrow

Okay

Enjoy

Thank you

But of course

Hmm

Now what???

Wondering what I should have on toast
Calves liver

What

Just pick a jam

Ok

Which are you going with?

Plum

Matching, I like it

Mhm

I approve

It's good

Good!

Mhm

And then?

Don't want to think about that yet

Okay

We're supposed to meet at 1

Oh?

Yeah

Okay, not thinking about it, got it

Thank you

No problem

I'm going to keep working on that painting from the other day

Oooh, good

Yesss

Is it gonna be finished by Friday, two days from now, the day we see each other?

In approximately forty seven hours, two terrestrial turns around the sun, on the day which we will meet, it should probably be finished. Yes.

Will I get to see it?

Maybe
Okay

If it is done, yes

And I still don't get to know what it is?

I don't think so

Okay

Is it?

It is.

Okay

Thank you

You never have to show or tell me anything you don't want to (yet), for whatever reason

Okay

I mean I know, but it's good to know it again

I get it

Okay, I know polka dots over stripes

What about cotton or silk?

Cotton

Crispy or mushy?

Depends on what

Hmph

Sparkly or iridescent?

Iridescent

Fluffy or furry?

Fluffy.

Aquatic or astronomical?

Aquatic

Woodland or seaside?

Seaside

Classical or jazz?
Jazz

Gold or silver?

Gold.

Word games or strategy games?

Strategy

Mystery or romance?

Romance

Spikes or horns?

Uh. Horns, I guess?

Castle or cottage?

Cottage

Fire or frost?

Fire

Obviously

For you

Straight or curly?

Curly

Boxers or briefs?

Boxer briefs

Cheat

Spaghetti or penne?

Spaghetti

Oak or maple?

Oak

Tuesdays or Thursdays?

Thursdays

Petals or leaves?

I'm offended you'd even ask that
Answerrrr

Ugh

Leaves

Sunrise or sunset?

Sunrise.

Wrists or necks?

Necks

Saxophone or trumpet?

Saxophone

Okay thank you

You're welcome

Your test results will be posted in three to six weeks

That late??

Yes, there's a thorough analysis for it to go through

Damn

What can you do

Bribe the person analysing it?

This is possibly true

Too bad I don’t have anything of value to bribe you with

Tell me you'll come visit me in two days

I'll come visit you in two days

Oh look, your test results are in

Looks like you're Very Cute

Was there a higher possible score?

Nope you aced it

Sweet

Mhm you may claim your prize on Friday

Oh, oh, what's my prize??
I can't just tell you

Yes you can

Nooooooo

Yeees

Nope

:(

Oh no, no sad face

:(

Nooooooo

:(

You win the painting if it's finished

Oh

Is that an okay prize?

That is very okay

I was expecting like a cookie or something

Well I don't have any cookies right now but I do have this

I suppose I'll accept that then

Okay

Thank you

No need for thanks, you passed the test

Okay

How about thanks for distracting me?

Oh, that I'll take credit for, sure

You're welcome

I should be going. I'll tell you when I'm back so that we can cook?

Yes!

This is all very domestic

Oh
Have a good time at tutoring, Darling, don't forget to stay hydrated. I've made you a sandwich for lunch but since you're not here I'm probably just going to eat it. You're going to do just fine. I'll be here waiting for you to cook with me when you get home. Off you go.

Thank you, honey

Kisses

Hi

How’d it go????????

Okay once I stopped thinking about your kisses

Oh?

We're meeting again tomorrow before I leave

That's good!

Yes

And you were able to help?

I was

Can I do it?

Do what?

Say the thing

Ughhh, yes, you can say the thing

I' TOO OOOOOLD YOU SOOOOO

Yeah yeah

I'm very happy I was right

Me too. I really enjoyed it.

That's really really great

Yes

What is the person like?

Nice. Chatty. With a shite memory

That’s where you come in
Yep
To save the day
Sure
Yes
I'm hungry
Eat?
...
Well it'll be awhile before our food is ready
... Are you saying I should eat while I cook lunch?
Before. I will wait.
No no don't try to get out of it now, you're supporting pre-lunch
I will mock your weird and horrifying food habits until I die, but I will never be comfortable with you going hungry because of that.
That's almost nice
Sounds about right
Okay okay, per your request, I will eat
You're so gracious
I know I know
What are you having?
Grilled cheese
Yum
I highly recommend
I'm saving myself
For marriage?
For lasagna, but close
We can start if you want
I'm ready when you are
Putting water on to boil as we speak
Okay, same
Do you want to call?

Yes

"..."

"Not talking?"

"Sorry, was still chewing. How do you imagine we'd cook without talking?"

"Well I would still talk. I'd just boss you around the whole time."

"Like I'd listen."

"I'd keep an ear out for your quiet scoffing."

"I choose to scoff louder today."

"Then I'll start with this: control yourself with the cheese, will you?"

"Never."

"Let the record show I tried."

"The record doesn't care."

"That's really rude!"

"Oops."

"Hmph."

"Thank you, now I can imagine it better when you text it."

"...I'm sticking my tongue out at you."

"Mmm."

"No not 'mmm'."

"Sounds 'mmm'."

"You sound 'mmm'. Is your water boiling yet?"

"About to."

"Mine's going in."

"Nooo, wait for me!"

"Waiting, waiting!"

"Thank you."

"No problem, just tell me when."
"Now."

"Okay."

"And now we...?"

"Prep everything else. What are you using for sauce?"

"Um."

"Yes?"

"I don't know?"

"Oooookay. Please tell me what ingredients you have out in front of you."

"Mince and cheese."

"Remus. Your plan was to make lasagna with beef, cheese, and pasta sheets?"

"Say my name again."

"Say your name again?"

"Yeah."

"Remus."

"Thank you. And no, my plan was for you to tell me what to do."

"You're quite welcome. Okay, what tomato product do you have in the house?"

"There's tomatoes in the garden."

"You're going to make fresh tomato sauce out of tomatoes you haven't picked yet, and we started with boiling water for pasta?"

"Yes?"

"Oh M- okay. Aaaaalright. Please go pluck your tomatoes while I sit here and pray you AT LEAST have garlic and some fresh herbs."

"We always have garlic and herbs."

"Don't say things like they're obvious right now, are you getting the tomatoes?"

"..."

"Moony?"

"..."

"Remus, please?"

"..."
"Okay. He went to get the tomatoes or something, he's still there. Shite."

"...

"Please come back, please come back."

"I got six, is that enough?"

"Fuck."

"Um."

"S-stir your pasta before it sticks. Six should be f-fine."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing I'm-m fine."

"Sirius."

"I am. I am. You- I knew you were just... In the garden or whatever. You weren't even gone that long. But you didn't say."

"Oh, shite. Sorry, I just- You said to get tomatoes, so I did, and I figured I'd need both hands to carry them."

"I know, I know, I know."

"Sorry."

"Please don't be, you didn't do anything wrong at all."

"I stirred the pasta."

"Okay. Chop up a few cloves of garlic and some of those herbs. Basil, thyme, rosemary, parsley, whatever."

"It's- okay."

"What?"

"Seasoning is not whatever. Putting you on speaker, can you still hear me okay?"

"Yes I can. I'm trying to do this in Remus-speak, without measurements."

"Awww, so considerate."

"I know I am, drain your pasta if it's ready, mine is."

"So much wooooork."

"You've not even gotten to blanching the tomatoes yet, just wait."

"What are you using?"
"Sauce Lily made a while ago."

"Unfair!"

"Very fair, who tries to make lasagna without a prepared sauce?"

"How was I supposed to know?!"

"What did you think was going to happen?!"

"Lasagna."

"Yours will be better anyway, with fresh sauce."

"My plan all along."

"You're so clever."

"I know."

"Good. Tell me when everything's chopped."

"..."

"Well, you don't have to stop talking until then."

"I'm focusing."

"Okay, you can do that."

"..."

"Should I be quiet too?"

"No."

"Okay, then I'm just going to talk about things. Pete's going back to visit his parents soon. Not sure whether we're going or not. We always want to go with him, but he said he'd like to go himself one day soon, so this might be that."

"Oh, okay."

"I don't like it. He's comfortable on his own like that, that's why he chose not to live with us. Maybe it's just because I'm SO dependent, but it worries me."

"If he thinks he'll be okay..."

"Yeah. Yeah, we won't stop him. We'll support him from here. Just doesn't feel like enough."

"I get that."

"James is even worse than I am about it, though. Pretty sure he won't sleep the entire time Pete's away."

"Well that's not good."
"That's James."

"All chopped."

"Okay, you can reuse the pot from the pasta if you want, but you need to get more water boiling for your tomatoes"

"Can't I just sort of...mash them up?"

"If you want tomatoe skin in your sauce."

"Sure, that sounds fine."

"You're unbelievable."

"I'm gonna mash them."

"You do you, Moons."

"How thick should it be?"

"Thick enough to be tomato sauce, not juice, but thin enough to spread over the pasta easily."

"Helpful."

"NOW you want precise instructions?"

Shhh, now what?"

"Sauce pan, olive oil, garlic, herbs, medium heat, go."

"Going."

"Hey Remus?"

"Yeah?"

"I still really like you."

"I still really like you, too, Sirius."

"Okay, just making sure."

"I'm gonna add the tomatoes now?"

"Yes, and water."

"Let me guess, then I have to stir?"

"So clever."

"I'm gonna continue to ignore that tone."

"Go right ahead, Pumpkin."

"Can I do anything else while it's stirring?"
"The next thing is that the mince has to go in."

"How much?"

"Does it matter how much I say?"

"I like to know what the recommended amount is, so I know by how much I don't follow it."

"Try a litre."

"I need grams."

"You're doing this on purpose, aren't you? A thousand."

"So would you say a kilo?"

"Yes. Yes, I would. I am seconds away from hanging up on you."

"You wouldn't."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Hey I think we boiled the pasta too soon, though."

"MOONY!"

"Bad planning, Pads."

"Why. Why do I like you so damn much?"

"No idea, I'm trying not to question it."

"Probably for the best."

"Mm. How long is this gonna take?"

"Get it to a boil and let it sit for a few minutes, then add the mince."

"Hm okay, still enough time to go to the bathroom then. Be right back."

"Be quick."

"..."

"Out here in the fields, I fight for my meals, I get my back into my living, I don't need to fight, to prove I'm right, I don't need to be-""

"Forgiven."

"Welcome back."

"Thank you, thank you."

"Not boiling yet?"

"Just adding the meat."
"Oh, I'll do that too then."

"To your unfair sauce."

"My better-thought-out sauce, yes."

"Not even yours."

"I consider it delegated."

"Mmhm."

"I'm talented like that."

"Hah."

"I am now very carefully pulling my pasta sheets apart to make sure they don't stick permanently."

"Didn't you put oil in your water?"

"Yes, but still, they've been sitting for awhile."

"Again, don't know why you thought it was a good idea to cook them that early."

"You're the worst."

"Awww, I love you too."

"That's beside the point."

"Is the first layer pasta or sauce?"

"Pasta."

"Oops."

"Okay sure, sauce, then. That. Makes sense."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm taking it out."

"Your upside down lasagna would probably be delicious."

"Most likely."

"Your messy one will be too."

"Who says it's gonna be messy?!"

Were you going to wash the dish after you're done scraping the sauce out? Or just start laying noodles?

"Start laying pasta, obviously."

"Messy Moony."
"Never denied it."

"Uh huh."

"It smells delicious, just so you know."

"Mmm, good."

"Mhm."

"Does here too, but very likely less. Nothing like the fresh garlic in oil smell."

"Well."

"Yes yes, I know, I'm cheating."

"Oh, I was gonna fight you that there's better smells than that, but yes, that too."

"Oh, go on then."

"Onions in oil, cookies just out of the oven, forest strawberries."

"Mhmm, all good smells."

"All better smells."

"You forgot my hair."

"Haven't had the pleasure yet."

"But you will."

"Looking forward to it. Should I preheat the oven?"

"Oh yes, do that."

"Pretty lousy instructions today."

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to be distracted today."

"Hey, no. Just joking. I'll stop."

"I didn't even remember to preheat mine."

"Good, means they can go in at the same time."

"Okay. Next time would you like my carefully prepared and measured instructions again?"

"I'd love to ignore them."

"Of course."

"It's cute that you try."

"How does your mother live in the same house with you?"
"She gave up on me long ago."

"Tragically I still have hope you'll turn out okay."

"You'll lose it soon, don't worry."

"I dunno, I'm dreadfully optimistic."

"Cheese cheese cheese cheese."

"Aaaaaaand I've lost you."

"Cheese cheese cheese."

"Gone from this world."

"Cheesy cheese."

"Try to be more adorable, I bet you can't."

"Cheeeeese."

"Uh huh. Save some for the next layer."

"Oh."

"Remuuuuuuus."

"I didn't know it could be put between layers?? I just put it all on top!"

"Oh, love."

"WELL HOW WAS I- ...supposed to know."

"Even if you've never made it before, you have EATEN lasagna before, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't pay attention to it."

"So what does yours look like now?"

"Like a pile of pasta and cheese."

"Did you put sauce on?"

"I'm not a complete disaster."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Hey!"

"Well?!"

"Yes I'm sure!"

"Alright, alright."
"No faith in me."

"You know that's not true."

"Do I?"

"You should."

"Mine's going in."

"Mine too."

"Excellent."

"And now we wait."

"And now we wait."

"And hopefully clean."

"Ughhhh."

"Yes, there's that."

"Later."

"Because you're so busy now?"

"Yes."

"Doing???

"Sitting down and talking to you."

"Well I'm multitasking."

"Making me look bad."

"Impossible."

"Debatable."

"I'll take that debate, and I will win it."

"Present your case."

"You are adorable and quite hot and no amount of anything I could do would ever be enough to make you look bad."

"Nonsense."

"Great argument."

"Hard to argue when you call me quite hot."

"You ARE quite hot."
"Sure, sure."

"But it's better that you don't argue it anyway."

"Yeah, yeah. How long is this gonna take?"

"Check it in half an hour. It'll probably be longer, but check it then."

"Ughhhhh that's so loooong."

"Just enough time for you to tell me a really good story."

"I don't have any good stories."

"An interesting one then."

"Also no."

"Make something uuuuup."

"There once was a star named Sirius, and- pronouns today?"

"He."

"There once was a star named Sirius, and he failed to inform his friend that lasagnas take long to cook, and his friend starved to death. The end."

"To death?! You just ate a grilled cheese!"

"That was ages ago."

"That was like half an hour ago."

"Aaaaages."

"Amazing."

"It doesn't even make any sense that it takes that long, it's all basically cooked already."

"You need to let the magic happen."

"Sure, sure, magic."

"Mhmm, how else do you explain all those ingredients becoming delicious lasagna?"

"My work plus heat plus time."

"Cooking is as close to magic as most people get."

"I'm not most people."

"And what do you think is magic?"

"Witchcraft and wizardry."

"Oh. Well. H-hard to argue with that."
"What do you think it is?"

"Lasagna."

"Which is stiiiiill not done."

"Summer or winter?"

"Spring."

"Was that one of the options?!"

"Spriiiiing."

"Great, so when I ask 'spring or autumn' later, you'd better answer 'summer' or 'aquamarine' or something ELSE THAT WASN'T AN OPTION!"

"You won't know until you ask."

"You're impossible. You know that?"

"I do."

"Good."

"So, spring or winter?"

"Winter."

"Booo."

"You're not allowed to 'boo' my choices!"

"Booo!"

"You don't scare me, ghost boy."

"Why winter?"

"It's cozy."

"It's cold."

"Not if you have someone to make you not cold."

"I don't."

"It's not winter."

"No, it's spring."

"Mhm. And that means there's two whole seasons until winter. So much could happen by then."

"And if it does, maybe my opinion will change. But based on experience I have so far, it's ranked last."
"Hmph. Summer is last for me."

"I know, you said."

"Apples or bananas?"

"Hmmm. Bananas."

"Because they're so versatile like apples, sure."

"Go better with chocolate."

"Sound reasoning, alright."

"Peaches or nectarines?"

"Nectarines."

"Correct."

"Oh good, what do I win?"

"A peach."

"So mean."

"Me?? Never!"

"Nearly always."

"You can't see, but my face is sad."

"Oh. Okay but no, I want to make it happy."

"I'm not stopping you from trying."

"Less than two days."

"Just today, and tomorrow, and then-"

"And then that."

"And then that."

"Remus Remus Remus."

"Yes?"

"I'm really looking forward to meeting you."

"Me too."

"Just thought you should know."

"Really really?"
"Really really really."

"Day after tomorrow."

"Which is like no time at all."

"Very little."

"You'll be busy with tutoring and travelling."

"And you'll be busy with work and...?"

"Party organization."

"That works!"

"Exactly, so tomorrow isn't really even a day."

"Works for me."

"Me too."

"How do I know that it's done?"

"It will be all golden brown on top"

"It is at the sides, I'm just gonna pretend it's done."

"Tell your mum I wasn't involved in that creation."

"Yeah yeah yeah, all on me."

"Yes please."

"It smells so goooooood."

"Hope it tastes as good."

"Me too me too me too."

"Go enjoy it, Nerd."

"Thank youuuuu."

"Talk to you later."

"I really liked this."

"Me too."

"Okay. Bye. For two seconds until I text you."

"Two seconds."

"Yes."
Is your done yet?

No because I'm waiting for it to actually be done

Whateeeer

Mmmmmhm

Hey that doesn't look too bad

Stop being surprised!

You don't exactly advertise your food very well!

I told you it smelled great!

Yeah yeah yeah

Mmm

Mmmmm

So good

Soooo good

Go make love to your lasagna in private

No thank you

Hmph

Ok

I'm glad it's good

Yep

Yep?
Yes
Okay

Do you want me to leave you alone?
No??? Should I?
No

Are you alright?
Yeah

Did I say something again?
No

Do you want Me to leave You alone for a bit?
Please dont
I will not

thanks

What happened between then and now?
dad came home

How can I be distracting?
dunno

Do you want to talk about whatever he said?
no

I'm taking mine out of the oven
golden and crispy?
Yes
i left mine

Okay
not hungry anymore

I get it
do you want to see my socks

Yes I do please
they aren't fun or anything

but i made them

They look so cozy

they are

Mmm good

yea

What else?

um

i found my favourite tea filter

it's got a tiny mug on the end

Awwwww

That sounds cute
It is, it's adorable

*mhm*

What's your favourite way to eat chocolate?

Like ice cream or cake or just chocolate in bar form?

*bar*

One square at a time?

*at least 2*

At least?

*at least two squares at a time*

You never cease to amaze

At least you don't just bite in I suppose

*sometimes*

No

Yes

*Noooooendash*

*mhm*

I need to reevaluate our entire friendship

*ok*

Moony

yeah
I'm very much kidding about that
can you not do that right now?
Yes
I'm sorry
it's okay
What colour should I do my nails?
what are the options
Yes.
green
Shade?
yes
Fair enough
the one that reminds you most of forest leaves
Mmm
Okay
can you call and just be on the line while you're doing that?
Yes
"..."
"..."
"Pads, have you seen my wa-"
"Ssh sh sh sh. Quiet Moony time."
"Ohhh okay. Hello Moony, my Best Friend."
"Quiet? Moony? Time?"
"Well you're talking too!"
"Shhhhhhh!"
"Okay, but have you seen it though?"
"On the arm of the sofa."
"Thank youuu- No don't shush me, it doesn't count if it's whispering!"

"It counts!"

"Well then shhhh!"

"..."

"Can I just say one more thing?"

"Whaaaaaaaaat?"

"Okay, a few things actually; that colour looks really nice on you; you're super cute today; I don't know why it's quiet time, but Moony I love you; also I'm working on your bracelet."

"Don't touch my nails but come hug me."

"..."

"..."

"I'll come get you when it'll be time to leave."

"Thank you."

"Sirius?"

"Oh. Yeah Moons?"

"Thank you."

"What for?"

"All of it."

"If you say so. You're welcome."

"I'm assuming 'sorry' would go over even worse?"

"What in the world could you possibly want to apologize for?"

"Dunno. All of it."

"I will accept your thanks, save your apology for when you actually need it."

"Okay."

"How are you feeling now?"

"Heard the front door close and it got easier to breathe."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Yeah."
"Does your mum know how bad it is?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Never told her."

"She doesn't see?"

"... Don't do that."

"Sorry."

"I have to go."

"Remus, I'm sorry."

"I'll talk to you later."

"I'm- yeah."

I won't ask anything like that again.

Think I'll ever stop fucking up?

Probably not

James says I don't know when to stop helping

Didn't say it like that, but that's basically what it is

Just bad timing

It's not just bad timing

I knew

I should have just stopped

You're not me.

I wanted someone to ask me questions like that so bad when I was little and no one did

But you're not me and you're not waiting for someone to save you and I'm sorry I keep treating you like that. I'm going to do better.

She can't see, because he's fine when she's around, and I don't want her to see. I want her to be happy. And he makes her happy. It's probably not fair to her, and in her place I'd want to know, but I could never bring myself to say anything. At first I was scared that she'd take his side. Then I thought he was right; if he was a good person to everyone but me, then it was clearly me who was the bad one. Now I've learned how to handle it, kind of, and I've ruined enough of her life, I'm not ruining this as well. It doesn't make sense sometimes, but they're happy together. I don't know. It's
not that simple. Or maybe I'm still hoping he'll change.

I understand

None of it is her fault.

I know it's not

I don't blame her for anything and I don't want you to

[I don't, that's not what I meant by it at all

It's how it sounded

I was just trying to understand

She seems to know you so well

Haven't you noticed how I'm great at hiding things

Are you?

Have to be

You deserve something else

Do I?

Yes

You should have a place where you have no secrets, nothing to worry about hiding

Sure

I'll stop

Thank you for talking to me about it

Sorry I left

You're allowed to do that

I don't like it

Then don't, unless you have to

Don't know how to deal with it sometimes

You can try whatever you need to

But I don't know what I need sometimes

And I don't want to fight because I'm scared so I leave and then all I want to do right away is come back but I don't know how again

We should have a code word for 'it's too much and I want out but I don't want to leave'
Okay, what

What's a really random word we'd probably never use in conversation?

Rawky

What the hell

Means foggy and cold

Well now that I know that maybe I'll use it

You pick then

Nah, I like Rawky

Okay

If you do have to walk away still, though, I'll understand

Thanks

I'm not unused to it

I don't need to because of you

I need to because of me

And I'll always come back

I don't mean that in a way that should make you feel guilty, I just, I'm not being deprecating when I say I'm a lot. It includes things like that, like over-helping and pushing and things. I'm trying.

I know you'll come back

I don't want you to try to not be you

I'm still me, I'm just trying to be a me people don't need to take breaks from

I just need space sometimes. From everyone

I know

I'm okay with it

Okay

I'm at mum and dad's

I was wondering where you were going

Oh and can you tell James thank you as well?

Yes I can
Thank you.

I'm not allowed to tell you the colours of the bracelet but it's cute

Yeah?

Yes

Can't quite believe he actually made it

He's James, of course he made it

Of course

Pete and I are waiting until he's done with yours before we act all hurt he didn't make us any

Does that mean that once he makes them for you too, we'll all be matching?

Yes

That's the idea

I like it

Me too

I mean it's very lame and nerdy and uncool

But I like it

How dare you

Well it is

It's the coolest, we're the coolest

Aha, sure

We are!

Uh huh

You're one of us now, watch it

The lamest

Rude!

But true

Hmph

<3

H
Fine, pout away, I'll keep the hearts for myself next time

Noooo

I like it

<3 <3 <3

Thank you

Are you having dinner?

Will be shortly

Okay

You'd know

I'd know?

Well I'm going to tell you before I have to put the phone away temporarily

Thank you

No problem

What's for dinner?

Something that smells fantastic

Ah, food, okay

Probably, yes

Enjoy

I'm going to

I'm gonna microwave the lasagna

Yum

Should be okay

I'm going to do that now

Enjoy, I'll talk to you soon?

Yes please
Still around?

It got so late, we're staying here the night

I'm here

How was it?

The lasagna? Good once I put on extra cheese

Where did you even find more cheese?? I thought you must've used all of the cheese in the house

There's always more cheese

Wow

Shhh it was delicious

Good

I'm still hungry though

Of course you are

Well it's been hours

Sorry about that

It's alright, I kept busy

With?

Making exercise sheets

For tutoring?

Yeah

Professor

Tutor

Professorrrrr

Fine, professor, whatever turns you on more

Well, definitely Professor
I'm gonna make sausages

Sure, we can pretend that's normal

It's the only thing I can find that will be quick

Sure sure

Maybe I'll just stop telling you when I eat

But then where will my healthy daily dose of shock and horror come from?

Fair point, can't have that

Thank you very much

I do what I can

Beautiful and horrifying

That's me

Hmmm partly

Yeah, just horrifying

Nope
Enjoy, if you can

I am

Gross

No??

Just sausage and ketchup?

Well we're out of bread

Your mother is a

You know what, I give up at this point

Weren't you just telling me today how you're not gonna do that?

I'm not allowed to tease, even if I don't mean it???

You didn't mean that you wouldn't give up on me? :( 

Oh you are so stuck with me

I'm not giving up on you ever

That means you're stuck with my food

Fair trade

If you say so

I'll take it

Questions?
Yes
You first
Are you sleeping in your old room?
Yessss
What's it like?
Big
Basically the size of our flat
A lot of our stuff is still here
Name three that best represent early teens Sirius
Hmmm
My old school bag, my first pair of boots, long over worn and outgrown, and any of the posters on the wall that aren't of football teams or players. Okay one of them is mine.
Hmm okay, I'll forgive that one poster
I like it here
I can imagine why
Mhmmm
Lots of red
How come?
Just lots of it
Bed, wall trim, rug, everything
Okay
It's how our dorm was as well
And you call me a nerd.
Takes one to know one
Your turn, nerd
Same question but about your room?
It's an attic room. Not that small, lots of empty floor space, just that it's mostly not empty but a mess. Teen Moony things would probably be an old typewriter that I found on the street and fixed, a now broken walkman, and a box of bookmarks.
You fixed a typewriter
And you have a whole box of bookmarks

Yes and yes
You're so

Remus

Thank you?

It's definitely a compliment

Hey, Sirius?

Yes?

I still really really like you

Oh good

I still really really like you too

Do you want to call today or not?

I want to

But I understand if you don't

As ever

I do

Okay

"Hi."

"Good evening."

"Official."

"Well I was going to say 'good night' but that seems too synonymous with 'goodbye'."

"James already asleep?"

"Right here, Best Friend."

"Yes, I think he definitely is."

"Ah, too bad."

"What!"

"I know right?"
"And I was really hoping to hear his voice again."

"It's right here!"

"Such a shame."

"Oh well."

"Well since he's definitely asleep, what are you wearing?"

"Dark blue boxers."

"Mhm mhmm and? Ow!

"Promise I didn't really hurt him. And he can't feel it anyway, he's sleeping."

"And that's it."

"Oh."

"Me- Christ."

"Backfired on you a bit?"

"Shut up, you're unconscious."

"Are your beds together or are you just in one?"

"It's a really, really big one."

"She says like she's not on top of me anyway."

"Comfy?"

"Yes."

"Very."

"You left Lily at home?"

"Yeah, no malicious reason, she just felt like staying in."

"Didn't think there was."

"Well tell that to mum then!"

"She thinks you're keeping her away on purpose?"

"Not really, but I did get an earful about not bringing her and how much they miss her."

"Awww."

"They miss her more than us."

"Doubt that's true."

"Well I miss her."
"Tell me about her."

"She's the smartest-"

"Most sarcastic."

"Purest, funniest person in the whole world."

"She's fast. Too fast. Brain fast. It's dizzying."

"Everything about her is dizzying."

"You've been with her for years, maybe you should just be checked for vertigo if she's still making you dizzy."

"She's perfect, Moony, you're going to love her."

"I don't doubt it, she's already my favourite."

"She's not making you a friendship bracelet!"

"Or talking to you every second of every day!"

"I am outraged."

"Scandalized."

"Hmph."

"You two are something else."

"Why thank you."

"We love you, too."

"Mhm. Goodnight?"

"Goodnight!"

"Okay. Sweet dreams, Pumpkin."

"You too, Sugar Plum."

"Sugar Plum???

"Shhhhh bedtime James, shut your face."

"Sugar Plum???

"She insists I call her that. That or Cupcake."

"This is lies!"

"Shhh, Cupcake, sleepy time."

"Hmph."
"Hihi, Cupcake."

"Shut iiiiiiiit."

"Okay, okay."

"I mean don't, but you know what I mean."

"Night, love."

"Kiss please."

"..."

"Night night."

"James?"

"Mmmhm?"

"Friday is really close."

"Friday is... Tomorrow."

"What, no! Is it? No. No, right? Thursday, tomorrow's Thursday."

"Nah, mate. Five after twelve. It's officially Thursday already."

"Ughhh I hate you, don't scare me like that."

"That was a fun thirty seconds though, you should see you."

"No it wasn't! And it's dark, you couldn't see me either."

"I could feel how your face looked, it was priceless, trust me."

"Not funny, James."

"You have a whole day still, relax."

"I can't relax. What if he doesn't like me?"

"Hey. Hey. Focus. There is literally nothing about you he shouldn't like. Sure, lots of things could go wrong. Him not liking you is not one of them."

"What could go wrong?!"

"Shhhhh, come back here. Nothing bad. Little things. His train could be delayed, it could rain you out of your plans, just setbacks, nothing that won't turn out for the best anyway. I promise."

"What if."

"No. Whatever happens, you'll turn it into something good. Things will happen, it's not going to be exactly as it is in your head, but that doesn't mean it's not going to be spectacular. And you're Sirius."
You can do anything. You can do this."

"I really like him."

"Oh, I know. But I also know he really likes you too."

"It's never been like this before."

"I know. Tell me about it."

"Dunno. He just feels right."

"How?"

"In every way. I don't know how to describe it... He fits."

"Feels like he does."

"I'll have to tell him soon."

"Worry about one thing at a time."

"I'm not that worried about it."

"What are you, about it?"

"A bit wary, still. You know what the law's like. But also a bit excited."

"You think he'll take it well?"

"Yeah. I do. I think he'll be a complete nerd about it."

"Think he'll want to know more than we can tell him because everything Binns ever said went in one ear and out the other?"

"Prongs. Prongs. He studies History. He'll definitely want to know everything we were supposed to learn from Binns."

"Well you're fucked there. Hah! You're going to have to learn it for him. You are going to be stuck studying for that class forever, you're doomed to it."

"Nu uh!! I'll just give him my old textbooks... If I can find them."

"You think it's endearing, don't you?"

"So very much."

"And you're not worried he'll react badly?"

"I mean yeah, there's always that chance, isn't there? But I'm more worried about him feeling like I've been lying than him not accepting magic."

"Hey Padfoot?"

"Yeah?"
"You know what that means, right?"

"No?"

"You know him."

"Oh."

"Mhm. You can confidently predict his reaction and everything. You know him."

"I like knowing him."

"It's really good."

"Feels good."

"Now tell me. Putting the fact that you're Sirius aside, do you think that the Remus you know is going to like Sirius?"

"...Yes."

"So do I."

"Thanks, Jamie."

"Anytime, love."

***

"Sirius?"

"Yea?"

"Oh. Coming back to bed?"

"No."

"What's wrong?"

"Can't sleep anymore, can't stay still."

"What are you doing?"

"Dunno. Wanna go fly again?"

"Now? Yeah, okay."

"You're the best."

"You're just lucky we're here and have the field."

"Mhm. Moony, good morning. Text me when you wake up."
Good morning

Oh Mgod that says 6 not 9, never mind

Noooo come back to me

When did you get up

You don't want to know

All okay?

Yeah. Too much energy

Why don't you go running

We

Did

This morning

Nooo I was joking

And what do you mean this morning, it's morning now!

Early. Like early for me

And it was good!

Ughhhh you're impossible

I'm glad it was good I guess

Thank youu

Good morning, by the way

So. Early.

Go back to sleep?

But you said to stay

You did. I'm calm now. I can do another few hours

Okay

2

Sleep nice
I slept nice

Good!

Mmhmm

Feel better?

I still think it's too early, but yes

What time are you tutoring?

12

And then I have a train at 3

A train here

Yes

To where I am

Close

Mhm

And then tomorrow to exactly where you are

To me

To you

Wow

Yeah.

Nervous?

More excited

Me too

The weather's supposed to be nice

Oh! Oh good, I didn't think to check

Mum just said

Thank her for me

She says you're welcome and good choice on cherry

My pleasure

Mhm
How is it?

Still brewing

Enjoy

Ughhhhh

She wants you to say you'll look after me tomorrow, because apparently I'm four years old

I'm going to look after you.

Ughhhhh

And the party's gonna be safe

I can give her the contact information of everyone attending if she'd like

It's at our flat and it's only trusted friends, minimal drinking, no other substances. It's about as safe as it can get.

Don't give her ideas

Sure, now she's calmer, like I haven't told her this before

Does she have my number at least?

She does

And the address

She can use it anytime she's anxious

No. She can use it in emergencies. Or if I don't come home for a week.

Ooh a week

Are you thinking of all that you could do with me if you kidnapped me for a week?

Yes

Care to share?

Just all of the places we could go

We could have time at the flat without there being a party to worry about

We could talk and talk and talk

You could get tired of me the second day and spend the next five wishing you were home

Mum says you sound more innocent than a puppy

I could meet Alice

Why??? I'm innocently kidnapping her only son????
Innocently, yes

Am not

Can't even be called a kidnapping

I'm Moony napping

I feel like that would happen a lot over the course of a week, Moony napping

Very likely

That wouldn't be so bad

Oh so if I'm with you I'm allowed to nap?

Yes.

Good incentive

I think so

So are you back home?

Yes, now we are

But you're gonna leave me for work soon?

Yeah, getting changed for it

Hmph

I'm sorry

Oh, no, definitely don't feel bad about it

Okay

Hate the hours I'm not talking to you though

Me too

Let's petition for less of them

Should've picked a better day for that. I'll probably still be on the train when you get out.

That's

Unwelcome

Yeah

And I should NOT skip work becaaaaause

Because it will be 40 minutes tops, and you can wait that much
Can I?
Yes
Hmph

Remember that you love your job
And that I'll be yours all day tomorrow
In person

Ok
<3

You too

Travel safe please
I will. Have fun at work.

Thank you

Tutoring went well. Meeting her again on Monday, and someone else called if I could help their sons with maths, so that's gonna happen. Gonna go grab some lunch now before I have to leave.

Lunch was sandwiches, they were alright. About to board the train now. Might nap. Hope your day's going well.

I'm so happy that everything went well! And you have another gig! And that you're coming now!

Here

Welcome!

Thank you, thank you

Hi Alice!

Alice, rudely, did not come to pick me up

Um, never mind Alice
Still alone then?

Yes

Hmph

It's alright

Don't like it

I'm used to it

That's not better

I don't mind

Is it? Do you like it better?

No

Then I repeat. Hmph.

I'll be there soon

Okay

Hey, about tomorrow, can we meet at South Kensington station?

Oh, sure?

Just closest for me

South Kensington, then

Tomorrow

Tomorrow morning

9.30

Okay.

Sirius?

Yes?

I'm here, I'm in London, this is gonna happen

If you still want it to, yes.

I want it to so badly

Me too

Tomorrow
One more sleep

Less than 16 hours

I get to hug you?

Yes

With my arms

Yes

In real life

In person.

It's so far away.

It's so close.

Not close enough

Closer than ever before

Want it to be now

Sorry

Hmph

Alice says hi back

Oh good

How is she?

Just got here

Nervous

About Alice?

No, Alice is nervous about her date tomorrow

Ooooooh good luck! She's amazing, she'll be fine, I just hope the other person's alright

She won't tell me anything about them

Well that's rude

Why???

Probably revenge for me not telling her your name

Rude. Why that also?
Didn't right away and then it became a thing

What do you call me then?

Well she calls you star boy/girl

Oh

Close enough, alright

Is it?

Yes

Okay

You don't want her to know me?

What, no

Of course I want her to know you

Okay

I never shut up about you

Yeah

Sirius.

Yeah

You are so so important to me. And I really want you two to meet. And if you want, I'll tell her right now. It's really funny when she's trying to guess, but it's definitely not worth you being upset.

No

It's fine, really. I know it's not like how it sounded in my head.

I promise it's not.

I know

Sorry

Nothing to be sorry for

Other than nervous, how is she?

A bit tired from work, but good

Good

Not too tired for hugs, so that's good

So just the right amount of tired
For a quiet night in, yes

Good?

The best

Excellent

Your party planning going well?

Too well, there's nothing left to do

Great, you can just relax then

How, with all this energy?

Have a pre-party

Go on.

You, James, Lily, Peter. Dance off.

But then who will judge????

I'll judge based on your descriptions

Hmmm okay

Yesss

Are you doing it?

Yes

James is first

I'd describe it as jerky but rhythmic

Song?

We're Not Gonna Take It

Hmm okay

Now Pete

Wooo Pete

Firth of Fifth, interpretive dance

Please tell me more

Honestly, I think you should see for yourself tomorrow
Ohhh okay

It's quite something

I can imagine

Me me me my turn

Good luck<3

Thank youuuu

You'll be in my pocket

The only way I'd want to dance

Heartbreaker

Me or the song?

Oh, yes both

Hmph

;

Shush and dance

Yesss

Well??

Table dance and I think I should get bonus points for creative use of props and making James angry for my arse being on the table again

I'll consider it

Thank you thank you

Mhm

And Lily

Go Lily!!

Rude????

You're the judge, you can't just ?????

Go Lilyyyy!!

HMPH

I Can See For Miles
Hair and hips

Mmm

?????????????????

I think you're right, I can't judge properly

Clearly

Hmph

4 points, 3 points, 2 points, 1 point. Who would you give them to and why? Then pass the phone to the next person

4 points to Lily for not falling down while she was doing the hair swooshy thing. 3 points to Pete, for innovation. 2 to James for nearly breaking a hip.

Thank you, your vote has been noted

Hi Remus;
4 to me because mine was Definitely the most creative. 3 to Lily because she managed to be graceful and hardcore at the same time. 2 to James because, I dunno, he can keep time? 1 to Sirius for blatant sinfulness.

Best Friend, Moony, it's too hard I can't.

Have a longer think about it and give me back to Pete

Yes?

Hi, how are you?

Splendid, how are you?

I'm alright.

Was something wrong with my assessment?

Oh no, not at all, I like it a lot, I would actually like to know more about it

Which bits?

Well I find myself especially intrigued by 'blatant sinfulness'

You would, wouldn't you

I really would

You're both gross

Ok

=D
James made up his mind yet?

Maybe

Okay okay. Let's try.

Sirius 4 because Damn. Lily 3 because DAMN. Peter 2 because wow and me 1 because everyone else deserves 4.

Thank you, I can see this was hard for you. Go treat yourself to a nice vegetable.

Thank you

You're welcome

Peter - 4, he used the space best, Sirius - 3, he stood on a table and danced like a stripper, what's not to love, I guess me - 2 and James definitely 1. Great body, terrible dancing.

Do you want to do the honours of revealing the scores?

Oooh yes!

[Image of a piece of paper with scores written on it]

Aww I'm a lightbulb

Thank you!!!!

Well I've been told you're really smart, and you seem like you'd light up the whole room

Awwwwwwww you're the sweetest

Getting very mixed assessments today

Sounds right, from this group

Oh they're pouting

Here have your

Sirius
Thank you

We're going to make a blanket fort in James's room and they're not allowed in.

Am I allowed in?

Yes but you have to come here

Can't, working

Working?

As Alice's fashion adviser

She's trying on outfits for tomorrow

Oooooh

Yes

Enjoy!

You enjoy pouting in your fort

I will, we're bringing snacks

Normal people snacks or James snacks?

I listed them as a positive, didn't I?

Okay, good, just checking

Yessss

Have fun

Talk to you soon?

Yes

Okay

We let them into the fort

Got bored without the winners?

Felt bad for them

Joke's on them anyway, we changed the password to "James and Sirius REALLY won the dance off no take backsies"

So they had to say it to get in

Wow. Mature.
Maturity is overrated
True enough
Did you pick an outfit?
Yes, a sundress
Aww cute
Very
And you?
I'm sticking with the jumper
Mhm but what kind?
Really soft
Mmm
Mhm
I'm gonna hug it
Yes you are
And you
And me
Soon
So soon
Few hours
Few hours
I should probably go to sleep
Probably should
And when I'll wake up it'll be you day
It's actually going to happen
It is.
Thank you.
Why?
I believe you.
Good.

Questions?

Yes

What's one thing you want from tomorrow that we haven't said yet?

*I'm really looking forward to seeing your flat. Especially your room. It'll make imagining you better, or at least more realistic.*

That will definitely happen

Promise?

I promise

Okay. Same question.

Same answer.

I'd really like to be able to picture you in my flat and in my bedroom.

It will definitely happen

I'm counting on it

Goodnight?

Don't want to call?

Alice's not sleeping yet

Okay

I'll

I will see you tomorrow

Yes. See you tomorrow.

Okay

Sweet dreams

You too

I can't sleep

Me neither

*More nervous or more excited?*

Excited. All of it is excitement
Me too

It's so close

I know

I've tried everything, I just can't be sleepy

Wanna try listening to me breathe and Alice snore?

Yes.

Call

Chapter End Notes

Next is gonna be up tomorrow or on Monday or! I can't make any promises! Things could happen! But they won't for nerds, they're gonna meet, stop worrying about that
Did you get any sleep?

I did

Your breathing is very relaxing

Yours too

Remus

I know

Mhm

It's too early, but I feel really awake

It's actual morning

It is

Is Alice up?

Not yet

Go through her things

Why?

Dunno, why not?

Respecting privacy?

Overrated

I already know everything she's got?

Damn

You have my permission to assume I need no privacy

Thank you, I'll keep that in mind

Welcome
Oh!
Yes
I love those
I've always liked them, but I like them even more now
They're my socks
So you can step on me and whatnot
I'll be gentle in my steps
I appreciate it
Tea?
Is there enough time for tea?
What does she have?
Black and green and mint
Mint
Okay
Yum
Sirius
Yes
One hour
Oooooookay
Still all excited?
Entirely.
Dressed?
Getting

Put it off as long as possible to make sure I don't have to change before I go

Smart

I have my moments

I'm gonna wake up Alice to say bye

Okay. Okay okay okay okay okay. And then. Okay. Oookay.

Yes.

Hey

Yes?

I'm really glad I texted the wrong number

Me too.

Okay. I'm going to go, I'll talk to you later, I'm meeting someone for breakfast

Fucking h

My heart just sank before I realized it's me, you're meeting me, me me me

Remus!

Shhh I knooooow

I will see YOU in just a bit, okay?

Okay

Yes.

Okay.

Okay

Sirius waited out in front of South Kensington Station, coaxing his hair into a messy bun and desperately trying not to check his phone every two seconds. When it vibrated he nearly threw it at a nearby pillar.

I'm here

I see you

He looked around until he spotted the curls above the other heads moving in his direction. By the
time he could see Remus’s eyes and nervous smile, Sirius’s legs were shaking. By the time he had to look up in order to see his face properly, Sirius had lost most of the feeling to all of his limbs.

“Oh, so you’re still cute, then,” Remus smirked at him.

“And you’re still quite hot,” Sirius nodded.

Remus shook his head, but he never stopped smiling. He was wearing light trousers that were too big around the hips but a bit too short above the ankle, and what was possibly the most comfortable looking jumper Sirius had ever seen. Grey with flecks of colours throughout.

“About that hugging thing?”

“Yes?”

If Remus was about to request that they not hug, Sirius’s heart was about to break. He would of course do nothing that might make Remus uncomfortable, but he’d been thinking about those impossibly long arms all week.

“I would like it now, if you would.”

Sirius did not need telling twice. His arms were around Remus’s middle almost instantly. After half a second, Remus’s closed around Sirius as well.

There was hesitancy in both of them that Sirius wished he could dissolve by simply remembering how important they already were to each other. But there was also warmth. And the smell of tea-tree and wool, and something unidentifiable that vaguely reminded him of Padfoot. He decided that even with the newness, it was in the top ten hugs he’d received in his life.

When they finally pulled away and began walking, Remus asked, “So what’s for breakfast, then?”

Sirius shrugged. “I figured we’d walk around and let your nose decide. You’re the pastry-connoisseur.”

Remus was looking at Sirius as frequently as his coordination would allow him to. Sirius knew this because every time he looked up, Remus was already looking at him. “Maybe, but I trust your judgment where smell is concerned, you’re a professional with aromas, now.”

Sirius practically snorted. “Kissarse.”

Remus’s grin widened and he made sure he had Sirius’s eye before he winked.

Sirius nearly fell face first into the pavement.

He would have, if Remus’s hand hadn’t caught his wrist and pulled him upright before he could finish falling.

He righted himself, but Remus’s hand didn’t return to his side. So Sirius moved his arm back until their hands slid together and their fingers found spaces between each other.

_Is this happening, is this real?_

“Yes okay?” Remus asked, like he’d done it himself.

“Very okay.”
Sirius was adamant about keeping his fingers laced through Remus’s. He knew that partly this was because it felt good to be holding hands with someone, and good to know that there was something more in holding that hand than platonic friendship. But more than that, feeling Remus’s knuckles against his fingertips felt grounding. He could believe that Remus existed like this. Looking at him was still a bit much. A bit surreal. But he could feel him in his hands. He was real.

Whenever they passed a shop window Sirius invariably glanced over to check how they looked together and it startled him every time. He came up to not quite the full height of Remus’s shoulder. Their hands looked about as good together as they felt. Sirius’s skin seemed terribly pale against Remus’s, darker and spattered with freckles that brought Sirius’s mind clear away every time he caught sight of them. They looked like they fit. They looked natural. In the intermittent bits of reflection Sirius could spot, they looked established. Like Sirius never went walking down any street without this tall, beautiful person attached to him by the hand.

“That smells like absolute heaven,” Remus groaned when someone twenty paces ahead opened the door to a small shop and the scent of fresh baked bread wafted out with them. Sirius was momentarily caught off guard by the longing in Remus’s voice.

“Smells like breakfast?” He asked. Remus didn’t answer, he just made a beeline for the bakery door, pulling Sirius along with him.

Yes , Sirius thought at every person they passed, we’re holding hands, we’re together, me and this Remus of mine. Physically together. Look how good we look together. It was probable that no one was staring or even looking at them, but- Sirius glanced up at Remus, who happened to be licking his lips- they really should have been.

“What’ll it be?” The girl behind the counter asked.

Remus looked at him expectantly.

“Oh, I’ll just have a croissant,” he requested and reluctantly let go of Remus’s hand to slip his muggle wallet out of his bag.

“And I’ll have four.”

Sirius stared at him. “Four!!”

“I’m only peckish, really it just smells so good,” Remus shrugged.

“Four because you’re peckish?” Sirius asked, incredulous, as the girl collected five croissants into a bag and handed it to Remus.

“You think I should get a few more for later?”

“Moony.”

“Fine, fine, just the four, then.” Remus began digging around in his pocket.

“No, don’t you dare.” Sirius grabbed his fingers up before he could complete his search. “This one’s mine.”

Sirius took Remus’s hand and placed it around his waist for safe keeping while he paid the girl for the croissants. This seemed to sufficiently distract Remus for a moment.
“I’ll get lunch?” He asked, unmoving.

“Probably not, no.”

It was the wrong thing to say. Remus removed his hand and Sirius immediately felt the loss and cursed himself for it. Figuratively.

“Sirius.” Remus’s tone was almost warning.

“No, look. It’s just money. It means a hell of a lot less to me, so why not? I’m not measuring our friendship in fiscal value, are you?”

“No, but-”

“Please. It’s the same as with the phone bill. Please. Repay me all you want in socks or something. For M- For goodness sake, you’re here. You came to London for me. Let me throw money I don’t care about at food for you. Deal?”

After a moment, Remus’s eyes softened -green, green, green and brown and green green green- but he didn’t put his hand back on Sirius’s waist. He did find Sirius’s fingers again, though, now that they were unoccupied.

They sat at a table overlooking the storefront window to watch the passers by. Remus’s legs took up so much room. They slotted between Sirius’s under the table, much to his distraction. Every so often one of Remus’s knees would brush against one of his and he felt himself begin speaking louder whenever it did, to compensate for the fact that he could no longer think of whatever he’d been trying to say. They sat for awhile and invented stories about the passing pedestrians.

“So, about Regent’s,” Remus started, “Seems a bit far, right now, doesn’t it?”

Sirius shrugged. “We could take the tube?” No part of him wanted to take the tube, but he would probably light himself on fire if it meant he could accommodate Remus.

Remus’s fingers fidgeted between Sirius’s. “I dunno. That seems like a lot of people?” He said it like a question. “In a small space?”

“Alright, scratch Regent’s, then. Hyde?” Privately, Sirius was relieved. The idea of attempting to handle all those muggle machines again without Lily, whilst trying to blend in, seemed too overwhelming. She’d given him an Oyster card, but he was pretty sure it still sat on the end table next to the sofa where she’d first handed it to him. Anywhere he needed to be, he could walk, and if it was close enough, he could apparate. Apparition made Sirius quite violently ill; he could stand it if it wasn’t too terribly far, but the squeezing feeling always got to him. Usually a combination of walking and apparating got him wherever he needed to go. Who could remember to carry that little bit of plastic with them anyway, especially when one changed outfit five times a day and had a different handbag for every mood.

They agreed on Hyde Park as they left the bakery.

“This is perfect, you’ll see. You say animals don’t like you much? Well these are the friendliest squirrels in the world, right here, they’re going to love you.”

“They’re not, though.”
“They are.”

The squirrels did not love Remus.

They scattered from him like he had a permanent dungbomb stuck to his shoe that only squirrels could smell. Sirius seemed distressed by this.

He spotted a small group of the critters at the base of a tree and skipped over to them. Remus kept their previous walking pace steady to allow him to get closer before they scurried away. Additionally, it gave him the opportunity to ogle a bit. Why, oh why, out of all the outfits Sirius went on about choosing from, did he have to pick the one with the leather trousers? Or perhaps they all had some variation of leather trousers and Remus was doomed no matter what. He watched the curve of Sirius’s arse as he moved ahead. Remus got the feeling that Sirius could have worn a burlap sack with a hole for his head and looked just as incredible.

He caught up with Sirius at the tree.

“Know what’d be brilliant right now?” Sirius asked.

Remus folded his arms and awaited the response.

“To be a dog. Chasing squirrels, is there anything more fun for a dog? I’ll save you the trouble. No, there is not.” Sirius was eyeing the group of rodents that had slipped away into the grass.

It was one of the strangest sentiments he’d ever heard. But, he reminded himself, this was the same person who had debated the sentience of pigeons not too long ago. “You do realize you don’t actually need to be a dog to chase squirrels, correct?”

Sirius considered this. “Huh. You’re right.” And he was off. Running top speed at the squirrels, who darted in all directions around them. Remus thought he heard him growl.

Remus watched him launch himself into the grass, in his leather trousers, with his loose-fitted t-shirt bunching up around his abdomen, barking quite convincingly, and thought why do I like this nerd? But as Sirius stood and smiled at him and his heart tumbled over itself, he couldn’t for a second deny that he did.

Sirius caught back up with him and slipped his hand back into Remus’s. He tapped their fingers together playfully before slotting them through each other so smoothly, Remus had trouble remembering they’d been parted at all.

They walked and chatted. Sirius made note that he didn’t know what he should be doing with his hands now that they weren’t occupied with his mobile for the day. Remus squeezed his fingertips and told him he thought his hands were doing just fine.

When they came to the statue of Peter Pan Remus smiled and moved closer for further examination.

“Do you know him?” Sirius asked. Remus laughed, though Sirius’s tone was completely earnest.

“It’s a statue of Peter Pan,” he stated needlessly. Sirius’s expression remained blank. “No? No Robin Hood, no Snoopy, I don’t really know why I expected you to know Peter Pan. Come here.”

He led them over to the grass behind the statue and they sat, sprawled out and looking up at it while Remus told him the story as best as he could from memory. Sirius wasn’t just listening the entire time. He was engaged. He hung on every word Remus said and gasped and “oooh”-ed in all the right places, and asked questions when he didn’t understand.
When the story ended, Sirius applauded and pulled out his mobile. “I have to- do you mind? I want to call Wormy real quick and tell him this.”

“You have to call Wormtail to tell him the story of Peter Pan?”

“*Peter* Pan, Remus, yes.”

Remus shrugged and smiled. “It’s fine with me, go right ahead.”

He watched Sirius fiddle with the press-buttons on his impossibly old phone. He scrolled through the contacts one at a time. How was this person even real?

The call to Peter took only a few moments, as Sirius was promptly laughed off the line.

“Well how was I supposed to know he already knew the story?” Sirius pouted. Remus was prepared to join Wormtail in the laughing, but Sirius’s bottom lip was puckered and the lip ring he’d been eyeing was between Sirius’s teeth. The sight was terribly distracting.

“I think it’s sweet that you called him to tell him, either way,” he said, instead of you seem to be having trouble biting your lip, can I help you with that?

They sat there in the grass and talked and talked. Sirius was the first to eventually sprawl out on his back and use his arms as a cushion to look up at the sky. Remus joined him rather quickly.

They kept talking, elbows brushing elbows. Sometimes on accident, sometimes not.

The sky was a rare, beautiful blue. The sun felt warm on his face, even if the air was on the chillier side. He closed his eyes and sank into the rhythms of Sirius’s voice, going on about the people that would be at the party that night. It came in waves of excited chatter and long, soothing prose. Ebbing and flowing.

“Oh, no you don’t.” Sirius swatted his stomach and his eyes jerked open with a start.

“What, what’d I do?”

A warm body was suddenly beside him, so close he could feel the heat, and then a head came down to rest on his upper arm, the part not tucked under his own.

“You’re falling asleep.”

“I’m comfortable. It’s what I do.”

“Not today, you don’t. Today you are mine, you can sleep when you’re dead.” The words *today you are mine* rolled around in Remus’s head and made him dizzy. *Everyday*, he thought at them.

Remus turned his head to face Sirius. He’d overestimated the distance. Sirius’s small, slightly upturned nose was mere inches from his.

“You were talking about Hestia, then?” He prompted.

Sirius looked mildly taken aback. “Oh, you were listening.”

“Of course I was listening, you were talking.”

Sirius seemed to want to say something else on the matter, but thought better of it and went back to singing all of Hestia’s praises.
“Does the Market seem too far away to you today, too?” Sirius asked, cutting himself off in his own conversation.

“For walking, yes. But we could take a bus, right?”

Sirius seemed not to have considered this option. “Oh, yes. Alright, a bus. About ready to go, then?”

He sat up and pulled a reluctant Remus up with him. “Yes, but only because food.”

“The great motivator, I know,” Sirius got to his feet, smiling.

“My one and only.”

Sirius’s eyes narrowed, but he didn’t disagree.

The first bus turned out to be unsatisfactory.

“What was wrong with that one?!” Remus asked incredulous as Sirius refused to get on the second one that came by.

“It’s not open roof!” He said it like it was obvious and logical and not at all insane. “What would even be the point?”

When a sufficiently open-air double decker finally arrived, Sirius led the way up and sat in the very first row. Bouncing with excitement. Remus couldn’t take his eyes off of him.

“I just love how the wind feels in my hair up here,” he explained, though Remus really didn’t need an excuse to enjoy Sirius’s carefree smile.

If ever he’d been worried that he wasn’t head over heels crushing on this person, he wasn’t anymore.

When the bus began moving Sirius closed his eyes and his lips fell into a perfectly peaceful smile. The moving air caught in Remus’s curls and tickled his scalp. It did feel pleasant.

“Oh! Wait,” Sirius sat upright, clearly having had an epiphany. Remus watched transfixed as Sirius tugged the tie out of his hair and let it fall around his face, down his neck, over his shoulders. He watched him sweep it all back so that it caught in the wind. There was nothing small about his smile anymore.

If Remus made it through the day alive, he’d be impressed with himself.

Sirius came off of the bus looking windswept and flushed. Remus was suddenly very aware that this was The Most Beautiful Person in London, and he was holding his hand. They’d switched sides because Remus’s fingers were beginning to numb on the other.

Remus’s stomach felt as empty as it had before he’d eaten all the croissants. He could smell the food from there, potent in his sensitive nose. His mouth was watering already. “Let’s goooooo,” he pulled Sirius along. He didn’t seem to mind.

Sirius got side tracked on the way to food. There was too much colour and fabric for him not to be.
He had to touch everything, pulling sleeves and skirts over his wrists to check contrast and softness, occasionally commenting on one or the other.

“What do you think of this one?” He asked, pulling a sundress—bright yellow and orange tie-dye—against the lines of his body, modeling it for Remus. Remus’s throat went dry.

“I think you should get that,” he managed to choke out.

Sirius beamed and handed money to the vendor.

This occurred several times, until Sirius had two new dresses, a pair of flats, a shirt with liquid-like flowing fabric, and a bag to carry it all in. Remus was feeling weak in the knees by the end of it. He tried to attribute it to hunger, but he was beginning to be conditioned to salivate whenever Sirius asked “Does this look alright?” like one of Pavlov’s dogs.

When Sirius had had enough of the clothes, it seemed like food was definitely next. But then they came to a book shop. Remus stopped. He looked left to the food market and back to the shop.

“Go on, then,” Sirius sounded amused.

“I’ll only be a minute,” he promised.

“Forty seven minutes and thirty eight seconds.”

Remus glanced up from the table of contents he’d been skimming through in a book of poetry. Last time he’d looked up, Sirius was still leafing through a book with a vibrant pink cover and large, block lettering. “Pardon?”

“You have been browsing for forty seven minutes and, well, now it’s forty six seconds.”

Guilt washed through Remus. “I’m so sorry. Has it really been that long?”

“It has, but you need to take back that apology this instant.” Sirius folded his arms stubbornly. His eyebrows were set, the skin around the piercings there dimpling.

“No, I’m wasting our time, I am sorry.” He made a mental note about the book for some other time when he had the money before closing it.

“Oh yes, because watching Moony in his natural habitat has been a real hardship for me. I may never recover from the trauma.”

Remus smiled and Sirius linked his arm through his. “Please continue.”

But Remus put the book down. “No, we can go.”

“You're not going to get anything? All that and you're not going to get anything?” Sirius asked.

“Nope. I was just browsing, really.”

Sirius looked at the book Remus was tucking back into the shelf. “If you say so.” He seemed unsatisfied by this, but they left the shop together regardless.
“Now food?” Remus asked on the way out.

“Yes, yes, let’s feed you. Actually, I’m a bit peckish now, too.”

They made their way to where the smell of food was coming from. How had Remus resisted this when he was here with Alice only weeks ago?

“We’re still doing the thing where we get a bunch and share?” Remus asked. Looking at the options he’d never be able to pick only a few things.

Sirius was nodding when a by-passer nearly plowed him over in his hurry. He halted immediately.

“Pardon, Sir,” the man steadied himself and apologized, “Terribly sorry about that. Sir. Sir?”

Remus had caught Sirius by the hand when he’d stumbled back. He seemed okay, but the way his eyes met Remus’s made his chest tight. There was an emptiness in them he knew very well. A forced ghost of a smile that had no place on a face that wanted to be crying.

Remus addressed the man, who had yet to walk away. “She’s alright, I’ve got her.”

The man walked away, but Remus barely noticed. His eyes were locked to Sirius’s, who was looking at him like he’d just rescued her from drowning. Her fingers squeezed his, tight but by no means uncomfortable, and she broke eye contact to continue walking.

They selected three items each and made their way to the canal to sit back on the ground as they had at Hyde. While they ate, they talked about Remus’s mum. Her job, her wit, her unnatural obsession with completely useless trivia facts. And they talked about Mrs. Potter and Mr. Potter, and how they were both retired and yet somehow still busy all of the time. They talked long beyond the end of all the food. Remus had at some point obtained Sirius’s hand and was tracing over the lines of her palm with his fingertips.

“Do we have to go anywhere else?” Sirius asked it like anywhere else they could go would be considered a chore.

“Not if we don’t want to.”

“Can we just stay here? This is nice.”

No part of Remus could disagree with that. “Yes, we can just stay here.” He wondered what it would be like to kiss the soft skin of Sirius’s palm.


Remus whined internally but made no outward protest.

She ran back in the direction of the shops and he watched her go, all too aware of the way her hair bounced and swung around her, and exactly how the trousers moved around her arse while she walked.

She didn’t return for several minutes, but when she did, she carried with her a small bag. From it, as she approached, she pulled the poetry book Remus had been looking through before they’d ventured outside.
“Sirius you didn’t-”

“It’s not for you, it’s for me. Read to me.” She pushed it into his hands.

“Excuse me?”

“Please read to me.”

Remus sat up and rested his back against the wall behind him, facing the canal. He dug in the deep pocket of his trousers for his reading glasses and slid them on. Sirius made a loud coughing sound that wasn’t quite a cough.

“Alright?” He asked.

“Fine, fine,” she waved him on, breathless. “But you didn’t have those on in the shop?”

He shrugged. “These? Well, I was only browsing, then.”

She said nothing but her cheeks had gone an entertaining shade of pink.

He flipped through the book past the forward to the first poem. Sirius maneuvered herself so that she was right beside him. If she uncrossed her legs their thighs might press together.

By the second poem, her head was pressed against his upper arm and her eyes were closed.

By the fifth, her legs were stretched out in front of her. He’d been right about their thighs.

By the seventh, her phone was ringing.

She murmured an apology and pressed her forehead against his arm. It felt warm and affectionate.

“Prongs, on your life this had better be important,” she said by way of greeting.

Sirius kept her call volume at full blast. Remus could hear James as though he were on speaker phone. “I know I said I wouldn’t bother you, but pleeeeeease can you come help with the party stuff? Nothing’s ready yet, getting rid of things took longer than I thought.” He vaguely wondered what the stressed ‘things’ might be, but it wasn’t so pressing that he’d push for details. While James was talking, Sirius’s fingers were tracing a scar on his arm much the same way he’d been tracing the lines on her hand earlier.

Sirius chewed her lip ring and looked up at Remus. “Would you mind heading to the flat a bit early?”

“Not at all.”

They stood together and he stretched while Sirius finished on the call with James.

“It’s not much,” Sirius warned before she turned the key to let them into the flat, “But welcome to home.”

The very first notable thing about the flat was that everything was littered with pastel balloons. The floor and ceiling alike were covered in them. The door opened into a single room that looked like it was trying to be a lot of rooms all at once. Off to the right there was a seating area, the sofa crammed just a bit too close to the television. There were two end tables and a chair that looked like it had
never been sat in off to the side at an angle that would never let an inhabitant see the TV. It was instead piled high with what appeared to be patchwork quilts and hand-crocheted blankets.

To the left, much closer, was a bookshelf overflowing with records on the bottom four shelves, but with several ostentatiously blank spaces between books on the upper three. It made no sort of logical sense to Remus. The record player sat on an end table that matched the two in what he supposed he should call the sitting room.

Further down that way was the dining area. A round table that should seat maybe five people at most had eight chairs jammed around it. The walls were as peculiar as anything else. In some spots, there were photographs and paintings squished so close together they overlapped in a few places, but in other spots they were completely bare. It felt like things had been removed hastily. Maybe when Lily moved in, Remus reconciled, but this didn’t sit quite right either.

An archway behind the ‘sitting room’ appeared to lead to the kitchen. Remus could see a counter top littered with groceries - a decent looking amount of snacks, from what he could tell.

Two doors broke up the plain wall at the end of the room directly opposite of where Remus stood, beyond the dining room table. Remus assumed those were the bedrooms.

“Loo is through the kitchen there,” Sirius pointed as she spoke. “My room’s stage right, James’ is on the left there.”

Remus took it all in. All of the things that didn’t make sense and all of the things that made perfect sense when factoring Sirius, Lily, and James into it. He found he loved it. He walked over to the nearest painting. Something abstract but brilliantly colourful. It screamed of Sirius.

“Like I said, it’s not much. But neither of us really wanted something lavish, we’d had enough of all that, and we still do when we go home to mum and dad. And we don’t really need much space, we live on top of each other anyway. And we like the area. There’s a bakery not far from here I think you’d like, it’s the one I told you Reg went to that time-”

Remus put a hand on Sirius’s shoulder to quiet her. It worked instantly. “Padfoot, I love it, don’t worry.”

Sirius’s entire face lit up. “Okay. Well, I’m going to set up some trays in the kitchen, make yourself comfortable wherever. You can put on a record for us if you’d like.”

“If we have a little while before the party I think I’d like to take the binder off for a bit?” He didn’t ordinarily spend more than a few hours at a time out of the house, he wasn’t terribly used to wearing it for so long, and it wasn’t the correct size in the first place; he’d bought it second hand. It was starting to feel too compressive. “Your room’s on the right, you said?”

“Yes!” Sirius hurried over to the door in question and led the way inside. She immediately flopped down onto the bed to allow Remus space to register the new environment.

The bed was really most of the room. The only other furniture of note was the ornate, antique looking wardrobe and the very official looking drafting table and accompanying stool. The walls were the same there as in the rest of the flat- bare where they shouldn’t be, and overcrowded in other places. Stacks of canvasses and rolls of what must have been other drawings surrounded the table. Still, it felt like it wasn’t quite as lived in as it should have been.

“Did you hide all of the embarrassing things or something?” He asked, mostly joking.

She was definitely hiding something.

“Relax, I was kidding. Can I?” He moved toward the desk but waited for Sirius to nod affirmation before he began looking through the pieces.

They were incredible. Some looked like finished work, blooming with colour and bustling with meaning. Others seemed perhaps abandoned or maybe just put off for later. There were sketches of Peter, as he remembered him from the station, and James as well. A person with Sirius’s features on a wider face with shorter hair that he assumed must be Reg. Flowers and flowers and flowers. On top of the desk there was a painting. It felt finished in an unfinished sort of way. It was just a pair of green eyes over an indiscriminate blue background that wasn’t quite finished. There was realism to them that he couldn’t explain for their abstract style.

“This is what you said I’d see?” He asked. “This is the one that’s mine for passing that test?”

She didn’t respond out loud, but when he turned around she was nodding.

“It’s beautiful.” He wanted to touch it in the worst way, but that seemed disrespectful. Instead he turned to the wardrobe. “This wasn’t what I was expecting, to be perfectly honest. All your clothes fit in here?”

Sirius cocked her head. “No? That’s just shoes and bags and things. Accessories. The walk-in’s through there.” She pointed to a door he hadn’t noticed before. He pulled it open to reveal a closet that looked about four times too large for a flat like this. It didn’t make sense. It was nearly the size of the damn bedroom.

He stepped inside and was immediately overcome with aromas. Jasmine and violet and rose, and lemon and apple and honey. It smelled like the inside of the Lush Remus had visited.

All of the clothing was organized not by type, but by colour. He pushed aside hangers, looking through some of them. New scents puffed from them with each shift. Remus thought he could quite happily live, die, and be eternally buried in this closet.

“I’ll let you keep snooping, then. I’ll be in the kitchen, come find me when you’re done.” Sirius got up off the bed and left the room with a wave.

“I’ll be right out,” Remus assured her, but kept poking through the endless apparel.

Once he felt he’d been through everything sufficiently - sufficiently enough to be able to imagine Sirius in a number of things he almost wished he hadn’t seen for the sake of his sanity - he ridded himself of his binder from under the t-shirt jumper combination he was wearing, and hung it in between two jackets in the leather subsection of the black area. Quietly, he was hoping a few hours there would make it smell like Sirius. Like leather and Lush and clean.

He ventured back into the main room and made his way to the bookshelf with all of the records on them.

The Disco Inferno album was too easy to find. It had obviously only recently been tucked back into the shelf. He arranged it carefully and waited.

Just as the first few peppy notes of Body Contact Contract blared through the flat, there was a loud, drawn out, “Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy?” from the kitchen.

Remus laughed and went to join her.
Despite her protestations she, too, was laughing when he walked in. She had busied herself with putting the numerous snacks into bowls and arranging the drinks on the counter closest to the refrigerator.

“Can I help?” He asked.

She nodded to the snack bowls. “You could set those out on the table, if you’d like.”

He grabbed several bowls and did just that, but not before stuffing a fist full of crisps into his mouth.

“Charming,” she murmured as he walked away, but the effect was ruined by her smile.

It was only a few moments later that the door to the flat opened and in walked James and a stack of pizza boxes. “Home, love?” He called before he caught sight of Remus.

“Kitchen, say hi, we have company!” Sirius yelled from the other room. James looked around wildly until finally his eyes landed on Remus, who waved.

Instantly the pizza was on the sofa and James was right there in front of him.

“Best Friend! Remus! Remus Moony Lupin, welcome to London, welcome to our flat! It’s so incredible to have you here, can I hug you?”

Remus felt more than a little exposed without his binder on, but James was such a warm and comforting presence that he nodded ‘yes’ anyway and even hugged him back as the other boy’s arms engulfed him.

James Potter hugged for approximately three times the normal time length allotted to a casual embrace between acquaintances. But he’s not just an acquaintance, is he? , Remus thought.

“It really is, I’m so glad you’re here. Have you had a pleasant day so far? Has Padfoot embarrassed himself enough yet, or should I start helping?”

Remus tried to keep up. James was moving the pizza boxes from the sofa to the table, still smiling radiantly. “It’s been a wonderful day. She hasn’t embarrassed herself nearly enough, though, you should definitely help her out with that.”

“Oh, that I can do. Did she tell you she hid all the paintings she wasn’t completely proud of so that you wouldn’t see her mediocrity?”

“She did not.”

“Thanks a lot, Prongs,” Sirius hollered from the kitchen bitterly.

James hung an arm around Remus - an awkward angle as he was a bit shorter - and walked them both toward the back wall with the bedroom doors, instead of the kitchen as he’d expected. “I have something for you, is that alright?” He asked while they walked. Remus nodded. Relaxing at his side was almost too easy. It felt as though they’d been friends all their lives.

James pushed open the only visible door Remus had not explored.

James’s room was probably the exact same size and shape as Sirius’s, but his bed was pressed against a wall, and most of the area on the other side of the room was taken by indiscriminate trophies.

Remus had expected to see football posters, or at least some football memorabilia, but here, too, there
was a strange emptiness.

James plucked something off of the nightstand by his dresser. “Wrist please, Remus.” He held out his left arm. James tied a bit of braided strings around his wrist. It was red and gold and just the right size.

When he was finished putting it on, James hugged Remus once more. “Thank you for coming tonight.” He led them back out of his bedroom and into the kitchen, back to Sirius. Remus couldn’t stop feeling the light grip of the bracelet; it was snug in a very comforting way.

Sirius was taking still more snacks out of the refrigerator while sipping something from a plastic cup.

“What else should I tell him, Pads?” James asked and snatched Sirius’s drink away from her to take a few gulps of whatever she’d been drinking.

“Good things, nice things. You’re the worst wingman ever,” Sirius huffed.

“Wing man, are you trying to pick up Moony? I’m not sure I approve of this. Moony, remember your integrity. Don’t go home with strange women. Except this is the strangest one I know and you’re already in her flat, so you’ve failed all of this already, haven’t you? Are you feeling woo-ed?”

Remus blinked at both of them. “Not particularly?”

“Try harder, Padfoot,” James instructed.

“I have no idea how to do that.” Sirius grabbed her cup back from him. “Are you going to stand there, then? Remember how I came home from a lovely time at the canal to help you with this?”

“Right, right, right,” James sighed and set to helping.

While they worked, Remus stood against one of the counters and alternated between listening and yelling along with them.

About an hour into this, there was a sound at the door, and a “Knocking is for squares, I’m here!” And a few seconds later, Peter was standing in the doorway to the kitchen as well.

“I was told to bring the extra set of speakers, they’re in the other roo- Remus! You’re actually here!”

“It’s good to meet-”

“Are you a hugger, or a shaker, or a fist-bumper? Or I could just wave at you really hard from here, if you’d prefer?”

Remus considered the options and held up his arms. Peter walked into them. He had one of the most comfortable bodies Remus had ever been so close to.

“I’m not always a hugger, but you’re basically family, aren’t you?” He asked and set to helping Sirius slice vegetables.

“I suppose I am,” Remus’s face felt warm. Sirius smiled too widely at her carrots.

The four of them talked and joked and sang off-key for the next forty five minutes. Peter briefly left the room to set up the additional speakers and to change the music to “SOMETHING THAT DOESN’T MAKE ME QUITE AS NAUSEOUS” (at which point James reminded him who had purchased that record in the first place). Every once in awhile, Remus just closed his eyes and allowed himself to enjoy being in the space he was in. Feeling at ease in an environment with people
who thought of him as a friend, and who he thought were his friends. Whenever James nudged his arm it felt fraternal; when Peter drew him into a topic of discussion he had yet to weigh in on, it felt inclusive. When he caught Sirius looking at him when she should have been counting skewers, it felt warm and tingly.

He thought about Sirius’s sentiment from past conversations, that he’d fit right in with them. She’d been more correct than he had believed at that point. In this kitchen, with these persons, he felt like he belonged.

Less than an hour after Peter had arrived, Lily announced her presence. Apparently shouting greetings from the doorway was a ritual.

“I have cupcakes! Mostly because I don’t trust either of you to have gotten a dessert that’s not a fruit, is Peter here?” She asked on her way to the kitchen.

“I like her,” Remus said, accidentally out loud, at the notion of cupcakes. So far there was a lot of vegetation and a lot of starchy snacks, but he had yet to see a proper sweet go out to the dining room table.

“We think she’s alright,” Peter said somberly, but he was first to hug her when she entered the room. Which was saying something, considering how quickly James was at her side once she was there.

Lily’s voice was lovely, as Sirius had forewarned, and it suited her perfectly. She had hair that was almost legitimately red, rather than the ginger one might call ‘red hair’. It was vibrant and long, and did not appear to be colour treated, though Remus really couldn’t claim to be an expert on that. She had broad shoulders and thick curves. Remus thought, eyes coming to rest on her brilliant green eyes, she seemed almost ethereal. No one should be able to radiate confidence and beauty like that just by standing there existing.

“Would you be Remus?!” She asked when no one introduced them.

Remus nodded and hugged her without thinking twice about it.

“It’s so wonderful to have a face to go with all of the stories. Sirius has tried to describe you about a hundred times but-”

“But she always winds up getting sidetracked and going on and on about curls and undercuts and then she never finishes explaining,” Peter finished for her. Everyone else, including Sirius, just nodded in the affirmative.

“Congratulations on the move-in, by the way. I have something for you, but I didn’t really have anywhere to put it today, so I was thinking I’d mail it,” he explained.

“Oh, thank you! You didn’t have to get me anything, though, really.”

“But you did? You had to bring the cupcakes to your own party?” Remus said as she hopped up on the counter next to him. He half turned so that he could speak to her.

“I had to if I wanted anything sweet at all. Pete is best for salty snacks, James is under the impression that a fruit salad is a respectable dessert option, and Sirius thinks that unsweetened tea fulfills the sweet requirement in a meal.” She swung her legs while she spoke until James insinuated himself between them, back against the counter. She put her arms around his chest over his shoulder and kissed the top of his head.

“You could’ve asked Moony to stop at a bakery,” Sirius offered, “But he’d probably have eaten all
of it on the way home.”

Remus folded his arms. “I ordered as much as I knew I’d eat.”

“Four!”

“And how many did I eat?”

“FOUR!”

Sirius warned Remus when there were only a few minutes left until people were expected to arrive so that he could go slip his binder back on.

As he was coming back out of her bedroom, she ambushed him and hooked his arm with hers to drag him back in and shut the door behind them. They’d been alone together in this room earlier, not three hours ago. Yet this felt different. She was standing very close and she only released his arm to press the tips of their fingers together- his right hand, her left.

“Just want to check in with you, doing okay?” She asked.

Her eyes were searching his, looking for discomfort. His chest felt warm. “I’m very okay. Your friends are lovely.”

She shrugged. “They’re yours now, too. They are the best, though.”

“I’m really comfortable here. I am,” he assured her.

There was something else she wanted to ask, he could tell. She was worrying at the lip ring again and her eyes were too alive, burning with something. But she didn’t voice it. She slipped her fingers through his and let her forehead come to rest on his arm for a second, before she stood upright.

“Okay. I’m going to get changed before people get here. Will you be alright out there for a few minutes? You can always just stay in here and I can get changed in the closet.”

The fact that this was a perfectly reasonable solution - that her closet was in fact big enough to just casually get dressed in - did not escape Remus. But he shook his head. “No, I’ll be fine. I want to ask Peter something, anyway.”

She checked his eyes for validity again before dropping his fingers. His mouth actually opened to protest the loss. But he closed it and found the handle to the door without looking away from her. His last glimpse of her before he slipped out was a lip bitten smile.

The ‘party’ turned out to be the most relaxed group event Remus had ever seen. Over the course of only ten minutes, in strolled Gideon, Fabian, Dorcas, Mary, Emmeline, Kingsley, Marlene, and Benjy. He supposed he should have expected that anyone who could be friends with the group that was Sirius, James, Peter, and Lily, should automatically qualify as Good People, but for whatever reason, each person’s individual kindness or sense of humor or calming presence struck him anew.

About half of them seemed to still be in school. The first part of the evening was mostly just people milling around catching up. Remus tried to follow about eight conversations all at once.

“Was the term really so bad?”
“The classes were fine, but the commute was the worst. Back and forth, back and forth all the time, and you know I hate ap-”

“MARY, HOW ARE YOUR PARENTS?”

Lily had yelled it from behind Remus, making him jump about twice his height in surprise.

In fact that happened several times throughout the night, and it wasn’t always Lily. There seemed to be certain conversation topics that Lily, James, Peter, and Sirius had deemed off limits. Remus just couldn’t find the correlation between any of them.

It happened when Marlene was listing her favourite bands, and when Kingsley was telling a story about when they were all in school together, and when Benjy started to talk about something that sounded an awful lot like the word ‘Quidditch’. It wasn’t the first, or even the second time he thought he’d heard it, either.

James was the one to yell that time, and Remus was about to ask Benjy to repeat themselves when he caught his first really good glimpse of Sirius for the first time that evening. She’d kept the off the shoulder band-t, but had replaced the trousers with a mid-thigh length skirt and torn fishnets. There was also a noticeable addition of eyeliner that made her grey irises so intense they wiped away all memory of asking Benjy anything.

Fuck, he thought on his third once over of the person he’d been speaking to for the last month and a half, Fuck, fuck fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.

“Do you have a drink?” Sirius asked.

It took him a few moments of more internal blustering to respond. “I haven’t yet.”

Sirius took his hand and led him into the somewhat quieter kitchen.

“So you’ve met everybody?” She asked, grabbing a cup and writing ‘Moony’ on it before pouring pumpkin juice. “I mean, not everybody. Two of our usual aren’t here because they finally got their lives together enough to realize they’ve been pining over each other for years. But you’ve met everyone that’s here, I mean-”

“Everyone is great.” He watched her nod and her shoulders sag a bit in relief. “Really, Sirius, relax. I really like everyone and the party is really nice.”

“It’s not too much?” She asked, handing him his cup.

“It’s really not.” She nodded again, so he added, “I do prefer this, though.”

She looked up at him and her eyes were just so grey. “This?”

“You. Just us talking. Everyone is fantastic, don’t get me wrong. Especially James and Peter and Lily. But this is what I’m here for.”

She smiled with abandon.

When they returned to the main room(s?), dancing had begun. James had paired off with the twin he was pretty sure was Gideon, Lily had the other one. Benjy and Peter were dancing about a foot apart but still having what looked like a fantastic time. Emmeline and Dorcas were taking turns twirling Mary around until she was falling from dizziness and giggling like a child.
Kingsley approached them in the doorway. “Do you dance?” He asked. Remus’s whole body tensed. He shook his head. Kingsley gave one of the warmest smiles he’d ever been granted and went to dance by himself.

“Oi, I do!” Sirius put her cup on the floor along the wall and ran off to join him.

Remus migrated toward the sofa. Marlene moved over to give him some space. “Not a dancer?” She asked without looking at him.

“Not really, no.” He turned his body toward her.

“Did you really come all this way just to see Sirius?” She was blunt. He was a bit offended by the question, but he didn’t think she meant it unkindly.

He responded with that in mind, even though she still wouldn’t look at him. “Yes, I did.”

She pulled her legs up onto the sofa and tucked them beneath her. “That’s sweet.”

“Thank you,” He tried not to stare. Clearly maintaining eye contact was not among her favourite activities.

“Didn’t mean it as a compliment.”

He couldn’t really tell what to make of Marlene.

He turned his attention back to the dancing. Lily and Probably-Fabian had ducked off to the side to stand back against a wall and chat. Her hair looked especially red next to his orange. Emmeline was pulling Mary and Dorcas off of the ‘dance floor’. She knocked the blankets off of the chair near Marlene. Remus was just wondering how she planned on fitting all three of them onto one armchair when they collapsed into a very natural, very comfortable looking cuddle pile. They made for quite a distinctive aesthetic. Emmeline with her dark skin and everywhere-locks, kissed Mary, fingers in her long, pin straight, black hair, while Mary’s fingers linked with Dorcas’s long, unnaturally pale ones. It felt almost intrusive, somehow, just to be in the presence of so much love.

“You do know we’re all still here, right?” Marlene called to them. Dorcas flipped her off and kissed Emmeline’s cheek.

Without warning, a body hopped onto the arm of the sofa right next to Remus, and two legs crossed nearly at eye level for him. Sirius pulled her skirt down around herself while she settled into her new perch.

“Would you like us to move over? There’s plenty of room.” Even as he said it he imagined simply pulling her into his lap, the way it was so easy for the girls on the chair to do.

“Nah, this is my spot anyway. And Marls likes her space.” Sirius tossed a small pillow at her. She didn’t smile, but she did give an encouraging thumbs-up.

The dancing happened sporadically throughout the rest of the night. As did most things. There were moments when there was no one at the snack table and moments where all of them were gathered around it all at once. Music had shifted from the record player to make use of Peter’s speakers, and everyone took turns picking songs. Mostly everyone talked. Sometimes coupled off, sometimes in small groups, sometimes everyone spoke all at once.

Sirius stayed close to Remus the entire time. The exceptions were two lav breaks and one failed attempt at knocking Lily off her feet while they were toasting her official welcome home.
Remus got the chance to briefly talk to everyone at least once, which would probably have been easy no matter what - everyone there was strangely easy to warm to - but was made almost effortless by Sirius’s assistance. Anytime Remus didn’t quite know how to react to something, she was already there filling the silence and bridging the conversation.

As per usual, people didn’t start talking about leaving until late and they didn’t actually do it for another hour or two after that. Sirius was well aware that if they hadn’t begun hinting that they should start clearing up, it wouldn’t have occurred to anyone in the first place.

Marlene hadn’t moved from her spot since the last gathering around the snack table. Peter began whining at her as the others slowly gathered their things and said their goodbyes.

“You’re in my bed, mooooooooooooove.” He laid out on the couch beside her as close as he could without touching her.

Sirius watched Peter try to get Remus to help him physically remove her. Remus refused, laughing along with Pete like they’d been friends for years. All night Remus had looked so natural there, in her home, among her friends. Everyone seemed to love him right away. How could they not?

James helped her bring in the remnants of the food into the kitchen. “Careful!” She hissed at him when he vanished several bowls of crisps and other things.

He tucked his wand away quickly. “He’s out there, we're n-Remus!”

Remus was in the doorway. Judging on the fact that he wasn’t staring in horror or confusion, Sirius took it that he hadn’t seen the small display of magic.

“Wow, you’re quick on cleanup,” he commented.

“Comes from years of Sirius doling punishment for stray socks in the dormitory,” James explained and set to stacking bowls neatly together.

“That makes sense,” Remus shook his head.

“Everything alright?” Sirius asked. Remus looked like he had something to say that wasn’t coming out of his mouth.

Remus took a breath and didn’t meet Sirius’s eye. “Yeah, just, I think I should be going, too. Everyone else is, it’s getting late.”

Sirius’s heart sank and her breath left her lungs. Of course Remus would be leaving. That’s what one did at the end of a day visit. He’d be going back to Alice’s for the night and home in the morning. And Sirius wouldn’t be able to look at him or touch his fingers or hear his laugh, clean and clear and right there, for Merlin knew how long. “Oh. Right. Of course.”

“I’ve got this, go on,” James nodded her out of the kitchen.

By the time they got to the door, Lily and Peter were walking Marlene and Kingsley out to wish them goodnight; nearly everything in the flat had been put back in order, and the lump in Sirius’s throat was causing her actual pain.

She pulled Remus’s fingers between hers once more.
“Thank you for everything today,” Remus started to say, but Sirius shook her head.

“Please don’t. No goodbyes, okay? I’ll talk to you as soon as you’re out the door. I want to call you tonight.” She stopped. Her chest felt heavy.

“Okay. No goodbyes,” Remus agreed. “But one more hug?”

That morning, she had hugged Remus with a head still fuzzy with seeing his face again. That morning her arms had rested on his warm jumper and only rested. That morning, she’d kept a bit of herself reserved.

This was different.

Her arms moved up around his neck. She had to stand on the tips of her toes to manage it, and even then he had to lean forward a bit, but once his arms were around the small of her back, it didn’t matter. He had so much arm. Locked around her they felt safe and warm and secure. His hands moved over her back and pulled her in closer. Her cheek rested against the hook of his jaw. She could feel the rise and fall of his chest against her own; smell the precise scent of his shampoo. Nothing had ever felt as good as being held by Remus.

Also unlike the hug from earlier, this one did not end unsatisfyingly early. They stood in front of the door for several long moments. Sirius was very vaguely aware of James still bustling about in the kitchen, and Lily and Peter still outside chatting with the stragglers. Every so often, Remus’s hands would draw up and down her back and she’d have to desperately convince her body not to shiver. In turn, her fingers found his curls and waded through them. He made a soft noise directly into her ear that she immediately mentally cataloged for later pondering.

When they finally did pull apart, neither of them so much as took a step back.

“I’ll talk to you soon?”

“Soon as I’m out of the building,” he assured her.

“Okay. And you owe me a knitted something next time.” She did step aside now so that he could get to the door knob.

Remus’s face lit up. “Oh, no I don’t! Here-”

He proceeded to pull the jumper he was wearing off of his person. The t-shirt underneath pulled up with it and his hip and stomach were briefly exposed. Not briefly enough to prevent Sirius from losing her mind, however. Her face felt incredibly warm and her heart fluttered. She filed that image away next to the noise he’d made a minute prior.

Then he was handing her the jumper.

“What?” She asked, taking it from him and running her fingers over the soft wool.

“That’s your prize, you won it.”

She carefully touched the puffy little details of the fabric. “You mean you made this?”

He nodded. “For you. It’s yours.”

“You made this for me. Thinking about me. With me on your mind. Me.” Sirius managed to say everything like it was both a statement and a skeptical interrogation.
“Yes. For you.”

Sirius hugged the jumper tight to her body. It smelled like Remus.

“Okay, I’ll text you in a minute, then.” Remus made for the door.

“Wait!”

He did. Sirius hadn’t actually gotten as far as finding an actual excuse yet. “It’s chilly out,” she invented.

Remus glanced at the door. “It is, I suppose. So?”

“So,” Sirius stalled, “So what kind of friend would I be if I just let you out there like that? No jumper. Knowing how cold you get at night. I couldn’t. Not in good conscience.”

Remus raised an eyebrow, amused. “And what do you suggest alternatively?”

“Well- if you wanted, of course - you could just stay here the night. And leave in the morning.’ Sirius bit her lip.

“I can stay here?” He clarified.

“Yes. If you want to.”

“Oh, I want to.”

“So you’ll stay?”

He considered this for about half of a second. “Yes. Just let me text Alice.”

He took out his phone, and the deep sadness that had been weighing on Sirius like a physical thing, lifted completely.

A moment later, it was settled.

Less than twenty minutes after that, they had said their ‘good night’s to Peter, James, and Lily, and were very much alone in Sirius’s room getting ready for bed.

Remus had borrowed a set of pyjamas from Sirius, who was wearing the same set in a different pattern. Sirius watched as he crossed the room to look over the picture of the eyes once again.

“I’ll send it to you once it’s finished,” Sirius promised.

Sirius’s pyjamas were about seventy sizes too small for Remus. There were several inches of bare ankle showing, and he kept pulling at the sleeves, though he never quite got them to cover his wrists. Sirius couldn’t decide if she preferred this over the sweater paws she’d been subjected to all day; they were both the cutest things she’d ever seen.

She spread out over her bed and stretched, her muscles all protesting from a day of walking and dancing and being generally excited.

“Like a starfish,” Remus murmured, and came to kneel beside her. The mattress dipped with his weight, and then all coherent thought was gone from Sirius, because his body was in her bed, right
along the length of hers, and his face was barely a knut’s distance from her face. If she so much as
shifted, their noses could touch. If she just leaned forward…

“This is the most comfortable bed I’ve ever been in,” he proclaimed, and pulled the blanket up over
himself.

“M-mhm.” Sirius didn’t trust herself to respond with words. She occupied herself with turning the
light off behind her, but when she rolled back over, he was just as close as before. With the lights off,
able to see him very well, some other sense overwhelmed her. It was like a physical thing - like
magic rolling off of Remus and enveloping her. Or electricity, the kind in lightening, not the knock-
off muggle stuff. It vibrated between them. She wondered if he felt it too.

“Sirius?” He asked. All she could think about was the spot in the dark where she knew his lips were.

“Mhm?” Words were still dangerous.

“Questions?”

Sirius’s heart leapt. He wanted to do questions with her. Even though nothing was normal, and they
weren’t texting, and they were in the same bed. “Yes,” she responded before he could retract it. But
he didn’t try.

“Was today as great of a day for you as it was for me?” He asked without further prompting.

“Today was possibly the best day ever. It was amazing,” Sirius sighed into her pillow. Remus’s
breath on her face, making fine hairs around her temples and ears tickle her skin, was doing a good
job of distracting her.

“Mmm, good. Your turn.” Remus’s voice was lower, quieter, preparing for sleep. Sirius had possibly
never heard something so enticing.

“Are you still worried about messing it up?”

He thought, or maybe he’d begun settling into sleep. She pressed the tips of her toes to his bare
ankle.

Remus Lupin is in my bed and I can feel him here, her heart was beating faster than it had when
she’d been dancing with Kingsley.

“I’m not worried about today anymore,” he skirted her question. “There’s still plenty for me to fuck
up later. But I think I didn’t do it today.”

Sirius nodded, forgetting he couldn’t see her. “Fair enough. Pick a spoon.”

“A spoon?”

“Big spoon or little spoon.” It had been a question asked by and of Sirius thousands of times by one
of her friends, she hadn’t thought of it as a strange thing to ask.

“Hmm.” Again, Remus considered. “Big spoon.”

“Okay.” Sirius murmured and glanced at the space she knew was occupied by his mouth one last
time before she turned over and tucked the dorsal length of her body against the front of his.

The perfection of it was almost immediate. Their bodies met so flawlessly it was like they’d been
designed as negatives of one another. All of her angles fit against his angles in the most comfortable
way. A long arm came around her middle. She put her own alongside it, hugging it to her.

She had never felt so at peace.
Sirius woke up to golden sunlight. This was not something that had occurred in years.

“Mwh,” she groaned and everything came slamming back into her. Remus. All day, yesterday. All day. Even bed. The brilliant comforting warmth in front of her was-

“Awake?” He asked.

“Mmm. Time is it?” She stretched as best as she could without moving her position too much. Remus’s arm was still draped over her body, but at some point in the night, she’d turned over to face him again.

“Eight o’clock.”

Her eyes flew open uncomfortably quickly. “What? How? How did I sleep that late?”

Remus just smirked.

“Go on, say it, I know you want to say it,” she sighed.

But Remus didn’t say anything snarky or sarcastic. He did something much worse instead.

“Good morning, Sleepy.” And he bent his neck down to kiss her on the cheek. Without another word, he sat up, grabbed his messy pile of yesterday’s clothes, and left the room, probably to change in the loo.

Sirius was left with an open mouth, and a burning patch of skin where his lips had touched her.

Peter was setting a large plate of waffles on the table when Sirius finally came out of the bedroom in dark denim trousers and a long-sleeved crop top he’d purchased with Lily earlier in the week. The waffles were definitely of her creation. They smelled too good to be made by anyone else.

“Well it’s about time,” Peter scolded, “We thought you were dead in there.”

“And yet nobody came to mourn. Or check,” she noted.

“Whoever found the body would have had to clean you up. Nobody wants that, really,” James admitted, following Lily out of the kitchen to sit at the table with Peter.

Sirius folded her arms and stuck her bottom lip out until she could feel the ring against her philtrum.

Remus came out of the kitchen, presumably from the bathroom, at that moment, took one look at Sirius, nodded to himself, and crossed the room back to Sirius’s bedroom door. “Right. Too early for all that. I’m going back to bed.”

“What?! No!” Sirius followed him back into her room. By the time she got there, Remus was laying face down, limbs spread over her entire mattress.
“Yes,” his voice was muffled by her pillow, “I do not have enough functioning brain cells at this hour to process-” Without looking up he waved in Sirius’s direction, “That.”

“If I stop pouting will you come back for breakfast?” She hopped onto the bed and settled for curling up next to his hip.

He murmured something unintelligible into the pillow.

“Didn’t catch that.”

“I said, ‘will I still be able to see that bit of sparkle on your navel?’” He’d lifted his face just enough off of the pillow for him to be able to speak clearly.

“Not if I cover it up?”

Remus sat up immediately. “Nodon’tdothat!”

“Come have breakfast with us?” Sirius asked. Remus didn’t look up from her stomach until she stood up for him to follow her back into the other room.

The others had started serving themselves, but before Remus and Sirius even sat down, there were two nearly full plates in front of two of the empty seats.

Sirius flopped into the one next to James. “Thank youuu,” she said to the room at large before tucking in.

“Of course.” Even though James had a full plate of waffles in front of him, he was still sipping on his glass of green grossness. “Oh, and don't forget, Remus has a container of chocolate ice cream in the freezer with his name on it. Literally.”

Remus's face lit up. “You still have that?”

Sirius nodded, “I said it was yours.”

“Excellent.” Remus stood quickly and darted into the kitchen.

James’s eyes widened. “He's not…”

Remus came back into the room with the ice cream and a spoon and set it beside his plate.

“Oh, he is,” Sirius sighed, but she couldn't bring herself to poke fun at Remus when he looked so unabashedly delighted.

Apart from ice cream, Remus had four waffles. Nobody could figure out where he was putting it all. Through breakfast they talked about the party - how nice everyone looked, what everyone was doing these days, whether they’d all had a good time.

It was too soon when it was over. It was too soon when Remus frowned at the clock on his phone. It was too soon when he looked up and met Sirius’s eyes. Reluctance and sadness.

Sirius couldn’t keep the ache from her chest, but the separation didn’t threaten to overwhelm her as it had the previous night.

“Can I walk you there?” She asked.

A smile broke over his face, relieved and pure. She committed it to memory for later.
Standing at the gate where she’d seen Remus for the very first time, saying goodbye once again, was a bit surreal. But they were on the same side, now, her hands tucked securely into his.

“This isn’t forever, you know,” he assured her. “We’re going to see each other again. Soon.”

Sirius tried not to choke on her own heart, pounding in her chest. She couldn’t seem to convince herself that he wasn’t leaving her forever. She nodded.

“And I’m going to text you in about two minutes, once I’m settled into a seat.” She felt like he could read her rising anxiety on her face, and he knew just what to say.

“Promise?” She asked, uncharacteristically quiet.

“Sirius, come here.” He pulled her into a hug that felt like a calming potion. It was impossible to be worried with his arms around her. “I promise.”

She took a deep breath and pulled away. “Okay, no goodbyes, though.”

“No goodbyes. I’ll talk to you soon.” He began to walk toward his train and stopped. “I have a question...”

She folded her arms over her bare middle. “Mhm?”

He considered her and shook his head. “Nah, I’ll save it for tonight.”

“Mooooonyyyyyyy!” She yelled as he turned around and his long legs carried him away.

“Have a nice day, Padfooooot!”

He boarded without another word.

She shook her head at the train long after he’d disappeared.

---

Are you waving me goodbye?

Yes

But not really goodbye

Not goodbye

Okay

There's a next time

This wasn't all there is

Just a really nice start

It was, wasn't it?

It really really was
So, you made it through the whole thing. Do you think you ruined anything?

I don't

I definitely don't either

And you were definitely not too much

You can tell me if I was, though.

You really really weren't. Promise.

Okay

This time

But I'm still really relieved I wasn't, if only this time

I still can't imagine it

Sounds really stupid now, but I'm going to say it anyway

Thank you for coming

Thank you for inviting me

And meeting everyone was okay?

Yes

They're all wonderful

Well I know that

Well now you know that I agree

Should I let you be for awhile?

Only if you want

I want to keep talking

But I am on the train, so it's highly likely I'll fall asleep

That's the only reason I figured talking might not happen

It's cozy

I'm coziness spoiled for today, I can't imagine a train seat being tempting

I made it cozy

You're good at that

Mm true
Which I know now. For a fact. From personal experience.

You do

What movie should we watch? Quick before Lily and Pete kill each other

Dirty dancing

Is that what it sounds like?

No

Okay, they agree on Dirty Dancing

Enjoy

If you, Lily, and Wormy all agree on it, I can't see how I won't

Moony Moony Moony Moony Moony

Mooooooooooony

Hmph

Padfoot

Hi

Hi

How was it?

Really nice, but I'm sleepy now

You didn't sleep on the train?

I did

Oh right, you're Moony, I must've forgot

Have you never woken up after sleeping more sleepy than you were before?

Yeahhh mostly I just get grumpy

Well I'm not that now

Going to rest more?
Don't want to
Wanna fight it
I support this
Good, I need all the support I can get
How did you like the movie?
Oh!!!!
Yes?
YES
Favourite scene?
Um
A lot
I want to do the lift
Well you're tiny, and James seems strong, so
One moment please
Mhm

Everything hurts
Did you not pay attention to the movie?
It takes time and practice
I need a lake
And several h
Ice packs
How hard did you fall, are you okay?
I'm okay
Suddenly wishing we hadn't gone outside to try it though
Why?
Because everything hurts
And it wouldn't inside?
Well there's less concrete inside

Why. Why would you try it on concrete

Well I didn't think I was going to fall!

ookay

And in those shoes. Sure, sure

Think the shoes were the problem?

I can switch shoes

Oh god

At least put down some cushions

Hmmmmm okay

Don't want you even more hurt

I'm okay, I promise

Okay

I think I'm gonna leave the knee as is

For aesthetic, sure

Mhm
Did you lose the battle with sleep?

I just hate the not knowing so much

Moony

Shite, I'm sorry

Fell asleep

Didn't even make it to bed

Where did you land?

Armchair downstairs

Oops

Good nap?

Was alright, yeah

Any more injuries?

No lasting ones

Hm okay

Just the broken heart from missing you

I'm sorry

I survived it and I forgive you

Okay

How are you now, more sleepy? Or revitalized?

Hungry

You have two settings.

Basically, yeah

What's for food then?

Hmm, chips, maybe?

Yum

If I make two batches, that should be enough, right?
For three?

Uh

Yeah, it'll POSSIBLY be enough for just you

I haven't had anything since breakfast, okay

Stop judging

Yes but you had like six breakfasts

Did not

Pretty much

I ate what you gave me

You amaze me

Thank you

Uhhh huh

Hmph

Pouty

Shhh

Don't want to shhh

Never shhh

You'll regret that later

I won't

Might

Do you have time to call? I have a poem I want to read you

"'do you remember the first time you were called annoying?
how your breath stopped short in your chest
the way the light drained from your eyes, though you knew your cheeks were ablaze
the way your throat tightened as you tried to form an argument that got lost on your tongue?
your eyes never left the floor that day.
you were 13.
you’re 20 now, and i still see the light fade from your eyes when you talk about your interests for “too long.”
apologies littering every other sentence,
words trailing off a cliff you haven’t jumped from in 7 years.
i could listen to you forever, though i know speaking for more than 3 uninterrupted minutes makes you anxious.
all i want you to know is that you deserve to be heard
for 3 minutes
for 10 minutes
for 2 hours
forever.

there will be people who cannot handle your grace, your beauty, your wisdom, your heart;
mostly because they can’t handle their own. but you will never be
and have never been
“too much.”
"
"...
"Sirius?"
"Mhm."
"Alright?"
"Mnn."

"Would you like to hang up? Or just not talk for a bit?"

"Could you say it again?"

"I could listen to you forever; you deserve to be heard - for 5 minutes, for 20 minutes, for 6 hours, for forever. There’ll be people, arseholes, who won’t be able to handle your brain, or your wisdom, or your beauty, or your talent, or your grace, or your heart, but to me, you’ve never been and never will be ‘too much’.”

"Thankyou."

"I know they're not my words, but I mean them just the same."

"That... Thank you."

"You're welcome."
"What is that?"

"Poem by Tyler Ford; read it in a poetry magazine once."

"I like it."

"Me too."

"Thank you."

"You said that already."

"Want to again."

"You're welcome."

"Did, um. Do you have your chips?"

"Haven't started making them yet."

"Do that."

"Okay."

"Can I stay on?"

"For as long as you want."

"Th- okay."

"Talking or no talking?"

"I don't care if you speak in tongues, I just want to keep hearing your voice."

"Okay then. Walking down the stairs."

"So there's stairs."

"Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen."

"At least you take stairs one at a time?"

"When walking down, yes. One, two, three."

"Many stairs."

"Well I was up in my room. Ten, eleven."

"Mhmmmm."

"Okay. Potatoes, potatoes, potatoes. Putting you on speaker."

"Hello Moony's house."

"..."
"It doesn't answer, it's a very rude house, Moony."

"It's where I got it from."

"It had to be somewhere and it wasn't your lovely mum."

"Potatoes are peeling."

"How are you going to do them?"

"I'll throw them in oil?"

"How big do you cut them?"

"Big enough that they're chips not fries."

"Noted."

"Cutting."

"Carefully."

"Yes."

"Good."

"Oh, should probably put the oil on."

"That would help the cooking, yes."

"Frying, smartarse."

"Oh yeah, I'M the smartarse."

"Well-"

"Anyone home?"

"In the kitchen, mum!"

"Oh Moony-mum!"

"Oh boy."

"Hi, love."

"Hey, mum. Sirius is on the phone, so shhh."

"Don't shhh, please don't shhh!"

"Oh, hello Sirius, how are you, dear?"

"Ughhhh."

"Even better now, how are you, Mrs. Lupin?"
"Oh, please, it's Hope."

"I'll try it, how are you, Hope?"

"Completely exhausted, but in a good way."

"You know what would help that, mum? If you go lie down. On the sofa. Away from here."

"You're being rude like your house, Remus. Was it a particularly rough day, Hope?"

"Our house is rude? Just terribly long, and- Remus, do you have to do that?"

"It's easier this way! And quicker."

"What is he doing? Please stop him."

"I can't watch this. Have a pleasant evening, Sirius, I hope to meet you soon in person as well."

"I hope so too! It was nice speaking with you!"

"You too, sweetie. And you come find me when you're done to tell me all about your trip, alright?"

"You know I will. Oh, hey, want me to make some for you too?"

"Thank you, love, but I already ate at work."

"Okaaay."

"Try not to start any fires."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Okay, what are you doing that's so horrifying?"

"Nothing!"

"Tell meee."

"She just doesn't like how I cut things."

"Oh no, which is?"

"Just...in a special way."

"Oh nooooo."

"It's perfectly safe."

"Doesn't sound it."

"Well it is."

"If you say so."
"I do. And in they go."

"Nice."

"Yesss."

"That sounds nice."

"The sizzling?"

"Mhmm yes."

"Very much agreed."

"Smell nice?"

"Amazing."

"Mmm good"

"Now to wait."

"I'm begging you to let them cool first, too."

"Just for like a minute."

"...Good enough."

"Hmm salt, ketchup, ketchup, barbeque sauce, mayonnaise...what am I missing?"

"One ketchup is not enough?"

"One's spicy."

"Aha."

"Oh! Vinegar!"

"One condiment per chip."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"I'd say the same to you, but I don't think you know how not to."

"Mean much? How's your knee?"

"Clean and healing, unfortunately."

"Aww, not gonna look tough."

"Exactly. Jamie made me clean it. I'm bitter."

"Thank him for me."

"Hmph!"
"I'm not gonna feel sorry for you for your wound healing nicely."

"Hmph."

"..."

"Would've done it eventually."

"Mhm."

"Hey, you know I don't mean to make light of that, right?"

"Yeah."

"I just like when being messy feels okay. Sometimes it doesn't, still. Like with my nails and sometimes with my hair. Get anxious when I'm not... In order. But then sometimes it's good, like when I'm working on the bike and I get all gross, or when I'm painting, or when I'm running with James. Those messes feel like mine and they feel okay."

"Thank you."

"Why?"

"For explaining. And sharing."

"Well, it's you."

"Still doesn't mean you have to if you ever don't want to."

"No, but mostly it means I want to."

"I'm still glad it's healing."

"But it stings."

"Get James to kiss it better. I'd do it, but I'm too far."

"Oh."

"They're doooone!"

"Noooo, let them cool!"

"Yeah yeah yeah."

"Thank you."

"You've got one minute, tell me something."

"Ummmm, okay... James has agreed to practice with me until we actually get the lift."

"Nice!"

"Yes! We're going to do it the proper way."
"Good luck."

"Thank you!"

"I'm sure you'll succeed eventually. Talk later?"

"Yes, go enjoy."

"Thank you."

"Talk later."

"Yes."

Still up?

I am

Hi

Hello again

How are things?

Sleepy

Questions?

Yes

You first

What's your favourite part of Dirty Dancing?

You can't pick one but I have to??

You've seen it more, you've had time to have feelings more than once

'I carried a watermelon.'

When

Oh, the beginning?

Of their thing, yeah, sure

Okay, I accept this

And the lake and the Sylvia and Mickey scene and when they're practise and it really tickles her and the final scene and how Emily Gilmore is so proud

Oh oh and when they practice together with Penny, when they all dance together
Yes those I like all of those

Emily Gilmore?

*Oh, the actress who plays the mom, used to her from a show, and that's her character's name*

Oh okay

I've narrowed my favourites down to the practicing, the love is strange part, and the last scene

*Good choices*

Going to have to watch this one like I've been watching The Princess Bride

*Glad you like it*

*Very much*

Okay your turn

*Okay*

*My turn*

*Okay.*

*Yes*

*Would you like to go out on a date with me sometime?*

*What*

*Date*

*You*

*With me*

*A real one*

*The kind where we both are there for that reason.*

*Yes*

*A date date*

*Yes.*

You can say no, or you can think about it, or we can pretend this never happened and I'll ask another question

I don't want to say no and I definitely don't want to pretend that it never happened.

*Yes*

*Really really*
Yes, I would like to go on a date with you

Can I ask you another question?

Yes

Do you ever just can't stop smiling?

Yes

I know that feeling

My heart's beating really fast as well

Mhm mhm

Maybe it's from smiling so hard

Maybe

Can I tell James

Of course

Okay thank you hang on

Hanging

Ok he said 'congratulations' and also 'finally' and also 'haven't you been dating for like a year?'

Slightly mean

He got meaner the longer he hugged me, right?

I don't care

He's really happy

And I'm really really happy

Are you supposed to tell that to the person who just asked you out?

Remus, I've never been asked on a date and been so, so happy about it

I'm really really happy too

I know we've talked about it, we've planned the first few, but I think I still thought you were mostly joking, or that things would be different now that we've met and maybe you wouldn't
want to

I thought you might still say no. Or yes out of

Because you're too nice

I am saying yes because I really really want to go on a date with you.

We're going on a date.

We are

Oh My god, the outfit choosing process is going to be one for the records.

I might probably will definitely try, will possibly get to hold your hand

Again

Definitely.

And whatever you wear will look wonderful, as long as you'll feel comfortable

I liked doing that

A whole lot

I will

I liked it so so much

You have really nice hands

You have really nice everything

Your everything is perfect

that

I felt that in my chest

I really really like you

I really really like you too

And that's why we're going on a date

Because we like each other

Yes

You like me

You don't like my ___

You like me
I like YOU

And it feels good and safe and not like I should be careful

When

Well, operating under the assumption that it's you coming here again, I'd say that's up to you Saturday?

This Saturday

???

Is a week too soon?

No.

Saturday.

Yes Saturday.

Please.

Okay. Saturday.

How am I supposed to sleep now?

Not sleepy anymore?

Way too excited now

Well you could call me

Yes

"Hi."

"Hello again."

"We're still talking."

"Did you think we wouldn't be?"

"Just happy it's the same."

"This is the most important to me. Is that okay? I mean even if the other stuff isn't... I still need this and want this."

"Yes. Absolutely. Definitely."

"Thank you. But Remus?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm strangely not worried that the other stuff is going to be anything but amazing."
"Sirius?"

"Yes?"

"This morning..."

"Yeah?"

"Was that okay?"

"Which part?"

"The one after you woke up."

"...I can still feel it. When I think about it. Which is a lot."

"I do too."

"It was very okay."

"You were just so..."

"Yeah?"

"So...Sirius? Warm, and soft, and sleepy, and pretty, and you were there, you were just there, next to me."

"Waking up with you was... I want to do it again."

"Well of course you do, I make you get a proper amount of sleep."

"I can't believe I slept that late."

"Eight isn't late."

"It's three hours later than usual. I haven't slept that late in years and years."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Hm."

"You must bore me that much or something."

"Hey!"

"Well, you find a better explanation!"

"I'm the world's greatest big spoon, clearly."

"Okay, that I can't argue with."

"Point for me."

"If we're counting points from yesterday, you get like five."
"We're not, you'd get too many."

"It was a really good two days."

"The best."

"Thank you."

"You too."

"I'm going to try to sleep."

"Okay. Sweet dreams."

"You too, okay?"

"Okay."

"G'night."

"Goodnight."

"Sirius?"

"..."

"Yesterday was perfect. This morning was perfect. It all felt so right, and nothing ever feels right. I don't know how you do it, but I want to keep experiencing it."

"..."

"I wish I were there right now. How am I supposed to sleep alone now that I know what it's like to hug you all night?"

"..."

"I hope I'll dream of you. Goodnight."

Chapter End Notes

Do you want to go on a date?
Can I take you out on a date?
Wanna go out with me?
How does dinner sound to you?
May I interest you in
Do you want to have di
Ughhh I like you so much do you wanna hold hands some more and go somewhere in a romantic kinda way and maybe kiss your lips look so kissable
Chapter 29

I didn't dream of you, I'd like to file a complaint

I

Would not

You would not like to file a complaint?

Meaning you don't care that you didn't dream of me, or that you did?

That I did

Was it nice?

Yes

It was really nice

Do I get to know more?

Mmm nope

Why not

Because

Okay

Was it good sleep, if Sirius-less sleep?

It was alright

Hmmm okay

Good morning, by the way

Good morning to you too

I've had better, but it's not too bad as far as mornings go

Like yesterday, for example

That set the bar for all other mornings

Hard to beat

Speaking of

Yes?

Will next Saturday be a day trip? Or an Alice trip? Or?
Oh

Haven't thought about it yet

Okay

I don't think a day trip

Okay

I like the sound of the last 'or', is that an option?

That is an option, yes it is

Okay, that then, definitely that

Really???

Yes.

Okay. Very very very okay

Can't wait

It's not weird because we'll have been on a date?

I don't care if it's weird

Okay

If it somehow goes bad, I can always go crash at Alice's

Ok

By that I mean if I fuck up. You can't.

You won't.

We're not gonna be all weird just because it's a date, right?

It's still us, it's just a different setting

I just want how Friday felt but with knowing we're there for that reason

Remus it's still us

It's not going to be weird.

Okay

Which is why this is really stupid to ask but I just have to make sure anyway

I just need

I don't know
I need to know that

There's no expectation.

I know I know there's not, I just need you to say it so when I'm worried about it I have something real in your words to reference to tell myself to shut up

We're going on our first date. Obviously I'm hoping that it will go well and that there'll be a second one, but no expectations, if it's not what we want, we're still friends, that doesn't change.

I don't mean about

I mean about going back to my flat right after

I don't

Oh

No.

Definitely no expectations.

I've

Had bad dates before

And I'm not trying to compare, they're incomparable. It's never been like this.

But it's what I've got to go on

I expect that we'll go back to yours, and we'll sleep in your bed, and it's gonna feel as good as it did on Friday. That's it. I can also always take the sofa if you won't feel comfortable with that in that moment.

I will probably never feel comfortable with the idea of you sleeping on a sofa a room away from me

Thank you.

We can have an official end of the date before, if that would help

Only if we don't separate after even for a little while

I'll hold your hand throughout the whole thing

I can't believe we're talking about this and it's actually going to happen

I bury my face in my pillow approximately twice per minute

That's

Possibly the cutest thing I've ever heard

I'll just stay in bed all day then and keep doing it
Sounds like a good plan for next Sunday

Yes please

Good

Does that mean I have to get up now?

Probably would be best

Okay but just to make tea, and then back to bed

It's a start

Kind?

Green

Okay

Nice

!!!!!!!!!

??????

Your package apparently got here yesterday and no one bothered to tell me

Oh!

Yesssssss

Chocolate chocolate chocolate

Uuuu fancy Swiss

Points for that

Points for quantity as well

Thank you thank you

But still not the best chocolate

No

No it is

It's not

That is some of the best chocolate in the world you have there

Not necessarily MY favourite but it is the finest

It is
Nope

Remus if this isn't the best I'm going to have to resort to drastic, possibly illegal measures to get you the best

Yes, do that

Or just send me your favourite

This is a bad idea

Okay.

Last try.

The very best chocolate there is in the world.

I'm sending it tomorrow.

Yessssss

Hmph

Thank you, it's delicious

Hmph!

You're welcome

Mmm chocolate, tea, and a fuzzy blanket

Does it smell like you?

The blanket? Most likely, yes

Mmm

You know now

I do.

Have you tried on the jumper yet?

I know it's too big

It's perfect.

It's like a blanket hug but permanent

That's what I was going for

Perfect.

I love it

Good
Contemplating putting it on

I vote you do it

Unanimous okay

Bet it looks really good on you

Doesn’t everything

That's why

Feels so nice

I know

And smells nice

Glad you think so

I do

Moons?

Oooookay. Not going to freak out. Text me when you can. Please.

I was too comfy, I fell back asleep. Sorry.

Don't be sorry. Should I be worried about the amount you sleep?

Well you don't sleep enough, so I take all those hours so that we have a good average
Fair enough. Together, we make one functional person

Exactly

Seems healthy to me

Me too

Feeling better after nap?

Well my tea got cold

Noooo

Very unfortunate

A sad casualty

Aaaand dad's in the kitchen, no thank you

Ugh

I think I'm gonna go take a shower and then maybe venture outside for a bit

Seems like a plan

Enjoy

 Doesn't mean I want to stop talking

Oh

Okay good

Great plan then

Just need fifteen minutes to shower and change, and then I'm all yours

No more naps

Every time you say that

Okay

I'll pretend to be patient

<3

It's sunny and warm

Mmm good

I think I'm gonna walk to the shop
It's not open on Sundays, but the owner always sits outside in his garden and lets me in anyway

Oh that's nice

And it's half an hour, so it's a decent walk

Look at you, doing things

I'm proud

Hey!

I do things all the time

Yes, nap and eat

And travel long distances to visit people who are mean to me

You have some strange hobbies

Could be stranger

Could they?

Yes

How?

I could play chess on my own

That would be weird

That's why I've never ever ever tried it

Uh huuuuuuuhhh why don't I believe you?

Because you know me?

I do know you

You solo-chess playing nerd

Once.

Neeerrrrrrrrrrrd

Lonely nerd

I'll play with you

You hate chess

So?

So I'm not gonna make you do something that you hate
I think if it was you it might be fun

We can try

I'd like to see you as nerdy as possible

You could just watch me play with Pete or Reg

Yeah but then I'd be sharing your attention

Right, can't have that

No thank you

Though if you just watched, all of YOUR attention could be on me, not on the game

That is true

A real dilemma

The solution is probably both

It often is

We'll put it on out to do list

Deal

Good

What else is on our list so far?

Me cooking for you, cooking together, not meeting a lion, going to a really good ice cream shop.

Not just a really good ice cream shop, the best ice cream shop

If you say so

I do

Then I expect you to prove it sometime

I will

What are we going to do on Saturday?

Dinner?

Okay

But like

Hours of walking around before that

Okay good yes thank you
I don't know, I have no idea

All I know is that I want to hold your hand a lot and that I'll get hungry at some point

That sounds like a really good set of requirements

Do you have any ideas?

No but I'll think

Okay

Still walking?

Just around the corner now

Still nice?

Very

Mmm good

Yesss he's here

Hello Mr. Shopkeep

He says hi back

Oh

You really said it

That's really nice of him!

He's the nicest

Shall I let you talk?

Nah, he doesn't mind

Okay

How is he?

Alright. Misses his husband a lot

Where is his husband?

Passed away

I'm so sorry

No sadness allowed, we only ever talk about the happy things he did

That's really nice
He was a happy person. Had a good long life.

That's comforting

Tea? I've been instructed to make us some

What is there?

Black and something flowery

Do the flowery

Okay

And tell me what it is when you do

I think it's hibiscus

Mmmm

Yes

I'm going to paint more of the thing, I think

Of my painting?

Yes

It's really gorgeous, you know

Well

Had a really gorgeous bit of inspiration

Nah

Yuh huh don't argue with me

Okay

I'll text you in a bit Pumpkin

I'll be here

Are you?

I am

Yay hi

Hi
What did I miss?

Well we had our tea, and we chatted a bit. Wanted to know all about you. Then he invited me to stay over for lunch, and we chatted some more. Turns out that his daughter who helps him run the shop is in the last stages of her pregnancy and needs more rest. So I have a part-time job now, four hours a day. The middle shift, so that I don't have to wake up early and I get off same time as you.

You got a job??????

I paint for a few hours and you get a job?????

You're one to talk, you got a job when buying shampoo!

That's true. Call it even?

Sure

Congratulations!!!

You get off same time as me?

Yes

That's something you thought about?

Well yeah

Hmm

Noted

Okay..

I have a lot of feelings about that

Are they good feelings?

Yes

Okay.

So it's been a good day?

Yes, very

Excellent

Yours?

I've finished

And I could mail it

Or you could have it on Saturday
Mail it with the chocolate

Okay

What are you up to now?

Um

I'm talking to you

Good pastime

It's my favourite

I'm walking back home

Sounds like a plan

Got to tell your mum about your new job and everything

Oh oh, now that you have a job, can you tell your dad to stuff it?

I haven't done anything since that fight anyway, I think he got the message

Point for Moony

It was too much

Oh?

Yeah

Okay

Thought I could handle it, but I couldn't

Not strong enough

That's not true, what do you mean by that?

I mean what it means

It's not that you aren't strong enough is that no one should ever have to do that in the first place.

I guess

Would you expect anyone else in the world to be able to just do that and not have a problem?

No

You're just a person, Moony. A particularly fantastic, fun, lovable person, but you don't have to be any stronger than everyone else to just be a person.

I'm
Okay

You're?

Nothing

Okay

Well you're not 'nothing'. But okay.

They won't let me in the kitchen

Why not?

I'll touch things

Well go wash first

Um no, I'm art

I mean I support that a lot, but is it worth it?

It's not the paint that's the problem, they don't want me touching the food and fixing it

Why?

Because they're very very mean to me

Fight them

With my paint fingers, yes, okay

Yesss

They're art!

Unamused art

Who still won't let me in the kitchen

They're very pretty but still very rude

What do you do to their food that they're so protective of it?

Make it better??????

Do you?

I do!

Then why don't they let you?

Because "that's not the point" and "we said we'd cook tonight, go away"
Hm okay

They're being gross in there anyway

You mean sweet and in love?

Yes that, very gross

Cute

Grooooooooss

Nah

You're not here to witness it. Trust me

Okay

Kisses I'm not included in are Extra and Unnecessary

Don't think they feel that way

Hmph

You'll just have to keep being entertained by me

That I can do

Home now

Welcome home

Thank you, thank you

Very welcome

And safely escaped to my room

Very good

Hello cute socks

They didn't say hello back
Well that's very rude

I agree

Guess I'll have to take them off

Can't have rude socks

But they're still cute

Thank you

Changing socks or taking them off entirely?

Off entirely

Impressive

Feel like it

Didn't quite know you had feet

I feet mostly in socks, because I'm cold otherwise, but sometimes barefeet feels just really nice

That I can agree with

Make sure I don't fall asleep

I'll do my best. Why?

Have to prepare study materials soon

Yes, for your lesson, Professor

Sure, that

Mmmmmhm

Shush

Like it's that easy to shush me

Thankfully no

You're the only one who thinks so

That can't be right

Well, one of the only ones

Well we’re the ones who are right

Sure, sure

We are.
Thank you

So do you have any preferences of where to go for dinner?

Wherever you'd like?

Well you know London better

Yeah but every time I think on it, I imagine you sitting across from me and what we're eating becomes very irrelevant

Finding something on the spot it is

Sounds good

When?

When we feel like it?

I mean when do we start the date?

Oh

Well, I want you here as early as is comfortable for you

Okay

The date part doesn't need to start until later

The earliest train would get me there at 9.37

I reiterate: that you're comfortable with

Maybe two later, so that I don't have to get up at 5

That sounds better

Okay

And then you'll be here again

Yes

Which is good

I think so

Because I miss you

Already?

Sirius?

Say yes so I know I'm not the only weird one
What

I miss you too

But

That's not what you said

Just wanted to know if you were being serious

It's been a day and a half, it seems soon to feel this

Yea

I miss you.

You don't have to say that

Don't have to or you don't want me to?

I have a "low tolerance for person-permanence", you don't have to say it to make me feel better

I said it because it's true.

Okay

Sorry

I don't say things I don't mean

Yeah

I don't.

I know, I'm sorry. I panicked

If I wouldn't mean it, I wouldn't say it. I'd say 'You'll see me soon' or something

Don't have to be sorry

Yeah but I should have said something

Anything

Not just

I was debating not sending the "I miss you" in the first place and then

Seemed like I was doing the too much thing

You weren't

You really really weren’t.

Okay
Yes, already. Since your train left and I walked home alone.

I missed you most today when I was walking and there was no hand to hold

Walking is much nicer with you

Your neck doesn't hurt too much when you have to look up at me?

Rude?????

Tiny Sirius

So rude!

Cute tho

Hmmm

Kissarse

Are you sure you wanna go there?

Nope never mind nope

You have enough points as is

Thought so

Hmph

:) 

Mmmmmhm

I should probably start doing things

Like?

For tomorrow, for tutoring

Yes! Good

Yes

I'll leave you to it?

I shouldn't be too long

Take your time

Thank you

<3
All done

Welcome back

It's good to be back

How did it go?

Got everything ready

Excellent

How was the food?

Delicious, I'm grumpy about it

How much worse is grumpy compared to pouty?

It includes scowling and eyebrow things

Intense

I'm intense.

Clearly

Oh yes

Aha

;) 

Sure, sure

James is coming with me tomorrow to post your Actual Best Chocolate and painting

Yessss

It's a plan

I approve of this plan

I thought you might

Don't know where I'll hang the painting yet

Well you have at least a few days to figure it out

True, true

You don't have to hang it

Yes I do

Only if you want to
I want to.

Okay

I'll always want to

Well unless you suddenly start painting like shit

Or paint me a moon

I shouldn't paint you a moon?

Not a fan

Well I know, you've said, but you hate it that much?

Even more than oranges

That's a lot

The feeling is mutual

It hates you too?

Yep

That makes sense, sure

Questions?

You first

How did it feel seeing me in your flat?

Right

I felt really comfortable

You fit so well

Like it was a little surreal, because there was an actual Remus in my flat, and that is the stuff of dreams, but also it just felt like you'd always been there

And I'll be there again

You will

You will and I won't have to focus on anything else, I can just

It's going to be good

Yes. It’s going to be really good.

My turn?

Yes
You like me even though there are things about me you don't know?

Yes

All in your own time

What if they're big things?

Do they change things?

Who you are as a person, at your core, how you feel?

Well no

But they might change how you look at me

I doubt it

But that's what I'm afraid of too

That you'll feel different about me.

No

No, that you'll feel different about me.

Once you know everything.

We have time

We have so much time to know each other, still

And you really shouldn't be worried about that, I'm so

It would take a lot for me to be anything but this with you

It is a lot.

Yeah, well I'm attached, and I don't detach easily

Works for me

Can I call tonight?

Yes

"..."

"...

"Hi?"

"Oh hi."

"Hi."
"Hey."

"I really don't think there's anything that would make me not like you."

"You too. I can't imagine anything at all."

"I...yeah."

"You don't have to explain if you're not ready."

"I think I might be soon, for the first part of it. But that would be better in person."

"Like on Saturday in person?"

"Maybe, yeah. Yes."

"Okay. Me too then."

"Don't have to."

"I want to."

"If you're sure."

"I am. I want to know you. And I want you to know me. All of it."

"Okay."

"It's going to be good."

"I think so too."

"Know something?"

"Hm?"

"I'm not over how much I like your voice."

"I'll keep talking to you until you get over it, then."

"That's a really really long time. I agree, you should do this."

"I'm counting on it being long."

"Thank you."

"Absolutely no problem."

"Hey, Remus?"

"Yes, Sirius?"

"Oh. I like when you say that. But that's not what I was going to say. What do you do when you're on the phone with me?"

"Before bed, nothing."
"Do you sit, do you stand? Do you walk around in circles? I walk around in little circles until I have to go to sleep."

"I'm usually already in bed when questions happen. And then sometimes when we talk for longer and I'm not that sleepy yet, or I stop being sleepy, I go sit by the window."

"Mmm okay."

"I'm in bed at the moment, but not under the covers yet."

"And you still don't have socks on?"

"No socks."

"Just trying to get the best picture possible."

"Wiggling my toes."

"Awwwww!"

"What cute thing are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Bullshit."

"I'm not! I'm under the covers, I'm talking to you, I'm rubbing my stomach. Cuteness has been suspended for the night."

"You're what?"

"Lying under the covers, phone is next to my ear on the pillow."

"No, that thing about your stomach."

"What? It's not- not like, dirty or anything. I just like how it feels. It's a thing."

"A cute thing."

"A comfort thing."

"A cute comfort thing."

"Hmph."

"That's cute too."

"There's no winning this, is there?"

"Nope."

"Hmmmmph!"

"Point for me, I think."
"Fiiiiiiine."

"Yesss! Six to two, I think, maybe?"

"Mmm mmmm."

"Nice."

"Hmm."

"What?"

"Mm."

"Are you falling asleep?"

"Mno."

"Aren't you, though?"

"Noooo. Hmph."

"Sleepy star."

"Mmm tell me things."

"I'm strangely not nervous about working in the shop."

"Mmm."

"Probably because there's almost no customers."

"

"I asked if I should come early tomorrow so that he can show me what to do a bit before my shift, but he said I should be just fine, and to bring a book so I won't be bored."

"

"So really it's more just doing nothing in a different place but getting paid for it. Not that it pays much, he can't really afford to hire anyone, but it's fair for the amount of work."

"

"He knows about me, has for years. I wanted to run away once before the- Sirius?"

"

"Okay. Before the moon, when I was 12 I think, and I tried to shoplift some supplies and he caught me. And I just told him. And he talked me out of running away, but also said I can stop by to talk anytime. I think his husband was probably the first person I came out to as bi. And they let me use their fireplace to floo when dad wouldn't let me at home."

"

"Not that I had lots of places to floo to. Diagon Alley sometimes, and the library. But it was nice to
have the option."

"..."

"I hope you'll like magic. I think you will."

"..."

"Sweet dreams, little star."
Good morning

Morrerrrning

Slept well?

Yes, I think so

You think so?

It was awhile ago

Okay, wrong question, how are you?

Lovely

Your things have been sent

Yesss!!

Exactly

I'm excited

You should be.

About the chocolate anyway

I'm excited for both

So do you have work today?

Yes.

Nice!

I'm not quite as calm as I was last night

You're going to be great, Moony

You really think?

Yes I do. It seems perfect for you

Does it?

It does. It's laid back, it's with someone you're comfortable with, it's out of the house. It's everything I'd want for you, I think.
Yeah

Okay, yeah.

It's going to be great

It's going to be okay

Fantastic.

I'm fine with just okay

Hmmm

You're free today?

Nah, off to work in a few minutes

Have fun

I will!

I have no idea how you manage to be so enthusiastic and cheery in the morning, but I smile at it every time

Awwww then that's how

Before you go, tea?

Oh

Green

Relax before your first day

Okay. Thank you.

Anytime

Talk after, yeah?

Definitely

Okay, good

<3 today

Thank you, you too

Successfully finished my first shift
CONGRATULATIONS!!!!

Thank you!!

How was it????????

It was alright!

Nice!!!!!!!!!

All five customers left happy

100% success rate!!!!

Quite amazing

I'm impressed

And very very happy

Thank you thank you

How do you feel about it?

Good

Then I'm glad

Yes. And tutoring in an hour.

Oh wow, full day

Shouldn't take long

Okay

An hour tops

I'll be here

Tell me about a fun thing that happened today

Oh I'm so much art

There was this mum that came in with four kids looking so frazzled my soul cried for her. I let them paint my face with every colour they could reach. And I handed them the ones they couldn’t. I think they did a fantastic job.

Bet you look real pretty

Well, always

But especially now

Mhm
And I smell like Dirty

What does that mean

Minty and soft

Mmm okay

There was a spill and I got to clean it up

Got to

Yes

I'd like to see you at work once

We can do that

Add it to our list

It's going on

Excellent

How much longer do I have you?

Fifteen minutes before I have to go, why?

Just want to know

Okay.

I'd tell you before I left.

Thank you

What will you be doing?

Maybe bike

Add that to our list too

Ohhhhhh yes

Yesss

Definitely on there

I get a ride, right, when it's done?

That's what's going on the list

Okay, just checking

Absolutely
But I also wouldn't mind just watching you work on it

Ohhhhh that's what you meant

Well that part we could do on Saturday

Yes please

That's a deal

Fantastic

It shouldn't be that much more work, I don't think

Yeah?

Maybe

I said that a few months ago too though

Oh well

Oops

It's impressive either way

Thank you!

Just how it is. Have to go now.

Okay

<3 it'll be good

Thank you

It was good

I'm gonna assume you're still working on your bike and imagine you doing that and that imagery will help me not be grumpy about the fact that you can't text

Well that didn't last very long.

Definitely grumpy

I guess I'll go shower or something
I'm sorry

I'm so sorry please don't be grumpy

I got caught up, I didn't realize time was still happening

Are you showering, then?

Because I probably shouldn't imagine that like you were imagining me with the bike

You could, I wouldn't mind

You wouldn't?

Nah, I don't think so

Wouldn't be weird?

Not if you don't make it weird

I wouldn't

Then there's no problem

I am sorry it got so late though

It's okay

:(

No, no sad

:)

Yes, better

On my real face, too

And now on mine as well

Mmm good

Oh, tell Lily I sent her book

Oh, nice!

She says thank you

A lot louder and happier than that message conveys

Hah, okay
There might be something in the package for you as well

And the scones are for everyone

For me??????????

Oh!! Thanks! (to be delivered to Hope)

I'll tell her

Yes, for you

Thank you

What for me???

You'll see

Fiiiiine

Hmph

You wanna know?

Yes!

Tough

Rude!

It's socks to match your jumper.

You seemed a bit disappointed when you learned I'm not making you socks, so

Made you those as well

Oh yeah I was sooooo devastated to get an entire jumper instead

But really???????

They'll match too???

Yes

Same wool

I am very excited about this

And they're already on their way?

Yep, went to the post office before the tutoring

You're wonderful

Thank you
You're most welcome

Thank you thank you thank you

You're welcoooome

So how was tutoring, you said it was good?

Yes, she has her exam on Wednesday and I think she'll do great

That's really really good!

It is it is

I know we've talked about this before, but phones in baths is bad, got it. But are showers less dangers?

More

Whyyyyyyyy

Because water?

But I have to get this stuff off me

I'll wait for you

Okayyyyyy

I'm clean

But sadly I don't smell like Dirty anymore

What do you smell like?

Lemons mostly

Oh yum

I am very yum.

Mmm

And also very comfortable

That's good

Mhmmmmmm

It's too early for sleep

I'm not sleeping
I'm snuggling by myself

In my experience that leads to sleep

Noooooo

I'm an expert snuggler

I do not miscalculate these things

Okaaay

Tell me more about your day

I slept some more before going to work. And I went there early, even though I was told I didn't have to. I've discovered that I, unlike you, don't mind restocking the shelves. I ate crisps for lunch. The lady at the post office was really nice, and already knew that I was sending the package to London. And the History girl said that she'll tell her friends about me if anyone will ever need any help with anything.

Aww that's a really good Remus day

Really really good

Just not nearly enough Sirius.

Yeah, the days feel more

I dunno

They drag more when I'm not hearing from you all day

That, yes

I don't like it

Me neither

Next time I'll text you in the shower

Your phone will get ruined

I'll be really careful

You can't shower and text at the same time anyway

Watch me

Don't risk it

Fiiiiine

Thank you

Hmph
Really don't want you to just be gone
I won't be.
Even if something happened to the phone I wouldn't
Okay
Promise
Okay.
I'd steal James' until I could get another
Okay, as long as you have a plan
I have a plan.
Have you had dinner yet?
Yeah, soon as I got in, while you were showering
Good?
Leftovers so yes
I'm waiting if mum will bring anything from work
Yummmm
Hopefully, yes
My fingers are crossed for you
Much appreciated
Of course
Wanna listen to a record?
Ohhh yes!
Pick
Genesis
Which album
Your pick, I picked the band
Selling england by the pound
Mmm okay
Wait you mean I have to get up???
Or you can call

Oh

Would it be okay if I did that anyway even if I'm willing to get up and go in the other room for it?

Yes

"..."

"Hello?"

"...Mhm, hi. Looking for the record."

"Take your time."

"Thank you."

"No problem. I should probably at least get pjs on, I suppose."

"You do that."

"Okay, you wait over here."

"Where are you leaving me?"

"On the bed. I'd tuck you under the covers but then I couldn't hear you."

"Awww."

"Well you get cold..."

"That's sweet. Got it!"

"Yaaaaay. And I've almost decided what to wear."

"Pjs are hard too?"

"Everything is."

"Does the dress code at work make it easier or harder?"

"Easier, I suppose. No colour, and that's a whole category of difficulty."

"Hm okay. So what are the options right now?"

"Matching set with shorts or nightgown."

"Materials?"

"Fuzzy and silky."

"I vote fuzzy. But my vote doesn’t have to count."

"Hmmm... Okay. Nightgown it is."
"Colour?"

"Red. The blue fuzzy shorts are set aside for Saturday."

"Oh."

"Mhm."

"Do I have to bring my own or can I borrow yours again?"

"You can definitely borrow mine. You just bring you."

"Okay."

"James' stuff might fit you better, but you're not allowed 'cause I say so."

"Oh...kay."

"You look really cute in my things."

"Ah. Okay, I accept that."

"Do you still assume I'm going to say things to hurt you?"

"No."

"Okay."

"Don't mean to."

"It's okay. I get it. I'm going to try to always prove that wrong though."

"Thanks."

"I still really like you."

"I still really like you too."

"Mmmmm good okay."

"Okay to put it on?"

"Yes please."

"Okay."

"..."

"..."

"Young man says you are what you eat - eat well, old man says you are what you wear - wear well, you know what you are, you don't give a damn..."

"I'm not singing."

"Whyyyyyyyy?"
"Don't sing."

"That's very Hmph."

"Sorry, it's how it is."

"Well fine then I'll just hum."

"No, you can sing."

"Now I'm conscious of it."

"Sorry."

"Noooo I like just listening.""

"Okay."

"..."

"...

"...

"Hey, Sirius?"

"Mmm?"

"Can this be put on our list as well?"

"Mwhat?"

"Just lying in bed and listening to music."

"Mmm also Saturday."

"Yeah?"

"Wanna."

"Okay."

"N'then we could cuddle."

"Mhm."

"S'nice."

"Very."

"Padfoot, what is that s- are you sleeping?!"

"Nooo."

"Hi, James."
"Ohhh that explains it. Hey, Best Friend."

"How are you?"

"I'm fantastic, did you drug my Sirius?"

"No??"

"Why's she so sleepy?"

"Not my fault."

"Suuuure."

"It's not!"

"Mm is a bit."

"What! I didn't do anything!"

"I knew it. Okay I'll leave you to whatever is so tiring."

"I'm awake, I'm up."

"I even told you it's too early to sleep, and you said you have it under control."

"I doooo 'm not sleeping."

"Aha."

"Aha."

"Hmph."

"Hey James, have I thanked you for the bracelet yet?"

"You ha-"

"HEY JAMES, HAVE YOU MADE ONE FOR ME AND PETE YET? Huh, James? HUH? Have you??"

"I'm working on it! You have and you're welcome, Moony."

"Well we can't be your real friends until we have bracelets sooooo this is on you."

"Working. On. It."

"Work faster. Work like your lifelong friendships depend on it."

"But they don't."

"That's why I said 'like'."

"Do you want me to go work on them now?"

"Noooo, stay."
"Thought as much."

"Come here and be a pillow."

"Hmm okay."

"Moony?"

"Still here."

"Missed you."

"Not going anywhere."

"Missed you too."

"..."

"..."

"Oh the silence is deafening."

"Well be more clear who you're talking to next time!"

"Remus, I miss you!"

"Oh, I knew it was me. I miss you too."

"Yes, I was just being clear. What song are we on I can't hear?"

"Record ended."

"Oooh can I pick the next one?"

"No."

"Ooooooh."

"What, why not?!"

"Because you're an intruder."

"I'm in my own home! And you told me to stay!"

"Excuses."

"It's because you have a terrible music taste, James."

"I do not, my music is great!"

"What WOULD you pick, then?"

"Not telling."

"It's because he knows it's lame."
"I know. This okay with you?"

"Yes."

"Sure, like that's less lame."

"Less lame than what, now?"

"Not telling!"

"THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!"

"Whatever."

"Love you."

"I do too, just not your music taste."

"Yeah, yeah, I love you too."

"Mmmmwah!"

"Wet."

"You're welcome!"

"Thank you, love."

"Okay but now for real."

"Yes."

"Better, thank you."

"You're welcome."

"Do we have this one?"

"I think Lily might."

"You're just saying that because she has everything. Thank you, Moony."

"What for?"

"Putting it on."

"Oh, no problem."

"Hey Jamie?"

"Yeah?"

"Mind if we have a minute?"

"Not at all. It was nice talking to you, Moony."
"You too."

"Sorry, is that okay?"

"It's okay."

"It's not very very selfish to just want you to myself for a bit?"

"No."

"Okay."

"I like it when it's just us."

"Me too."

"Not that I don't like when it's others too."

"It's different. And new. I've never had someone who I wanted to spend time with specifically separate from James and Pete."

"And it's not because you wouldn't want us to be friends."

"No! No, I love when you guys talk. I love how well you fit with us. The other night in the kitchen just talking, it was perfect."

"Yeah, that felt really right."

"It was one of my favourite parts of the night."

"Mine too. And the breakfast the next day as well."

"They really like you, you know. There was never a question of that."

"I think they're alright."

"Rude!"

"You know, for a bunch of nerds."

"Oh please, you bring us up to a whole new level of nerd."

"Your fault, you brought me in."

"Yeah, I make really good decisions."

"True."

"Hey maybe I should text more random numbers! It worked really well that one time."

"Noo."

"Why not? Who knows how many other cool people there are out there?"

"Because I'm selfish."
"Are not."

"Don't want to share your attention."

"That's... Not selfish, that's just really really good."

"If you say so."

"I won't text anymore random numbers."

"Well you can, it might be fun."

"Nah, I'll just keep texting you."

"Works for me."

"I like that better than a thousand cool strangers."

"A thousand? Wow, I'm flattered."

"Well I wouldn't trade you for ANY number of strangers."

"Because I'm great."

"Yes."

"Well, you think I am, at least."

"I know you are. I am a witness."

"Would you testify under oath?"

"What?"

"That I'm great."

"Make an oath and testify that you're great, sure I would."

"...Okay."

"Is that a thing? Did I not get another thing? Is that from something?"

"No crime or lawyer shows for you?"

"No?"

"Any other ones?"

"Other what?"

"Shows."

"Like television shows? Pete says we should watch some sometimes but we never do."

"Those, yeah."
"Do you have favourites like with movies?

"Nah."

"Well that's not helpful."

"Sorry. Prefer movies and books."

"Because you're a nerd. Will you read to me this weekend?"

"If you want."

"I do want."

"More poetry?"

"If you want."

"I do want."

"Mmm excellent."

"Oh, mum's home, wait a sec."

"Waiting."

"..."

"Waiting waiting waiting waiting."

"..."

"Waaaaaaaaaaaiting."

"Food food food."

"Oh she brought stuff home?"

"Yessss and it smells delicious."

"What is it?"

"I have no idea. I'm gonna go eat downstairs, don't fall asleep. 20 minutes."

"I'll do my best."

"Please and thank you."

"Talk to you soon."

"So soon, promise."

Hi, call?
"You didn't have to if you didn't want to."

"What? Why wouldn't I want to?"

"Dunno. Your 'sure' didn't read well in my head."

"Let me fix it. I was waiting with my phone in my hand at full volume which I don't usually keep it at so that I could hear as soon as you texted and calling is even better."

"Thank you."

"How was food?"

"Yummy. Still don't know what it was though."

"And that doesn't bother you in the slightest."

"Why would it bother me?"

"Because you put it in your body?!"

"It's from mum, I know it's safe."

"Yes but still?"

"I don't see the problem."

"If you don't see the problem, you are the problem."

"That sounds right."

"Nooooo you're not supposed to agree."

"Oops."

"You're not a problem."

"Well."

"Nope."

"Okay."

"Oh, and tell your mum hi from me."

"Will in the morning."

"Fair enough. Thank you."

"Questions?"

"Yes."

"You go first."
"Do you still want to not talk sometimes? Like just be on the phone and be quiet?"

"Yeah, I like that."

"Okay. We can still do that, I just need you to tell me when."

"I will. Thank you."

"Anytime."

"My turn?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever been awake while I was talking and thought you were asleep?"

"Hmm not quite, I don't think? Sometimes I wake up and your voice is there and it's really nice and I fall back asleep. It's happened twice I think. Do you do it a lot?"

"More often than not, if you fall asleep before me."

"What kinds of things do you say?"

"Sometimes it's things that I probably shouldn't."

"Oh?"

"That I'm not ready to tell to your awake self yet."

"You talk to me about those things?"

"Starting to try them out."

"Okay. I like that. And I promise to make a noise if I wake up and hear your voice so you know I'm awake from now on."

"Thank you. I'm pretty confident that I can accurately tell your sleeping breathing apart from your awake breathing, but I just wanted to check."

"I like that too."

"Me too."

"Mmm."

"See like that 'mmm' was very sleepy."

"'M still up."

"Mhm."

"I ammm. Just very comfy."

"Mhm."
"It's nice."
"I can imagine."
"Yes you can."

"Mmm."

"That a sleepy 'mmm' or an imagining 'mmm'?"
"Imagining 'mmm'."

"I'm mmm-ing your 'mmm'."

"Mmm."

"If we keep this up James is going to get suspicious again."

"...I'm taking off my clothes..."

"Moony!"

"Yes, Padfoot?"

"N-nothing."

"Fuzzy or flannel?"

"Mmm fuzzy."

"Okay."

"Sounds nice."

"It is."

"Do you want fuzzys for Saturday night?"

"So we'll both be fuzzy?"

"If you want. Or I can switch, if two fuzzys in one bed is too much."

"Nope, sounds fine to me."

"But what... Okay."

"What?"

"I don't know. I don't know how to put it."

"Okay."

"Don't... Laugh, or think it's weird or anything?"

"I won't."
"Both being fuzzy is okay as long as I can still feel you. I mean, if mine are shorts anyway, it won't make much of a difference. But it seems like a whole lot of Something between us when I just want... It was really nice last time."

"I'll wear the same as last time."

"But also I think you'd be really cute in my fuzzy bottoms.""

"That's probably true."

"You see where I'm conflicted, then."

"We can try and see how it feels."

"Hmm okay."

"Okay."

"Won't matter much anyway."

"Because..."

"You'll be here."

"I'll be there."

"You could wear anything, just as long as you're here."

"Right. Yeah."

"What's wrong?"

"We'll be out all day."

"Yes, probably."

"Okay. Okay."

"What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Okay."

"I'm not normally outside for that long, I'm not used to wearing the binder that much. Shouldn't for more than 8, anyway."

"Okay, what about this, for a date? We do our Out things in all our best date clothes. Walking about and whatnot, I'm dressing up. Then when it's time for the actual date, we come back to the flat, order takeout, change into comfortable clothes, take off binders and things, and have a very comfortable dinner here?"

"Really?"

"It sounds really nice to me, if it's okay with you."
"Yeah."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, that sounds really nice."

"Okay."

"Just hate that I have to plan around that."

"I don't. Comfort is comfort, and it's a relief anyway. Takes the stress off of the date part and I'd need to find an excuse to go back to the flat and change anyway, because there's no way I'd be okay going to dinner in the same thing I wore around all day. I don't want us to pretend to be anything but what we are. I'm a person who needs to change my outsides to match my insides several times a day or I don't feel right and you're a person who needs to take off his binder after eight hours. We can be those things with each other, right?"

"Yes. Yes, we can be."

"Then, it's a date?"

"It's a date."

"Mmm."

"Goodnight, Sirius."

"Goodnight."

"I still really like you."

"Still really like you too."

"Like really really."

"Mmm."

"Sweet dreams."

"..."

"Sirius?"

"..."

"Guess what, magic is real."

"..."

"I know, shocking. Yes, really. Mhm, the wand swishing kind. Oh boy. Thiiiiis should be fun. Unless you're... Nah."
"..."

"Sirius?"

"..."

"You know how we talked about werewolves? Well guess what!"

"...

"Ughhh. Goodnight."

***

Good morning??? It should be morning even for you at this point

no

:(

shhh

Okay

I'm text whispering

thank you

are you sad for real

Well no, not in a way that requires concern

okay goodnight then

Sweet dreams

Good morning

Good morningish

Hi

Better rested now?

Yes, thank you

Didn't sleep enough during the night

Everything okay?
Yeah, just too much thinking leading to not nice dreams

You could have woken me up, I'm good with bad dreams

Nah, weren't the usual nightmares

New fun ones?

Ones I could fight

That's good, I suppose

Yeah

Okay now?

You like me and we're going on a date and you'll always give me a chance to explain things?

Always

Then I'm okay.

I like listening to you too much to not want you to explain things

Teacher skills

Very good ones

Tea?

Something sweet

Unexpected

I like to surprise

Surprise me again, what should I have on toast?

Ugh

Butter and jam

Thank youuu

Yeah yeah

You can't have just one!

No, YOU can't have just one

All normal people

Oh you think you're normal, that's cute
Remus?

yea

I'm sorry if that was

'Normal' seems like a bigger insult to me but I realize it might not to you

it's fine

Not if I offended you it's not

not like you were wrong

Again, I don't think I was but I think that's a good thing

Normal isn't even a real thing anyway, it's an illusion of majority

yeah, fine

I don't know how to un-fuck this up without lying and I won't do that

you don't have work today, right?

Right

okay, so can you call and be on the phone with me?

because i want to be alone but not alone

Yes

"...

"...

Okay?

Had to leave for work

Thank you

Anytime

I don't want to stop talking

I'll be here as soon as you're out of work

No, I'm saying I don't have to

Oh

You can talk during?
I might be slow to reply at times, but yes

I can live with that

For a few hours at a time

Just four

I can do that

Tell the nice man I say hello

He says bonjour

Aww!

And something else, but I don't speak French

Sound it out?

Uhh

Pur to jlee peteet amee?

Oh

Tell him

Merci, monsieur, mais pas encore sa petite amie

He just chuckled and said 'encore' and then said he likes you?

Wait

Wait

Wait wait wait

You speak French

You speak French?!

I like him too

Yes?

Yes, you speak French?

Oui, je parle français. Ca te va?

Uh huh uh huh

Yes I do.

And you never mentioned this
It never came up before now

Probably for the best

Rude

No really not

You'd just get too many points

Oh really?

Yes, really

Don't take advantage of it

Je ne veux pas, mais il est bon de savoir

Well you can't get points if I don't understand you

Well

You very likely could, but it'd have to be spoken

Noted

Hmph

;)

Hmph!

No pouting on the job

Do you get told that a lot?

No because you're not there to make me pout

I'm the only one?

Pretty much

I kind of like that

Hmph

Yep, definitely like that

See? Rude.

Me? Never

Almost always!

Untrue
Yuh huh

*Completely false*

**DON'T YOU HAVE WORK TO DO**

*Not really?*

**You have the most Remus job in the world**

**You're currently being paid to antagonize me**

*I can stop*

**I'd rather you didn't**

*Okay*

**Ever**

*Okay with me*

**Good**

*Uuuu customer*

**Your time to shine!**

*Oh how I shone*

**Did you do well?????**

*So well*

*No one can ring up milk, bread, and eggs as well as I can*

**With those long arms, I bet not**

*Aha*

**Good job Moony**

*Thank you, thank you*

**Very welcome**

*Gummy worms or crisps?*

**Crisps**

*Crisps and chocolate, okay*

**Close enough**
A well balanced meal, I think

Not even kind of, but I appreciate the effort

Vegetables and dessert

A crisp is not a vegetable.

Sure it is

No no it is not

Well

No

It's potatoes

Starch

Potatoes

Not a vegetable

Yes it is

I'm retracting a point from team Moony

Noooo

Yep

:(

You'll earn it back, I'm not worried about it

You can't just take it away!

Just did

Moony 5 Padfoot 2?

That's illegal!

I'm a criminal

Fine, I'm taking a point for taking a point

You can't just take my points willy nilly!

Yes I can

Nuh uh!

Yep. 5 - 1
Not fair

You made the rules

Hmph

Working hard?

Two grandmas came in and took forever

Awww

Sure, aww

Were they that bad?

Yes

Oh nooooo

It'd be fine if they'd be kinder

I'm sorry

Eh, survived

I'm grateful

What are you up to?

On my way to a lake

Oh?

Oh!

For the lift??

Yes!

You're gonna be really cold

So cold but that's what heating

Heaters

That's what heaters are for

I guess

It'll be fiiiiine

Aha
We're trying to find a good spot

*Good luck<3*

Thank you, thank you

Okay you seem busy so we're going to try this, if I'm not here when you get back it's because of this

*Still alive?*

*I'm gonna assume yes.*

*Someone bought ten blocks of cheese, I approve*

*Siiiiiiiruuuuus*

Hey babe, what's up

*Um*

Sorry we took so long, I'm a damn mess, with apparently zero control of my tiny limbs. So graceful and yet such mess.

James was great though, strong and capable as ever. Caught me every time, even when he knew I was potentially about to drown him in a deserted lake of questionable colour.

*Awww*

And he's so good looking while he does it, too. Like damn. 10/10.

*I honestly almost can't tell if this is James or not, because Sirius legit talks about you like that*

Yeah I'm really impressed it took so long

*Well the babe gave you away, and admitting to tiny limbs*

But she does have tiny limbs!

*I know!!*

She is okay, by the way, just having a bit of a rough time with things and didn't want you to worry, so she gave me this

She wants to know how work was
Can I do anything?

Work was okay

Nope, we're doing great, we're just staying calm about it. Everything is a-okay. I think she's extra frustrated that she's not talking to you, but this is her decision so I'll respect it.

She wants to know how many customers total came in?

Oh and congratulations on getting the job, that's from me

Okay.

Thanks

11

She says

Wait, where are you? Would it be very inconvenient for us to call you?

Call away

"Hi."

"Hey, babe."

"James."

"Okay, sorry, hi, Moony. You have me and Sirius and Peter up front driving."

"Hullo!"

"Hi, Pete. Hi, babe. Hi, James."

"Hah."

"Good work on the job!"

"We are currently on our way home, we were very nearly successful with the lift today. We'll just have to find a better place to practice next time."

"Thanks, Pete. That's really good to hear. Sirius, was James as great and strong as he claimed to be?"

"Mhm probably. Was good."

"Sorry, you don't have to talk."

"I'm okay. What did... he say?"

"That I am strong and I caught you every time even though you tried to kill me and that I was really hot."

"Hah!"
"All t-true."

"Is touching okay, can I give a hug through James’ superior and extremely hot body?"

"James hugging is already happening, she's wrapped in a blanket in my arms back here. But I can give her a specifically designated squeeze from you."

"H-hot. Not superior."

"I believe it was 'extremely hot body'."

"Yes, please. Mhm, it was extremely. Still the worst looking one in that car though."

"Why do you say things to hurt me- you, stop giggling."

"I'm the best, right?"

"Because you can take it. Sorry Pete, you're second, but it's close."

"I am shocked and horrified."

"Me too, Wormy, me too."

"I'mmm really gross, Moony."

"No you're not. You're clean and okay and only minutes away from a shower, remember? So what are you up to now, if you're out of work, Remus?"

"Refreshing my maths knowledge."

"That sounds unhealthy."

"Oooh, nice."

"For tutoring?"

"Yeah, have those two kids tomorrow after work."

"That'll be good."

"He tutors. Where did you find this nerd?"

"It's fun."

"NERD nerd nerd nerd nerd nerdnerd nerrrrrd."

"Mmm he is."

"Fun is subjective."

"Well it's fun to me. And the look people have when they finally get something is really rewarding. Also, shut up?? You're all nerds."

"Not the point, the point is: you're a nerd."

"Hear how cute?"
"Mhm I do."
"I don't remember ever denying it."
"Good."
"I think Sirius will have to call you back in a while, Moony. We're here and she needs to jump into the shower really fast."
"I will, I'll b-be quick."
"Take your time, love."
"Wh-"
"Bye, Remus!"
"Talk to you soon, Best Friend."

Hope you're okay and shower will help<3

Thank you

I'm okay

Okay

Hello?

I'm here

I'm sorry

What, why?

I was really pleased you were able to talk even while you were at work and when we started doing the things I thought we could do them a half hour at a time so I could still talk to you, and then I freaked out and everything went out of order

I was fine in the lake, we had a good time, we were joking about how the water was extra seaweed slimy and everything, and it was fine. But then we got out, and it started drying on my skin and I could feel it

I didn't like it

I'm sorry it was like that.

Me too

I was shaking too hard and I just wanted to ask you how the rest of work was and

I'm just sorry
Please don't be

Okay

I'm just glad you're okay now

Thanks

So eleven customers? Busy day

Very, almost three per hour

Are you expiring from exhaustion?

Yes

Poor Moony

I really am, thanks for understanding

<3<3<3

What do you smell like?

Jasmine

It's overpowering every other scent

Mmm nice

I like it

Do you want to call and be on the phone while I finish doing this?

Yes

"Hi."

"What are you doing?"

"Still maths."

"That's a lot of maths."

"Just want to go through everything, I wasn't that great at it."

"You're going to do great."

"We'll see."

"Yes, we will see you do great."

"Maybe."

"Mmmhm."
"You can talk if you want."

"I'm listening to you breathing."

"Okay."

"Not creepy?"

"Nah."

"Okay."  

"..."

"..."

"Still there? Still breathing?"

"Mhm."

"Stopped hearing you."

"Leaned back on the chair, because I'm done."

"Ooooohhhhh yay!"

"Yesss."

"Feeling good about it?"

"Yeah, I think it'll be alright."

"Good!"

"Yeah."

"And now?"

"Now I rest."

"Mmm okay."

"You?"

"Ordering food."
"Oh, what?"

"Thai."

"Mmm yum."

"Yessss."

"Wanna."

"Waiting for mum again?"

"Yeah."

"Should be yummy though."

"Mm yeah, always is."

"Then worth the wait."

"Yeah."

"Thanks for being here."

"Whenever you need me to be. Or want."

"It means a lot."

"It's no worries."

"Do you think we'll get it?"

"Hm?"

"The dance. With the lift. Think we'll get it?"

"Oh! Yes, definitely."

"It doesn't look hard but it iiiis."

"I believe you."

"It's fun though."

"Yeah?"

"Yes. Flinging myself and being caught is... Just the best feeling."

"And James always catches you."

"Yes, even when it means he'll fall."

"That's-"

"Unhealthy?"
"No. Really nice."

"It is that."

"..."

"Okay?"

"Mhm."

"Okay."

"Just thinking about how nice that must be."

"He'd catch you. I'd catch you."

"Mm but would I jump?"

"Works for falling, too."

"Thank you."

"Just true."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Was it too much?"

"N- Yeah. But not bad."

"Sorry."

"Not bad."

"Still too much."

"But I want it to not be. I want to get used to that, I want to believe it."

"Well... You never really get used to it. I don't, anyway."

"Are you still scared it's gonna all go away?"

"I'm not... I used to be worried they'd leave. They'd see I wasn't worth the trouble and they'd just go. I'm not scared of that anymore. But the being caught still feels like a pleasant surprise most of the time. Even if it's just the norm."

"I'd catch you too."

"I'd like to think you would."

"I would."
"You have good arms for catching."

"Long."

"And cozy."

"Fit well over your middle."

"Mmhm, really well."

"Do."

"Paaads, food's here!"

"Oooh. Hang on... COMING, ONE SEC. Were you going to say something, Moonbeam?"

"Nah, you go eat."

"Okay. I'll talk to you soon?"

"I'll be here."

"Soon. Bye but only for now."

You around?

*Just eating, ten minutes*

Okay

*Hi*

*Hi hi, good food?*

*Yes! Yours?*

*Yeeeeeeees*

*Good*

*Hi, Hope*

*Do I have to?*

*Yes unless she's far away*

*’Hi, Sirius.’*

Thank youuu

<3 <3
You're welcome

What are you up to now?

Mum's watching tv, I'm talking to you

I like this

Me too

Lily has a friend over so James is in my room tonight

I'm watching him make bracelets

One from the party? Bet mine will still be the prettiest

No, one that couldn't make it

That's very rude, and difficult, things are automatically 6 times prettier when they're on my body

Yes, but remember how nice my hands are

That is true

Mmmhm

If he finishes soon we'll just have to see on Saturday

Guess so

Just a few days

4 more sleeps

And then one really really good sleep

Yes

Yesss

Looking forward to it

A lot

Me too, I was going to say that

Good

Hey I have a question

Ask away

The talk talk we're supposed to have on Saturday? When are we going to do that?

Over dinner?
Okay
Okay

But what if you hate me for it? Will you just
Leave?

I could never hate you

I don't think you will, not honestly. But it's always a possibility. And even if it's not hate, you
might not want to be with me for awhile

If we do it on Sunday morning instead, would you be able to sleep, or would you be too nervous?

I'd be nervous.

I don't know when is a good time at all

Maybe right away

Okay

Is it?

You don't have to at all if you're not ready

No, I want to.

I just need you to remember that no matter what else, I'm me and you wanted to go out with
me and more importantly you're my friend.

I'll remember.

Okay

Will you?

I will

Okay

It's going to be okay

Yes

It could be really really good

Could be.

Will be

Hopefully.

It's still us
Yes, true. Have to keep that in mind.

I'm still more excited than nervous

Me too

Good

Might still change

Don't want it to

Me neither

Then we won't let it

How do you plan to convince my head to be more excited than nervous?

Remind you how good it was last time

And how great my hand fits into yours

Good points

There's a whole lot like that

Like how I don't need five blankets when I sleep with you

Yes, that's a good one

You're so warm

Told you

Sooo warm

And you feel really good

Your bed is really comfy too

It really is

Hmph

Can't believe how late I slept

Do you really think it was because of me?

Yes

That's

A lot

It is to me
Me too

I trust you

I don't want to betray that trust

Then don't

Feel like I already have

No. You've been as honest as you could comfortably be, right?

Yeah

That's all I would ask of you

Okay

Questions soon?

Go ahead

What might be a deal breaker?

I can't imagine anything other than you turning out to be an awful person, which is also unimaginable

Okay

What about you?

Same.

Okay

Was that your question?

No. My question is am I right to assume that by telling you, I'm automatically also telling James and Pete and Lily?

Only with your permission. We don't have secrets of our own from each other, but we respect other people's privacy. I hope you'll be comfortable enough to confide in them, too, but in your own time. However long it takes.

Okay. Thank you.

Of course

If you'll be okay with this first part, they can know about it too.

If you're sure

I am

Okay
Saturday.

Yes.

Call?

"Hi."

"Hello. We're not alone, keep your clothes on."

"Hi again, Best Friend."

"What if my clothes are already off? Hi, James."

"Then I'm taking you off speaker to discuss further."

"Soft cotton pjs."

"Very comfy ones?"

"Mhm."

"Even better."

"Snice."

"Sounds it."

"Mmhm."

"I have one of Prongs' shirts."

"..."

"Moony?"

"..."

"Um. Remus?"

"..."

"If you can hear me clear your throat? And we can just be quiet? But I don't know if the phone is acting up."

"..."

"Did you- James, can you tell if this is still on? - Did you fall asleep?"

"..."

"Maybe he fell asleep. Okay, Moons. Sweet dreams, I guess."

"..."
"Was that really sudden?"

"A bit. Said he was comfortable."

"Yeah. Yeah, no, I'm sure he just fell asleep."

"You're worrying."

"Shush now, so I can hear his breathing."

"Wow."

"To make sure he's just asleep!"

"... And?"

"Sleeping."

"You just know."

"It's all even and relaxed."

"Think you'll wear a gown to your wedding, or will you both be wearing tuxes?"

"Shut up!"

"I'll let you be godfather to my first born child if you let me be your best man."

"Um, obviously??"

"Just making sure we have verbal documentation of the agreement."

"Mmmhm."

"...You're my best person too, though."

"Again, obviously."

"Again, just stating for the archives."

"Love you."

"I love you too. Give me your wrist for measure."

"Mhm."

"That good?"

"Perfect."

"Good. Now move over. I'm following Moony's good example."

"No, I want this side, climb over."

"Picky picky picky."
"Ow!"

"Wh-"

"Sh sh sh. You woke him."

"Are you okay?"

"You stepped on my hair! He stepped on my hair, Moony! But sorry to wake you."

"I didn't mean to, is your head alright?"

"No, kiss it better."

"It's okay. Didn't mean to fall asleep before saying goodnight."

"We thought something tragic had happened. Mm, better now?"

"Still hurts, but better."

"Sorry. Was just really comfy."

"I would be too."

"I am now."

"Okay, goodnight then."

"G'night."

"Sweet dreams, Moony."

"Mmm you too."

"..."

"..."

"James? James."

"Whe-what?"

"James, I'm telling him on Saturday."

"Telling... You're telling him about... everything?"

"Yes."

"Wow. Okay. Are you sure you're ready?"

"Yes."

"Then okay. Does this mean we can put our stuff back out?"
"Don't see why not."

"Nice. How do you think he's going to react?"

"Probably think I'm joking at first."

"Very likely."

"What spell should I do?"

"Summoning seems pretty convincing."

"Yeah, but it's not that fun, is it?"

"Too flashy and it'll look like a magic trick, though."

"Ugh, true. Fine, Accio it is."

"Well what did you have in mind?"

"I don't know, something more impressive."

"Liiike?"

"I don't knooooow."

"What don't you know?"

"Fuck-"

"Nothing."

"Okaaay."

"Did we wake you again?"

"Well you did."

"Oops."

"With your distressed wailing."

"Oi!!"

"You're going to have to get used to that."

"Oi!!"

"I don't mind, I'm just sorry I interrupted your conversation. You can hang up if you want."

"No, no, no, please? Please don't hang up."

"I'm going back to sleep for now anyway."

"Okay."
"Goodnight."
"Nightnight."
"Night."

"Moony? Awake?"
"..."
"That was way too close."
"Ughhh I know."
"I mean. Won't matter Saturday."
"Yeah, but it does now."
"Okay. Okay. Can you sleep?"
"No."
"How can I help?"
"Tell me more how it's gonna be okay."

"It is. People do it all the time and it's rare there's a bad reaction. I just don't see Remus being one of those. He cares about you. You've said it before, I think he's going to like it."
"Yeah."
"It's going to be okay. It is. I believe that."
"Remus, I'm a witch."
"See? Easy. Kinda cute when you say it like that."
"Yeah. Cute."
"Mhm. And once he's done laughing you summon something."
"And then that's that."
"And then it's all out and he'll know all of you and love you anyway and you can stop worrying."
"Well I don't think I'll tell him I'm a dog right away."
"You should ease him into it, but once he knows you're a witch, the dog thing is just really cool."
"And illegal."
"Which is like so much cooler."
"You're gonna make such a good auror."
"I know, right?"

"Aha."

"Oh well."

"I want him to know all of me."

"He will and he'll like all of it like he likes as much of you as he knows now."

"Hope so."

"There's nothing to not like."

"People never had trouble finding things before."

"Never people that matter."

"Yeah."

"He's not them."

"Yeah. I know."

"He's Remus. He'll react like Remus."

"Mmm. Remus."

"Yes, that boy you date."

"Date. Dating Remus. Sirius is dating Remus. Can it be called dating yet?"

"Sirius is going on a date with Remus."

"Yes. Yes, I like that."

"Do I need to give you The Talk about hurting my Best Friend, by the way?"

"You think I would?"

"No, but I have to give it to both of you, it's obligatory."

"No it's not."

"Is too."

"I didn't give one to you and Lily."

"Yeah, we're still waiting. We're not officially in a relationship yet. You've been holding us up for years."

"My deepest apologies."

"Accepted."

"I think I'd like to try sleep now."
"Okay. I still love you, in case you forgot."

"I'll never forget."

"Okay good. Go sleep."

"Don't tell me what to do."

"I am your conscience."

"Aha."

"Goodnightish."

"Switch spoons."

"Yessss."

"Mmm."
Chapter 31

Mooooooooooooony

what

Good morning!

not yet

Hmph

Good night

Good morning

Oh you're alive, yay

Barely

Well I need you to be

Why

Just cause

Okay

You can still sleep if you need to, I just need you to be alive

Generous

I am

So I see

But I have work soon and I need you to tell me whether to wear leggings or knee high socks

And I need to tell you to have chamomile tea if you have any

Knee high

And okay

Thank you

I'm running late you should get up have a really nice morning <3

Have fun!

I will! You too, are you working today?
Yup, and tutoring after

Fullllll day

Yes

One. One customer all day.

Hi

Oh bravo

A record

Thank you

Tutoring?

Yes

Now?

Yes

Good luck!

It's going well

Excellent!

They like me

Well obviously

It's not obviously

You're a very likable person, why wouldn't they?

I'm really not

As a person who likes you very much, I'm going to have to disagree

That is your right

Yes, I am right

Sure
So I'm officially home from work. Lily's friend left a really cute cardigan here and I'm going to wear it because it looks warm and there's no one here to cuddle. I don't really want leftovers, so I think I'm going to make something. Not sure what yet. James has a game Saturday which I will not be attending so I'm going to go to the practices tomorrow and Friday instead. What else? I smell like coconut and salt from work. And my eyes are really pretty, not because I played with colours (sad day, no time) but just because they are. I think that's everything.

What colour is the cardigan? What did you end up making? Football practices sound dreadful, but okay. Coconut and salt is yum. And I am very aware of just how pretty your eyes are.

I'm just walking home

Creamy white, knit. Your risotto (nothing green, too much cheese). I like it. I am yum. Good, just thought I should remind you.

How are you?

Hungry, it smells good

Done soon?

Should be now

Enjoy

It's still too early and I don't care

Been there.

You live there.

Sometimes I have patience!

With food?

Occasionally.

Hmmmmm

I dooooooo

I believe you

Aha

Sort of

Mhm.
Welcome

Oh!!

Big package!

Oh!

Mine?????

Yesss

Ahhhhh

Because it's the actual best chocolate in the world, I had to send Enough

The painting's even more beautiful than I remember

Well it's finished now

Thank you

And I made room for it on the wall

I'm smiling a lot

Mm good

Okay okay next

Um

Um you tried it and it is in fact the best chocolate you've ever had and I did it and I'm the best um?

Um were you serious about the illegal means of getting it because this does not look like original packaging um

I may have had it lying around and I promise it was obtained via legal means

Okay

Unwrapping your lying around chocolate

Yessss

Okay

Okay

This is the best chocolate

!!!!!!!!!!!!!
I WIN

Ten points to Padfoot

And you just had this lying around?

We keep a small stock of it. James and Lily make runs there quite frequently though

Aha, James and Lily too, okay

It's all our favourite, yeah

It's delicious

It's the beeeeeeest

I agree

Hey, by the way, who was your potions professor?

Slughorn? Same as everyone, why?

.....aha.

W

What

Wait

What

Yeah, hi.

No

What

What did you

What did I what?

What did you mean

There's really only one thing you could mean

Right

Right

Honeydukes, Hogwarts, magic

You

You said Hogwarts
You just said Hogwarts

You

Are you okay?

I need to sit down

Yeah, I'm on the floor in the hallway

Okay

Okay

Okay

You know?

Or you

Are

?

I am

You are

You are

You are a wizard

You are too

I'm

Well yeah

Sorry, witch?

Yes

Yes

Yes

Oh m

Oh Merlin

I can say that

Merlin Merlin Merlin Merlin

That feels good

I nearly slipped so many times
And it wouldn't even matter

Me too!

Wow wow okay

Shite

Fuck

You

You know Alice

Alice is a witch???

Alice is

Alice is Lily's Alice

Alice Fortescue is the girl I've been trying to impress??????

Is your Alice Alice Fortescue????

The one and only

What do you do when you need to sit down and you're already sitting down?

You lay down on the floor of the kitchen and try to remember how to breathe

I was there when your Alice got her first menstrual

I was wearing her cardigan before I started cooking

Creamy white knit

Wait
I got her that

It

It's very comfy

I'm lying back down

I suspected a bit

But it seemed too ridiculous

You were gonna tell me on Saturday?

I was

You were????

Yeah

Okay so

I need to ask

Does this change anything?

It changes things about our date

It does?

You don't think it does?

Oh

Oh

Oh

You are taking me to Florean's

You were talking about

Yes

Merlin

Yes

I'm so upset

If Frank and her had chosen ANY OTHER NIGHT, she would have been at the party
Saturday

At the party where everyone had to be careful not to say anything
At your apartment with half empty walls

Yes yes yes yes

Those are all our Hogwarts friends you met

And we can put up all our non-muggle photographs and leave our regular things out

Everyone there?

Yes, those are the closest

Except for Frank and Alice

Okay

Okay

Your tattoos

Most of them magic

T

Oh

Like?

Like the star moves around, and the flowers grow by themselves, and I use the quill to write little reminders

Okkay

The animals are not

But the fourth one is a badger

On my right ankle

Ooooooooooooookay

Yeah, nerd

The star moves around

It took me forever to get a good picture

Wow

You write with the quill one?

Yeah, just little things

That's

I need a moment with this new information
Mhm take your time

That sounds really

Attractive.

Sure

James plays Quidditch

Not football. I've never seen a football match in my life

Oh thank fuck

And when I "run" with him, usually I meant we're flying

That is so much better

That I can almost support

Almost???

I can support quidditch, I can't support exercise at stupid o'clock in the morning

Hmph

This is exhilarating, I'm trying to think of other things I've had to cover up

My mum hates when I use magic to cook

!!!!!!! We can use magic to cook!

Next time we cook together on the phone and also on our third date

No pretending that stirring is a bother

Oh I felt so bad making you stir the risotto by hand while I sat on the counter doing it with magic

I just left it and went to sit at the table

That's a relief

Oh

Oh!

I can work the flying back into the bike

Excuse me?

The bike. I was making a flying motorcycle. And then you said you wanted to ride it, so I've been trying to rid it of all magical elements since.

Just because I said I wanted a ride??
Yes?

Oookay

So Saturday

Want to just walk around Diagon instead of Muggle London?

I haven't been since buying school supplies before final year

Yes.

Oooooookay

Meet there?

Yes

Okay, when

Maybe I'll floo now

What

Maybe I'll floo to Diagon instead of taking the train?

Oh!

Yes good idea

Sooo, when?

Noon?

Perfect

Perfect

Okay

Okay

Okay

Okay

Wow

Wow is right

I need to

Dunno

Lie down harder
Hah

Yeah, me too

All this time

All this time.

So you don't not like me for it

No, I don't not like you for it

I still like you a lot

I think

I think maybe I'd be less trusting if I knew from the start

Oh?

Yeah

Why?

Not very good past experience with wizards and witches

Are you muggle born?

Does that matter?

What no

Merlin no

I'm a bit disappointed you're a wizard, my mother would almost approve

I just meant, if your experiences with witches and wizards in the past are negative, you might not have been around too many

I wasn't

Mum's muggle

Damn. I was hoping there was a magical secret to her scones

Nope

I need to make it very clear to you I'm not like that

A prejudiced dick?

Yes.

Didn't think you were

You might be the first
Well I already know your "parents" are arseholes, does that mean that I have to add that to the list?

The list?

Prejudiced dicks to the list of reasons they suck

Yes

You can put it right at the top

Rest of the family too?

Nearly all of them

Sorry

I'm not them.

That's pretty clear.

You're the first friend I've made who never thought I was. And I'm suddenly very worried you'll forget and think I am

I won't. I know you. I'm not gonna suddenly start judging you because your "family" are even bigger jerks than I originally thought. You've made it perfectly clear already that you are nothing like that.

But you asked

Your question didn't make sense to me

Sorry

The more time I've spent around wizards, more bad experiences I've had. I just don't see how not being muggle-born and spending more time around them would help that

Are you disappointed I am?

Not even a bit

It's good to see there are good witches out there too

Okay

I really like you, Sirius. And I think I know you, and you're a good person, and I'm not going to just stop thinking that, and I definitely won't judge you based on people you had to grow up around.

I wasn't expecting this

Are you disappointed?

No

Not in any way

Okay
Why d
Wait they're home
I have to tell them
Can I tell them?

Can I hear?
You could tell him if you want
Just James, apparently Lily will be in later
Oh yes please
Okay okay

"..."

"Hello, Best Friend. Why is sh- why is he all giddy?"

"Hi James, how was practice?"

"Sooo good, I think we're going to do really well on Saturday."

"I never asked, what position do you play?"

"Oh, I'm... The uh. Offense?"

"I believe Chaser is the correct term."

"Well y- No. No it's- I didn't think that's what it's called, nope."

"Preeetty sure it is."

"No, nope. If that's what Sirius said then he's lost it because that's not. A real. Position. On a football team."

"Well you should know, you're the expert."

"Yes."

"What's your favourite team?"

"That's... Tough. I...I like all the teams."

"Personally I support the Holyhead Harpies."

"Ugh, so does- wait. You what now?"

"Well I don't really pay much attention to quidditch, but if I had to pick, I'd go with them. Being Welsh and all."

"But..."
"Breathe, Prongs."

"Okay there, Best Friend?"

"He-"

"Mhm."

"But we-"

"I know."

"How e-"

"My best guess is that he was born with it."

"Why are you so calm?!

"I've been trying to lie inside the kitchen tiles for awhile now. No part of my insides is calm."

"This is fun."

"And he-"

"Yeah he knows."

"All of us?"

"Yeah, you know his Alice is Al Fortescue?!"

"No."

"Uh huh."

"The Al that's out with Lily? Who is coming back here?"

"Oh, she is? Guess that's why she left her thing, I'll just... put that back here."

"Oh oh oh can I please talk to her when she gets there?"

"All yours."

"Moony just say it please so I can hear it?"

"I'm a wizard, Prongs."

"Ooookay."

"Yeah, h- oh okay, we'll just lie back down."

"I'm still on the floor as well."

"Probably safest."

"Hey, wait, I thought you said Saturday you'd tell him!"
"Love, I sent him Honeydukes. There was no getting around it."

"Delicious delicious Honeydukes which is helping me stay calm."

"Send some back then, I gave you all mine."

"No, I need it all."

"Hmph."

"Oi wait. Why didn't you go to Hogwarts? I feel very cheated out of a Hogwarts with Moony in it."

"Wasn't allowed."

"I demand a do-over."

"You think we'd be friends?"

"Think? Moony, there's no way we wouldn't be friends."

"..."

"I regret nothing. We're friends now, that's what matters."

"Yeah, and if you'd known James when he was younger you'd think he was arrogant and egotistical, which he was."

"Least I wasn't a racist."

"James."

"Come here. Of course you're not. You never spat that nonsense past our first month and it was only garbage you'd had drilled into you."

"Sorry, we were just talking about it. Still hurts."

"Still would've liked to known you for longer."

"You will."

"Yeah."

"The rest of our lives for it."

"Hey, can you apparate?!"

"Never took the test."

"Damn."

"Can't you?"

"James can, I can't. I mean I can. Tiny distances or in emergencies. But I get migraines from it. Bad ones."

"Damn."
"Yeah."

"But I can visit anytime!"

"You can visit after Sirius visits."

"Harsh."

"Fair."

"So, Gryffindor, huh?"

"And proud!"

"How did you know?" S

"The nerd used red and gold for my bracelet."

"Oh."

"Because you're definitely one of us! No way you would've been anything but a Gryffinwinner, Moony."

"And because I know you, and you're all idiots."

"Oi!"

"That's just rude, Moony."

"But true."

"Hmph."

"So now you're not exotic, how does it feel?"

"How dare you? I am plenty exotic."

"Suuure."

"You're both very mean, there's been too much head spinning for this."

"Do you need some time alone?"

"No. Maybe. I don't want to stop talking to you."

"We could change the subject?"

"So you were homeschooled?"

"Yeah, dad taught me."

"Oh."

"Hmm."

"What?"
"Was he a good teacher?"

"He explained things well. He wasn't a good teacher."

"Okay."

"He's Moony, he reads, I'm not terribly worried his education is lacking."

"Three O's and four E's on my NEWTs. That good enough for you?"

"Shite."

"Oh my nerd."

"I'll take that as a yes."

"Nice job, Moony."

"I've decided it's probably best we weren't in school together. I'd never make it through a class with you in it distracting me with your nerdiness."

"I get the feeling you easily found other things to get distracted by."

"More rude!"

"Nothing has ever been more true."

"Wait. Wait. You were in Gryffindor."

"Yes."

"The whole time."

"Your Head of House was McGonagall."

"Hmm was it? Dunno, Sirius, does that name sound familiar to you?"

"Minnie, my love, yes! You know of her?"

"You asked out McGonagall. McGonagall is who you kept asking out."

"Yes!"

"So much."

"Amazing."

"We're in love, leave me alone."

"How do you know her?"

"She came to explain why I couldn't attend, and she was there for all the exams at the Ministry. And she'd send me the list of textbooks every year."

"Oh."
"Always liked her."

"Yeah?"

"So does he. I'm sure the three if you will be very happy togethe-ow!"

"Thank you. Yes."

"It means so much to me that you know her and you like her."

"I like to think she likes me too."

"She's not stupid, Moony, she likes you."

"Yeah."

"Oh! Is that them?!"

"Yes, shhh."

"..."

"..."

"Hello?"

"In here!!"

"Oh, h- Is there a reason for this?"

"Oooh nothing, we're just talking to our friend in Wales. Sirius has a date with him Saturday."

"He still on the phone? Hi, R-"

"NO!"

"What the hell?"

"Just. Let him introduce himself."

"Yes. The one you were too busy finally getting with Frank to bother meeting last weekend."

"We had that planned before you decided to throw a party!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, just take the phone."

"What why? I hate talking on the phone, can't I just meet him this Saturday if he'll be here? Or are you suddenly travelling to Wales?"

"No, he's coming here again. Look, it's on speaker, you don't even have to touch it, just say hi."

"Fine, fine. Hiii, nice to meet you, friend of friends."

"Just friend is fine. Hi, Alice."
"Alice? Al? Is she doing that open mouth thing?"

"Wait, what's going on?"

"Remus, Remus?"

"They're a bit acquainted."

"Oh, good, you do still know me."

"How?"

"Our question too."

"Kind of mean you didn't introduce us earlier, to be honest."

"Hey, no, not fair! You never wanted to hear about my friends from Hog- wait. Wait. They know you know? And you know?"

"I know, Alice, I'm joking. Yes, we all know everything."

"Everything everything?"

"No, not the...thing."

"There's more?!"

"Not today there's not. So you CHOSE not to meet us?!"

"There was never any talk about meeting you. But listening to everything I missed out on didn't seem all that fun."

"We wouldn't do that."

"Just mean that whenever Alice started talking about her friends from school I changed the subject pretty quickly. Yes, my bad, I know. Not your fault I'm still bitter about it."

"Wait, Remus, you're a wizard??"

"Oh yeah, there's that, by the way."

"Okay if you're all going to be in here, I'm going into my room."

"Would you rather stay here? We can leave."

"I should be heading home anyway, Remus, I'm coming over tomorrow to talk about this."

"Okay. Sirius, want me to hang up?"

"The cold tiles feel nice. No, Moony, don't go."

"Okay, I won't."

"I'll go call Wormy. Can I tell him?"
"Alright by me."

"Why?! Is no one hugging me goodbye?!"

"HUG PILE!"

"O- Remus wait- wait here in the- oh no."

"By the sounds of it, I'm being smothered."

"Mphm."

"I'll go move to my room. Don't want to be found here."

"Hmm?"

"...

"Up, up!"

"Shout if you'll want something and we'll be here."

"Anything."

"Thanks, loves. Remus?"

"I'm here."

"Okay?"

"Yeah, I was just moving to my room."

"Where were you?"

"Still in the hallway, where I opened the package."

"So I was right, right?"

"About?"

"Best Chocolate. I know you've already said it, I just need to hear it oooone more time."

"Yes, after years and years of trying, you fiiinallly sent the best chocolate."

"Magic."

"Merlin."

"That feels really good."

"So good."

"I have so many more questions for question time now."

"You don't have to wait."
"What spell do you use most from day to day?"

"Hmm. Aguamenti?"

"Very functional."

"Well which do you?"

"Probably Accio."

"Boring."

"I need it to reach things."

"And I'm the lazy one."

"It's n- Yes. True. It's because I'm lazy."

"Oh my god. To reach things. Because you're so short. Oh cute cute cute."

"No, it's not. It's because I'm terribly lazy and I can't be bothered!"

"Tinyyy."

"Aggressively lazy."

"Adorably short."

"Hmph."

"So your favourite subject was Defense."

"It... Yes, it was."

"Okay?"

"You knew?"

"You told me. This practical and theoretical self defense class."

"You did remember. Wow."

"Mhm."

"You're... Terrible at potions."

"The worst. Barely got an A in my OWLs."

"If you brew like you cook, I believe it."

"Everything is way too precise."

"And where would you even put the cheese?"

"Exactly, thank you."
"Ridiculous wizard."

"That's me."

"Can we... I just need a bit to absorb."

"Yes."

"But I will talk to you soon? Very soon?"

"I'll be here."

"This isn't ending."

"I definitely don't want it to."

"Then it's not."

"Okay."

"Okay. Talk to you soon, Pumpkin."

Still talking to me?

I don't plan on ever stopping

That's very okay with me

Told my mum

And?

?????

And she asked if you'd help her garden, because my spells are apparently not good enough for her all of a sudden

Yes!!!

Incredible

Going to be

Such betrayal

Nuh uh

From mum it is

<3<3

Aha

That was to your mum
Mean!!

;)

To you

Too late, already told her you winked at her

Eh okay, could be for her too

She would like to remind you that she is a married lady

:(

Aaand she winked back, okay, I'm out of here

Moonyyyyyyy

Alas, my heart belongs to another

Yeah, yeah, McGonagall, we know

Ahhh and you know her

I do

Then I expect you at the wedding

Wouldn't miss it for the world

Then I'm :)

She thinks I should just tell you everything now

But I don't think I'm ready

Today has been a lot as it is

That's okay.

There's some more for me too, and I think this was a lot for now

Okay

I never imagined anything close to feeling this good after telling you

Likewise

It's really nice

It's a pretty big thing to hide

It feels lighter now

Didn't know it was heavy before
Yeah

I like it

I want to enjoy it

And I am

But at the same time, it just brings the other thing closer and

I don't know

I'm scared

And it's ridiculously easy to find all the good arguments why I shouldn't be that worried about it, but I can't help it

I get it

And you Can tell me. Anytime. But you don't have to until you're ready.

Thank you

No problem

Questions?

You first

How's Reg doing?

They seem to be doing really well! Their correspondence is guarded, but I think that's because they don't know how to write any other way. Minmin says they're doing well though

Just, with this new information, it occurred to me that their problems are bigger and more serious than I imagined

Yes.

I'm sorry

No it's

It is what it is

It's gonna be okay though

Yeah

It's good to have you fully know about it now

I'm here if you want to talk about it anytime

Thank you

Anything
My turn?

Yes

**How did you think I'd react?**

*Well, after not believing me at first, I thought you'd like it. Was going to try to think of the most colourful spells to show you*

Mmm

**You could still do that**

*Sure, okay*

**You're very sweet, you know**

*Oh*

*Nah*

Yes

*Well okay, if you say so*

**I do.**

*How did you think I would?*

**Like a nerd**

*Again, after the initial disbelief*

*I'd probably try to learn all that I could, yes, I'll admit to that*

**Exactly**

**Thought I'd have to give you all our old books**

*You're sweet too*

**I try**

*Do you want to call?*

*It's okay if not*

**I want to**

*Okay*

"Hi."

"Hey."

"How are you feeling?"
"Very cozy."

"In your bed?"

"Yes."

"I'm on the window."

"You have a sill? Are there pillows?"

"Just a blanket."

"Still could be cozy."

"There's plenty of room for potential pillows."

"How much room?"

"Just a bit too small for two people to sit comfortably, so just enough."

"So would be cozy."

"Yes."

"Mmm."

"Your painting is now above my records shelf."

"Is it nice there?"

"Very."

"Then good place for it."

"I think so, yes."

"Mmm."

"Sleepy?"

"A bit. Been a lot of day."

"You can say that again."

"A bit. Been a lot of day."

"Funny."

"I am."

"Mhm."

"You are."

"I'm... funny?"
"Yes. Make me smile a lot. And laugh. At my phone in public. Which is considered odd by some."

"I know those looks, yeah."

"I love it."

"You love people looking at you like you're slightly insane?"

"People give me funny looks all the time. Might as well do it because something is making me really happy."

"Fair enough."

"Mmmhm."

"Goodnight, smiling star."

"Mmm goodnight, bright moon."

"N- okay."

"Moony?"

"Yeah?"

"What were you going to say?"

"Just. Just not moon, please."

"Moony but not moon?"

"Yeah, I know, no real difference."

"No no, I'm just making sure. So things like Moonbeam and Moonshine, also bad?"

"No, those are alright. Ridiculous, but alright."

"Just not moon. Okay. Got it."

"Thanks."

"Thank you for telling me. Goodnight Moonymoony."

"Sweet dreams."

"..."

"..."

"Sirius?"

"..."
"Goodnight."
Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Good morning

Morning!

Slept well?

Pretty well, yes

You?

Not bad

Work today?

Yes, you?

Nope

Great

Yessssss

Movies with Wormy

Ohhh, nice

Yessss

Do you know which ones?

Not yet, I will alert you as soon as I do

Good, thank you

Tea?

Black

Milk?

Sure

Unhelpful

Yes milk

Thank you

You are most welcome
Scooones

Ughhhh I want th

Moony!!!!

Yes?

Owl post

Oh yes. Owls are a hoot.

Lily has one, I can send you things and they won't take several days now

I'll stick to normal mail, thank you. Which you're not opening anyway it seems

Hmm?

Well, Lily isn't

Oh!

I have to yell at her to do it later, she wanted you to be there

Don't yell at her

I wouldn't yell

Good

I can call you so you can hear her open it though, right?

Yes, definitely

Okay good

Alice is coming here after work

That's sure to be the weirdest thing I've ever experienced

It was really strange hearing her on your side of the phone call

I bet

Do you get along?

Me and Al? She loves me even when I annoy her. And I adore her. She doesn't put up with shite but like in a really kind way

That's really good to hear

I've never been worried she doesn't like me until this very moment.

Of course she likes you

Well now I don't know!
Sirius.

Yes

She likes you

Okay

I promise

Okay

Thank you

What did Pete say?

Pete said Galaxy Quest

Oh, you're there already?

I meant what he said when James told him about me

Oh, he laughed. A lot. He's still laughing.

In a 'you're idiots' way?

Yes

He's amazed neither of us figured it out. He's under the impression I'm the least subtle person on earth, witch or not

Well

Do not agree with him!

Weell

Moonyyyyyyyyyyyyy

I can't always take your side

Yes you could

Nah

Could

Nahhh, where would be the fun in that

Hmph

Haven't seen that movie

Wow, now I don't know how to feel about it. He says you should also pick a Hughes for us, but I don't know what that means
Pretty in pink
That's me
I'm pretty in every colour.
Don't doubt it
He says okay
You should watch this one now and the other while I'm at work
Okay okay
Yesss
We're starting now
Count?
Oh! You mean you too!
Okay count back from ten now
Yesss
Yessss
I'm melting Honeydukes over popcorn
That sounds messy and gross and weirdly satisfying
It's all that, plus delicious
Hmmmmmm
Do it
We did buy more
Do iiitt
Okay okay
Yesss
Gross mess
Yumm
Ohhhhh
Told you
Oh wow
Toooold youuuu

Thank youuuuuuuuu

You're very much welcome

Mmm okay okay movie

Yes, pay attention

Okayyyyyy

Well?

I can't have so many favourites, what will I do, just watch movies all day???

Yes

Okay

Gotta run

Have a good day at work

<3

Thankyou

Of course!

An actual busy day.

I didn't care for it

Really?

I'm sorry

You're sorry that I actually had to do some work at work?

Well you didn't like it

Mostly because I didn't have time to text you

Then you happily do so now!

Yes

Yours all day
Except when Alice starts to complain

Well I'm not trying to get in her good graces anymore, so I don't have to care

I do know how awful it feels to not get proper amounts of Moony time though

I still value her opinion

Oh oh! Find out how her thing with Frankie went, she was here but she was in Lily’s room most of the night, I didn't get to ask

I plan to

What's he like?

Like the softest pillow in human form

Not physically, that's just how he is

Oh

That sounds really nice

He is. He's the kindest, gentlest person I know, and I know James.

And they've been getting together for a while?

They've been flirting for approximately forty years

Amazing. Okay.

Feels like it anyway

So I don't need to have The Talk with him?

Hah!

No

Give it to her

He's so pure

I'm waiting for one from James

Tried to give me one on your behalf

We talked

You won't get one

Well alright

Don't need one

Debatable
Not
You wouldn't hurt me

Not intentionally
I still like you
I still like you too

Good
Yeah
I think it is
Yeah
The other movie was weird
I think it was funny? Pete kept laughing and I like when he does that
Maybe I'll watch it once
He says he should have realized there was too much muggle specific humor
I want to watch things like that with you, that seems fun
But I don't get any of it!

Exactly
Hmph
<3
Sure sure
Really.
<3
Alice is here
Hi Alice
I didn't get a hello and you think you will?
What did you get instead of hello?
'You're dating Sirius Black?!
Oh
With a huge smile
And you said?

'We're going on a date yes.'

And she said?

Moony I need everything

She squealed and hugged me

Okay

She's still hugging me

Tell her do so more from me

O

Yes good

:(

Your fault

Oops

Slightly shattered phone

What

Your hugs are intense

Not untrue, but is the phone okay?

Yes

Reparo is magic

Making sure. Lily said certain spells won't work on muggle technology

I've been able to levitate it okay though

It was just superficial damage

Okay

Why did you levitate it?

No reason

Sure
Alice is asking what you'll give her not to share all your embarrassing stories

Name her price.

Your silence about Halloween in 6th year

And apparently you also own a really cute polka dots skirt?

Uggggghhhhhhh fine. And she can borrow it until I remember to ask for it back.

Deal

Thank her

Mhm

And you

You're welcome

What are you two up to?

Lying in bed

Oooh sounds nice

Very

Hmph

Yes, it would be better with you here too

:)

Me too

Two days?

Two days.

Okay

More excited than nervous?

Still yes, even more yes

Me too

Very good

I think so

It will be
Haven't been there in a while

Me neither

I know, you said

Miss Florean's

I'll get you as many scoops as you'll want

Yummm

And I'll try not eat half of yours

Or

Or I'll eat three quarters of ours?

That's okay with me

Perfect

Pete and I are headed to my flat now

And then to James' practice?

That's the plan

Tell me all about it later

Okay

Now that you can

I can

I can tell you about Quidditch

Yes

Wow

Feels good

Very good

Weightless

Almost

More than I thought though

Yeah, definitely

Ugh, little bit of apparition because Wormy wants to get there Now
Good luck<3

Thanks

Okay?

Yeah

Bit more ouch than I'd accounted for

Sorry

I'm okay

What's it like?

Constricting. Can't breathe and it's too tight and too much. And then relaxing from it is queasy and achy.

That sounds terrible

It is

Others don't mind it that much?

No, just me

Hmm

Ask Alice

Thinking of trying

Yeah?

Yeah. Seems more useful now than it did before

I could find a use for it

Mmhm

Wish I had a floo to use. Don't love that feeling either, but I can handle it a bit better

How fast do you reckon your bike will be?

Hmmm

Once it's flying again I reckon it'll be properly fast

I mean

You want to visit here, right?

I didn't mean to assume
Yes?? Of course???

Okay

I try to count stairs to get a better image of where you live. I want to meet your mum. Of course I want to go to you.

Just making sure

You never said

I'm sorry. I do, I definitely do

No need for sorry

Okay

Alice is wearing the cardigan

Of course

It's really comfy

I know how to buy cardigans

I believe that

Good, because it's true

If ever I'm in need of an expert, I'll come to you first

Smart

At least a bit

Quite a lot

If you say so

I do

I think we're going to head out now

Have fun

And my mobile really doesn't like the pitch

Alice will be glad, I'll be grumpy

Tell her to take care of you while I'm gone

Will do

Thank you <3
Practice was good

Tell me tell me

James was on fire, and Kingsley is on the team with him and they work ridiculously well together and with the other chaser.

Their keeper and one of their beaters are the real points to work on and they're really trying

They were practicing a bunch of really impressive maneuvers today, it was a good day for watching

Can I come with once?

You'd want to???

I haven't been to a lot of games

Would you rather go to a game or a practice?

Practice first

Okay

It's going on the list

Thank you

Of course

What did you get up to?

Alice told me how she met everyone while I made dinner

Aww nice

It was

Back in bed now

Of course, good

It's comfy, you'll see

I will

Mhm

I like our list

Me too
So how was the Frank date?

Oh!!

Perfect

I'd like to place a bet that they're gonna get married in the next five years and then have at least six babies and ten dogs

Excellent. I'm not going to bet against that

They went to dinner, and everything went wrong

First they said they didn't have a reservation, then they got a really crappy table and waited forever for their food, which was cold

But apparently nothing could get Frank down

It's impossible to get Frank down

So they went to the shop to buy things to cook, just that Alice failed to mention she doesn't have a cooker.

They ended up eating crisps and drinking really fancy wine on her balcony and they stayed up all night talking and then he kissed her good morning and left

Ugh perfect

Told you

I know first hand what lots of talking and good morning kisses do to a person, is she okay?

Swooning

Sounds about right

Happiest that I've ever seen her

That's wonderful

It really is

Kiss her cheek for me?

Can do

Thank you

Absolutely no problem

Did you have dinner yet?

Yep

What was it?
Spaghetti

Good?

Very, tomato sauce with peas and loads of parmesan over

Of course

We're trying to find food now

Outside or at home?

Home

Good luck

Thank you

Mhm

We are having sweets for dinner

I approve of this

Thought you might

Which?

An assortment from James' last Hogsmead run

Oh

Finishing it off because he's planning another one soon

What's it like?

Oh

Okay

We're saving some for Saturday

No

Hogsmeade

It's cute. Small and everything feels like magic in the good way

Okay

We can put that on our list for someday

Maybe

Okay
I don't know

We don't have to.

I always wished to

But now?

Now I'm not sure

You don't have to be

You went there a lot?

We were sometimes allowed when we were in school

From year 3 on, right?

Yes

Dad used to tell me about it

Well that's

A bit shite

I asked

Okay

When I still thought I could go

Yeah

Sorry

????

I feel like I'm making you uncomfortable talking about it

I'm not uncomfortable, I'm upset

It's a really selfish way to look at it but I feel cheated out of Hogsmeade trips with you. And all of it. And I guess it's probably not your dad's fault, but I automatically blame him for you not going. And it doesn't matter anyway, because so what if you didn't, you became this amazing person all on your own at home and at muggle school. I dunno. I don't have a right to be upset with him or any of it but I am

I try to tell myself that it doesn't matter, and that it's just a school. But it's not, the way everyone talks about it, it's not just a school, and I still get upset about it, even though I know it's pointless and stupid.

I'm sorry

Nah
It was for the best

Okay

Not for me, but whatever

What does that mean?

You don't have to answer that

It means it was better for others to not be around me

Safer

In two days, I'm going to hug you a lot

I definitely won't stop you

These are conversations that should be had while there's hugging, or at least an available hug if wanted

Mhm

So I owe you several

I'll make sure to collect them

Good

Questions?

Yes

You first

What's your favourite at Florean's?

Raspberry

Mmm okay

And hazelnut

And pistachio

And lemon

There it is

And chocolate, obviously

You can't make me choose!

You have to every time you order!

Nu uh
Oh wow

*I just get little scoops of everything*

So is that what I'm getting then?

*Nope*

*You're getting the special*

What is that?

*Well I'm not just gonna tell you*

Hmph!

*What's your wand like?*

Pine

And?

*10 3/4 inches, Phoenix feather*

And it goes swishswish

Swishswish

Yeah

You'll see

*Mine goes swoosh swoosh*

I like it that way mostly because when I put my hair up with James' it pokes if I lean on it, but mine's bendy so it doesn't

Swoosh swoosh, I like it

You

*It's not pencils, it's your wand.*

Yes

*That's*

It's not dangerous I've always done it

Hot

Oh

Well

But why?
Sounds like it is

Well you'll be able to tell for sure soon enough

Mhm

Alice staying over?

Nah, she has work tomorrow and wants her own bed

Rude

I think so too

Hmph

Tell me when to call when she leaves?

Will do

Thank you

Oh

She wants to talk to you

Oh okay

"Sirius!"

"Hi, Al."

"Aaaaah this is so weird!!"

"You sound weird on the phone."

"Hey!"

"You do!"

"Here I am, trying to tell you how happy I am this is happening, and you insult me!"

"Okay, sorry, go on."

"I'm so happy this is happening!"

"Me too shhhhh. And I'm relieved you and Frank are finally happening."

"Finally?"

"Yes finally! You belonged together in fourth year."

"He was dating that Hufflepuff then."

"Yes, and he CLEARLY belonged with you."
"You know they're together now? That jerk and that Ravenclaw that I went out with once about a year after?"

"Oooh gross, I hope they're happy together. And that he lightens up. I know none of us were our best selves in school but he was a real arse to Frankie. It's weird, I don't think of anyone but us hanging out with people from school since we've left."

"Yeah, same, but they do."

"Good, then you can both stop dating losers and date each other."

"That's what we're doiiing."

"Good!"

"And you're dating Remus!"

"We're going on a date."

"Right, right, but you want there to me more and you have a whole list of things you want to do."

"That... Is true."

"You like him, yeah, for real?"

"Yes. Really for real."

"Good."

"How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Spend so much time with him and? Leave before bedtime? Not want to talk to him all hours of every day?"

"Might be because I don't have a huge crush on him."

"How?!"

"I'm generous, I left him for you."

"I'm so completely grateful, I owe you hundred comfy cardigans."

"You know he blushes all the time, when talking about you."

"He does?"

"All. The. Time. It's adorable."

"Still?"

"Even more now that he knows I know who you are."

"He's perfect."
"I haven't known him for all that long, but...yeah."

"Glad you approve."

"Like it'd really matter."

"It would. Not like I wouldn't like him if you didn't, but all your support is important."

"I support this 100%."

"Thank you, Al."

"Love you, yeah?"

"Love you, too."

"Good. Have this nerd, then."

"Thank you!"

"Hi. What did she say?"

"You didn't hear her?"

"She kicked me out."

"Rude. She's happy we know each other."

"She said, yes."

"That's really all."

"Okay."

"I'll let you spend time with her before she leaves."

"Oh, she's gone."

"Oh okay. Then I get you all to myself?"

"You do."

"Excellent."

"Just two more sleeps."

"Yes. And one is like now."

"Soon, yes."

"Very, for some."

"Tell me something before you do."

"Like what?"
"A story."

"What kind?"

"Full of magic."

"Okay. Let me get settled."

"Mhm."

"M'kay. Story time."

"Yes, please."

"Oookay..."

"Once upon a time..."

"..."

"There was a..."

"..."

"You fell asleep, didn't you?"

"..."

"Guess I'll have to tell you a story."

"..."

"Once upon a time, there lived a boy by the name of Remus John Lupin. Just that for the first few years of his life, no one else saw him as a boy, and that wasn't his name. He had to tell them. His mum was still his mum, and loved him just the same. She took him shopping for new clothes, because even though clothes have no gender, it felt like a good thing to do. His friends were still his friends, and no one thought it was weird, because kids are great, and accepting, and they understand more than adults give them credit for. His dad didn't take it all that well, but he was still his dad, and he painted his room when he begged him to do it, because even though colours have no gender, not having pink walls meant a lot to that almost 5-year-old."

"..."

"Names have no gender either, but it can feel incredibly freeing to change it, and leave the dead one behind you. For the first few weeks, the little boy didn't change his name. Mostly because there were so many options, and he couldn't pick. His mum said to take his time. He overheard his dad being angry about it."

"..."

"His dad was angry about a lot of things, but never before was he angry about his child, and it felt strange, and it hurt."

"..."
Lyall Lupin was somewhat of an expert for Non-Human Spirituous Apparitions, and gladly accepted a job at the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures when it was offered to him. He often brought his work home, and had long rants about the dangers of Dark Creatures, never shying away from making his hatred for them known. And so his son, as kids do, started to talk hateful about them too. Because more than anything or anyone, children look up to their parents, and their parents must know best, right? So when Remus asked his dad why Creatures should all be locked up and his dad answered 'Because,', that was good enough.

"..."

"Then one day, Fen-"

"..."

"Fenrir Greyback."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Fenrir Greyback was brought at the Ministry of Magic to be questioned about the deaths of two Muggle children. Lyall was the only one who recognised the signs of lycanthropy in the man, and wanted him detained until the next full moon. The other members of the committee only laughed at him, and let the man go. But not before Lyall lost his temper and shouted at the whole room about how werewolves are 'soulless, evil beings, who deserve nothing but death'. Words that were heard often in the Lupin household both before and after the incident."

"..."

"So Greyback was released. And he decided to take revenge on Lupin. So one evening, Greyback climbed through Lyall's little boy's bedroom window and attacked him. Lyall was quick enough to save his son's life, but not quick enough to save him from the bite that made him a werewolf for life. Through later years, Remus often wondered if his dad regretted reacting so quickly, if he'd prefer to have a dead son over a werewolf one. It sure seemed that way sometimes."

"..."

"The Lupins moved to the country. The boy's mum still loved him, but cried about his scars. His dad looked at him with disgust. His friends were all far away, and he was not allowed to make new ones. Every full moon, he was locked away in a room by his father, who always made sure the Silencing Charms were placed perfectly. So that the boy's mum wouldn't hear. So that the neighbours wouldn't hear. So that he wouldn't hear. The boy was left alone with his screams."

"..."

"After a while, the boy chose the name Remus for himself. He thought it was fitting. He thought that since his father hated him now anyway, he might as well make him even more angry. He was a little shit and thought it was funny. He liked it. It felt right."

"..."

"When he got older, and Lyall couldn't be bothered to keep him in check every moon anymore, he'd
sent him to transform at St. Mungo's. They had a secure room there, in the basement. Empty, with nothing to tear apart. So the wolf tore Remus apart, and every month, there'd be more new scars on the boy's body. It continued like that until he was of age, and could decide where to spend his transformations himself."

"..."

"There was a little shack in the forest behind Lupin's house, where Remus would often go and hide from his dad. Later to read there in peace, to be alone with his thoughts. He put spells and charms all over it once he was allowed to do magic without his father present. Silencing, Concealment, Locking, everything he could think of. That's where he goes now to transform every full moon. Still alone, but less ashamed. And knowing that when he has to go to the hospital the next day to be checked and questioned and poked and prodded - thanks to a law his father put in place - at least there's a friend there waiting with a hug and a warm smile, ready to assure him that he's not a monster so many believe he is. That he himself sometimes still believes he is. Remus John Lupin. Werewolf. Wizard. Trans. Bi. Son. Nerd. Friend. Person. Not a monster. Human."

"..."

"...

"...

"..."

"Please don't think I'm a monster. Please."

Chapter End Notes

...six babies and ten dogs

Excellent. Need a date to the wedding?
Chapter 33

Good morning?

Good morning!

Hi.

How was sleep?

Bad dreams.

I'm sorry

It's alright

Are you?

Yeah. Nothing new

Hmm okay

Tea?

Have anything minty?

I do

That

Okay

Enjoy

Thanks

I'm sorry I fell asleep last night. I owe you a bedtime story

You do, it's only fair, especially since I told you one

You did?

Mhm

Last night you mean?

Yeah

I missed it?

That's what you get for sleeping

:(

Maybe I'll retell it once to your conscious self

I'd like that

It's a need to be close for hugs kind of story

Then it will wait until that can be a thing

I hope you'll still want to

I will, Remus

Yeah

I want to hear anything you have to say

Yeah, but will you still want to hug me after

Yes.

I know, I know, I don't know what it is. But I want to hug you a lot and I don't think there's anything at all that could change that

Yeah, I think so too

On my good days

Good

What kind of day is today?

Bad day

I'm sorry it is

I'll try to hug it better tomorrow

Tomorrow

Yes

So close

Is it still okay?

I really really want to see you

But?

No but.

None?

None at all.

I really really want to see you too
You will

Tomorrow

Yes

Really soon

Bit over a day

I'm going to think about it all through work, wish me luck

Good luck<3

Thank you

It was a bit distracting

But you got through the day alright?

I managed

Good

I did too

How was it?

Less busy than yesterday, but still busy enough

Unfortunate

It was alright

Okay. Why so busy lately?

Well clearly the whole village heard that a handsome young man works there now

Good point, okay

Plans for the rest of the day, other than James' practice?

To lay down on this table and rest

I support this

Thank you

Of course
You??

Reading

Anything good?

Les mis

What?

Les Miserables

What's that about? Are you learning French?

No, I'm reading the translation

Okay, then what's it about?

Oh, it's a historical novel

1815-1832

Ooooh sounds boring

No!!

No no no

It's really really good

If you say so

I do

Especially volumes III and IV, they're my favourite parts

I really want to go see the musical one day

It's a musical?

I'm confused

It's a book, but it's been made into a musical

Oh okay

Are there songs in the book?

No

Then how did they know what to sing?

Someone just thought it'd make a nice musical and wrote them

Oh
Yep
So it's a musical story about history.

N
It's good, okay

That's all you need to know

If you say so

I dooo

Then I believe you

Good

I want to see one. Lily has showed us a movie but she said live performances are better. I want to see it.

Me too

You haven't?

No

I thought they were just a thing muggles did from the way Lily was talking about them

Tickets aren't exactly cheap

Oh

Yeah

List?

Sure

Okay

Okay

I'm going to start getting ready to go, I think

Can you call while you do that?

Oh, yes!

Thanks

"Hello?"

"Shhh I'm reading."

"Oh, sorry."
"Well, no."
"...
"Sirius?"
"Shhh, you're reading."
"You're really cute."
"Shhhhh. You. Are. Reading! ...But true."
"...
"...
"...
"...
"...
"What are you wearing?"
"Shorts and a crop top but I'm bringing a t-shirt in case I get cold."
"Okay."
"High waist. The shorts. You?"
"Dad's old Hogwarts jumper."
"House?"
"Oh, Ravenclaw."
"Hmmmm okay."
"Is it important?"
"Yes, very. I'm trying to get a good picture in my mind, here. Entirely different colour scheme, Moony."
"Black jeans, grey socks with cupcakes."
"Cupcakes."
"Mhm."
"Okay, sure."
"They're cute."
"They certainly are when I imagine them."
"Shouldn't you be going?"
"Oh! Yeah, alright."
"Have fun and say hi to James."

"I will."

"Talk later?"

"Please."

"Okay. Bye."

"Talk to you soon."

The cutest

Thank you

Hi how are you?

Good, you?

Very good

Practice was amazing, James and Kingsley were on fire and the keeper still managed to hold them off for a while

That's brilliant

What did you do?

...I read

The whole time?
Yes?

Nerd

Cheerleader

Oh

Yes

Do you actually cheer?

Yes

Cute

How else would they know how well they're doing?

Of course, of course

Pete and I are necessary

8th and 9th players

Exactly

Also we practice with James sometimes so we're really trainers, too

Whatever would he do without you

Be very sad?

Aww

We wouldn't want that

Neverrr

You're good friends

We try

You are

Food?

Waiting for mum

Hmmm okay then what should we have?

Chicken parmesan

Oooooh okay

Need to find a place
A place?
To get it
Not cooking
Oh, lazy
Oi!
Well it's true
Hmph
If you're gonna have take-out, I vote Chinese
And make chicken another time?
Yes, with me
Oh
Yes okay
Chinese it is
Excellent
Eat some dumplings for me
Mmmn yes
Hey is James a vegetarian?
No, but his parents are. Well dad is now
Wasn't before?
Not before he met mum
Ah, okay
James tends to eat that way if it's an option, but it's personal preference from being raised on mum's cooking
Got it
Things you'll learn as you hang out with us more
I'd like that
You get to have it if you would
Want it
Then here we are
Tomorrow

Yes

One sleep

Can't wait to see you again

Can't wait to hug you again

Me too

Soon as you see me, please

A long one

Yes

Please

Mum's here

Hi Hope!

She grunted back

Rough day?

Looks like it

Ugh sorry

Gonna make her some coffee

Good idea

She likes it

Good

And tea for me while I'm at it

You tell me

Something with no caffeine

Trying to make me sleep sooner?

Yes

Tomorrow won't come any faster

No but you might be less sleepy
That's true

Soooooo

So I'm having cherry

Yum

Yes

Enjoy

I will, thank you

She okay?

Just tired

Has Lily gotten to her mail yet? She's asking if the scones were good

Instant we get home

Thank Merlin for magic to keep them fresh

Yessss

So you're not home yet?

Not yet

Okay

Eating here

Oh, okay

Just trying to imagine

Mhm

Who all is there?

The three of us. Pete left after practice

Okay

Say hi to my Best Friend

And James too

Ooooooooooooh that's gonna go over well

:)
Lily :)  
Sirius :)  
James :(  
Remus :(  
Noooo  

Well I don't want James to be sad!

Everyone <3  

Yes.

Good  

On my window now

Good image  

With tea and the book

Almost perfect  

Mmm

Enjoy it  

You enjoy your food

Yessss

Remus?  

thats me

Okay?  

mhm

yes

im not sleeping

im wide awake waiting for you

Uh huh sure
look at me
all awake

I'd really like to, you're probably really cute right now

Also always

Lily opened her package, she says thanks for the book. We’ll eat the scones for breakfast. And I love love love the socks

mm good im glad

Questions?

yes go

What's your favourite shop in Diagon aside from Florean's?

take a wild guess

Flourish?

i said a wild guess not a predictable guess

Well! Then Quality Quidditch Supplies. That'd be wild

no

Then tell meee

gambol and japes

Moonyyyyyyy

what

Good choice.

thank you

Your turn

when was the last time you were on a date

Five months, I think?

what was it like

Unpleasant

We went to dinner at this place I dressed way too formal for. That didn't bother me. The consistent misgendering and impolite jokes at my expense did
I'm sorry.

So was James. Bad dates are worse on him than on me, he blames himself personally for people he sets me up with being awful

de can pretend he set you up with me

i wont be awful

You won't

I'll tell him

oka y

I'm not nervous it's going to be like that

good, cause it wont be

Mmmh

gonna be real good and nice

Yes

gonna treat you right

Oh yeah?

mhm

That sounds good to me

everyone should

You too, Remus

Remus

Moony I can't sleep

hippogriffs

What

count hippogriffs

Doesn't work. After twenty I'm just astounded at how many there are in one place at one time
"Thank you."

"Welcome."

"Sorry to keep you up."

"S'okay."

"Okay. Hush now so I can hear you breathe?"

"..."

"...

"Moony?"

"...

"Not just hushing because I said so?"

"...

"I still owe you a story. One with magic, right?"

"...

"There once was a boy named Remus. He was a wizard, but even if he hadn't turned out to be one he'd still be the most magical person Sirius had ever met. And he'd met a lot of people with a lot of magic in them. But Remus wasn't like anyone Sirius had known. Remus was so special. Remus convinced Sirius that he was someone who deserved things that other people took for granted that they should expect out of life. He was patient and good hearted and he taught Sirius without ever letting him know he was learning a lesson. Remus had a kind of magic that was all his own. It came from him. Not his blood or his knowledge of magical arts. Remus was himself magic. And Sirius could do nothing but be in awe and be completely grateful to have this magic in his life."

"...

"I'm really excited about tomorrow, Remus. I can't wait to see you."

"...

"This time if you kiss my cheek, I want to kiss you back."
Good morning good morning good morning

It is a very good morning, isn't it?

The best

Well, I'm thinking tomorrow morning might be a contender, but it's definitely up there

Mmm yeah

Okay. I have so much to do and only four hours to do it in

I have to drink tea and get dressed

I have to try on literally everything I own and then everything Lily and James own.

Good luck<3

And don't let me be a factor, I'll love you in anything

Okay

Are you?

Yes

Okay. I'll leave you to it, then

Okay

I'll see you soon

No, text me before you leave

Oh okay

Please and thank you

Of course

I'm heading out now

Okay. See you soon.

Yes

All good?

Very excited, lots of energy
Perfect

You??

Butterflies

Cute

I am

No argument to be had there

See you

See you soon

Sirius arrived at Florean’s at exactly 11:30. This was after several minutes of exchanging niceties with Tom of the Leaky Cauldron. And after wandering around, looking through windows in the first few shops. It had been strange, the previous August not to come back to this place to do his annual school shopping. It had made adulthood seem far too close to reality. He hadn’t cared for it.

Nevertheless, when he arrived at the ice cream parlor, he was thirty minutes early. He directed himself to the seating area and sat on the tabletop instead of on one of the chairs to watch the witches and wizards around him go about their shopping.

At 12:03 he texted Remus.

I’m waiting outside when you get here

He didn’t have to wait a full minute for the reply.

Why are you out there? Come inside.

?????

I’ve been here for ten minutes, floo-ed into Florean’s flat above the shop. Coming in?

Yes, coming now.

Sirius was prepared to unleash Hell. A rant was building in him about the importance of solidifying plans and being clear in communication, but when he walked through the door, Remus was standing just next to the counter and all of the fight left him.

Sirius had worn smart, pressed black jeans and a very smart button down shirt that was more lace than shirt, to be honest. It was cinched at the waist and left significantly less buttoned than it should have been, maybe, but it felt enough like proper date attire in any case. After going through all of his, James’s, and Lily’s things, he’d still managed to land on his own items. Remus looked as though he’d forgotten their agreement to dress for the “date” part of the day to begin with. He had an argyle cardigan on over a simple black shirt. Sirius momentarily forgot how to breathe.

It took Remus only two steps to get close enough to Sirius that he could reach him, and then there was a set of very long, very soft, very safe arms around Sirius. He melted. Hugging Remus seemed to get better every time. He slid his arms around Moony’s waist and held him as close as he thought
might still be considered comfortable. The cardigan smelled like tea-tree and muggle laundry detergent. It smelled like Remus and Sirius didn’t ever want to let it, or him, go.

“Shall we grab lunch then?” Sirius asked with his nose still pressed into the side of Remus’s arm.

“We can find a seat outside of here, I think.”

Sirius finally pulled back so that he could look Remus in the eye. “Moony, it’s lunch time. We can’t have ice-cream before we’ve even had lunch.”

Remus looked at him like he was the one being bizaar. “Ice cream is lunch?” It sounded like a question when it came out of his mouth. “What are you talking about?”

Fortesque’s special turned out to be pancakes with a side of seven scoops of ice cream, each a different flavour. Pancakes were nowhere near the menu, Sirius was pretty sure he’d made them in his own personal kitchen for Remus especially. They took seats under the shade of an umbrella and sat side by side so that they could watch the people pass by, going about their days.

“Pennyweather, 49, Durmstrang alumni, tried to make it as a healer but wound up as a little-league Quidditch medi-witch instead. All’s well, though, she wouldn’t have met her second wife if she hadn’t been overseeing a game. They have four dogs and a kneazle, and they’re raising the second wife’s child together.” Remus stated all of the facts like he’d known the woman in the lacey black shawl all his life.

“A medi-wizard? Her floor-length gown does not lend itself to sports medicine,” Sirius scoffed. “No, she’s a haberdasher from a long line of haberdashery. Her shop is over two centuries old but always sells the most modern fashions. And her name is Valeria. Her wife’s the medi-witch. They can still have the dogs and the kneazle and the kid, though.”

Remus pointed with his spoon to the woman who was now walking away down the street, completely unaware she was being discussed. “Look at the build of her arms. You don’t get those arms from hatting.”

“No, you get them from being married to a witch who is all about health and fitness.”

Remus eyed Sirius for a moment and then shrugged, lowering his spoon back to the ice cream. “Touché.”

Sirius took a breath, but before he could get the first word out, Remus stopped him. “No, do not start speaking French right now, I will die. I am not equipped to handle that at this moment.” Sirius closed his mouth, but smiled to himself. He let his hand wander to meet Remus’s under the table and their fingers threaded together like it was the most natural thing they could do.

Sirius had eaten most of the pancakes. Somehow they seemed more appropriate for lunch and therefore more edible. Remus had barely seemed to remember them past the first few bites. He was fixed on the ice cream, which Sirius was half sure kept re-filling itself as it emptied.

They held hands under the cover of the table-top while they continued to eat and play their game.

Once they’d had enough, Remus went back to Florean to request that the rest of the ice-cream be glopped together onto a sickening looking cone. Sirius was delighted to share the mess with Remus as they walked.
For all of Remus’s long, long, long, long legs, he was rather a slow walker. Nonchalant almost to the point of laziness. This was perfectly fine with Sirius, except that he had so much pent up nervous energy coursing through him. He found Remus spinning him around occasionally while they walked, like they were dancing, twirling him away and pulling him back in close when the crowds permitted. It felt utterly wonderful. Like Remus could be Remus while he let Sirius be Sirius and didn’t once complain that he was too high-energy, too much maintenance, too anything. And every time he was pulled back into Remus’s side, he was met with a little grin that Sirius wanted to see every day from then until the end of forever.

While they walked, they talked. And talked and talked and talked. About Remus’s work; about the grocer; about the girls who regularly came to see Sirius at Lush; about the weather; about other witches and wizards around them as they went. Mostly they peered through windows and talked about items for sale.

“Cypress,” Remus showed Sirius while they stood in front of Olivander’s. “Ten and a quarter inches, unicorn hair core.” When he flicked it, it did indeed go swoosh, much to Sirius’s delight. “Dad took me here midway through the year. When all the other kids were away at school— when Sirius was away at school, “So that we wouldn’t have to explain to too many people that I was being homeschooled.”

Sirius’s fingers grasped Remus’s even tighter. Remus squeezed back.

“Can I see it?” He asked. Remus handed it over and Sirius let go of his hand in order to handle it properly. He tested its flexibility in his fingers and weighed it in his palm. Then he twisted his hair into a careless bun and tucked the wand through it to make it stay. It did the job perfectly on the first try. “Tell me when you need it back.”

Remus was staring, his bottom lip just slightly parted away from his top one. He cleared his throat after a moment and nodded. “Okay. I’ll let you know.”

When they came to Quality Quidditch Supplies, Sirius pressed his whole body up against the glass, dragging Remus with him. “Look, look, look. That one’s not out yet but it’s a whole new line. James’s had a Nimbus forever, and I have an old Comet, but these are going to bring Quidditch to a whole new level.” He couldn’t help but practically salivate over the broom in the window. He’d been inadvertently trained to do so by living in a house with James and his mum, with whom broomstick types, classifications, and manufacturers were common discussion.

Remus looked at him like he were speaking another language, but he pressed himself very close to Sirius against the window anyway. It made thinking about Quidditch supplies a struggle, to say the least. “Looks shiny.”

Sirius barked a laugh. “Yes, Moony, it’s shiny.”

He eventually peeled himself away so that they could continue down the alley. They passed a few places. Neither of them could think of a reason to stop in Dervish and Banges. They passed Flourish and Blotts without so much as slowing before Sirius came to a complete stop. Remus had to follow suit as they were as connected as ever by their hands.

“What’s wrong? Did you want to stop somewhere?” He asked.

Sirius looked horrified. “Did we just pass a bookstore?” He said slowly, “A store that sells books? And you did not go inside? This feels so wrong.”
He pulled Remus into the shop and let go of his fingers to properly cross his arms. “I demand you browse.” The shop was too quiet for his carrying voice, but nobody seemed to mind.

“You demand? You’re ordering me to browse for books?” Remus quirked an eyebrow. He looked far too amused.

Sirius fidgeted and played with some of the fringe of his dress shirt. “Well, no. Not order you, I would never do that. But could you, please?”

Remus looked suspicious. “Okay,” he said slowly.

“It’s just, you’re really cute when you do it,” Sirius admitted.

Remus smiled wide, the scars closest to his mouth stretching to accommodate. “Loser. Alright, let’s have a look.”

It wasn’t as long as their stay at the bookshop in Camden, but Sirius was deeply satisfied by the experience. He’d made many observations throughout the twenty minutes they spent there. The first was that Remus’s mouth fluttered along with some of the words he read. Not all the time, but a lot of the time. The second was that he furrowed his brow when he was settling into a new page. The shallow lines in his face smoothed out the more he read, but the start of every new page was met with a creased forehead. The third was that he was possibly the sweetest person Sirius had ever seen do something so simple as silently read parts of random books to himself.

Once they were off again, legs carrying them down the street, Remus guiding Sirius’s extra energy around as they went, Remus asked, “What was it like, doing shopping here for school every year?”

Sirius did his best to explain the brilliant thrill of shopping for a new term with the Potters, once that was an option. He hadn’t done any of his own school shopping as a child (even the wand he’d been supplied with had been from a sales representative sent to the family home with a selection of only the finest wands in production. He’d later acquired one of Ollivander’s for himself, after he’d been disinherited from the Black family). Remus listened to him ramble on about how freeing it felt to do that on his own, and how the Potters had embraced that and always allowed him to make autonomous decisions in Diagon. He felt like his own person there.

Remus didn’t seem upset by the stories, like Sirius was afraid he might be. He just seemed interested. And talking about it with him was easy, even the things he’d never truly voiced aloud before, like how grateful he was to the Potters for never letting him feel the repercussions of having been financially disowned from the wealthy family he’d always known. The Potters had given Sirius his own bank account only months after he’d officially moved in with them.

When they came to Gambol and Japes, Sirius’s enchantment was reflected in Remus’s eyes. This was the joke shop where Sirius and James had spent too many hours weighing the benefits of every item in the shop. As soon as they were through the door there was a mischievous tilt to Remus’s smile that Sirius absolutely adored.

He learned that Remus was even more methodical than he and James had been. Sirius was shamefully attracted to the newer items, the ones with flashier abilities and smoother finishes, while Remus kept up a steady stream of how he might use the classic fireworks that had been around for decades upon decades to perform new, frankly frighteningly ingenious stunts. Sirius was more than a
little impressed.

Discussing things like this with Remus made him so real. He might as well have been a Marauder all their lives with the way he spoke. Sirius could practically see the uneven smirk lit by the fire in the Gryffindor Common Room while he helped them plot to become illegal animagi. He felt like Remus truly belonged with them, and Remus belonging with Sirius in any capacity was good enough for him.

They made their way all the way back to Sirius’s flat without letting go of each other more than a few times. There were a few moments when Sirius found himself holding Remus’s arm, which was also nice, but nothing felt as good as his fingers through Remus’s fingers.

“Well, thank you for this date, it was really nice,” Remus beamed on the front steps leading to the flat Sirius shared with Lily and James.

For a moment, Sirius panicked. This wasn’t the plan. They were supposed to have more time. They were going to go inside and eat take out and Remus was supposed to stay over. They were going to have more time together.

Then he remembered the part of the plan that dictated they have an official end to the date before that part of the evening commenced for the sake of comfort.

He smiled. “May I see you again sometime, then?”

“Yes, yes,” Remus agreed. “We’ll stay in touch. I’ll write to you.”

“Oh, you’ll write to me?”

“Yes, within the week for sure.”

“Well, goodnight then. Have a pleasant evening.”

“You’re too kind, Sir. Might I kiss you farewell upon your cheek?”

Sirius bit his lip, shifting the metallic purple ring. “You most certainly may.”

His heart was pounding, Remus was stepping closer, closer, closer. He placed a light, burning kiss on Sirius’s cheek. Before he pulled away, Sirius gathered himself enough to return one, slightly too low on Remus’s jaw, but lips made contact with skin and for Sirius it was fireworks.

Remus took a step back, cheeks a beautiful shade of rose. “Cheers, then.”

He began to walk away, but never let go of Sirius’s hand. By the time both of their arms were fully extended, Sirius was tugging him back to him like Remus had been doing all day and then they were hugging, wrapped around each other like this was completely normal. Sirius began thinking maybe it could be.

They stayed close as they made their way upstairs and into the flat to change into pyjamas. Sirius got dressed in James’s room to give Remus some privacy, then went into the other room to lie down on the dining room table to wait for him.
He was so lost in thought about every detail of the day so far, he didn’t even hear when Remus approached and laid a palm on Sirius’s bare knee. “Important things, now, Padfoot. Focus. What are we getting for dinner?”

Sirius sat up. “You figure that out, I’ll pick a movie.” He hopped off the table and led Remus into the kitchen. “One second.” He hopped up onto the counter and stood in order to reach the cabinet above the refrigerator. He pulled out a small stack of takeout menus and handed them down to Remus, who was looking at him with the most exasperated eyes.

“You realize you’re a wizard, right?” He asked.

Sirius shrugged. “Climbing is just as fast, really.”

Remus shook his head but accepted the menus and brought them to the table to start going through them.

Sirius didn’t need to choose anything. He walked over to the very small collection of movies they owned (Lily had brought only a few, and most of the others were loaners from Peter. James and Sirius didn’t technically own any yet) and plucked *The Princess Bride* off the shelf. He heard Remus on the phone doing the ordering while he tried to remember how Pete had shown him how to set up the machine that played the movies. It took several minutes.

When Remus was finally off of the phone he walked over to the sitting area to join Sirius. “So I couldn’t decide what I wanted.”

“Oh? I thought I heard you ordering.”

“Yeah, I did. I ordered just a bit from three or four different places.”

Sirius stared up at him. “Three or four?”

“Five.”

While they waited for their five separate deliveries to show up, Remus helped Sirius set up the DVD player. Then Remus wanted to inspect the walls. Everything that had been taken down for the party had been replaced. Mostly this meant photographs, the moving, wizard kind. Some of Sirius’s more magical paintings had also made it to the decor.

James and Lily came home just as the second delivery person was leaving. James grabbed the Mexican food out of Remus’s hand with a hasty “Oh, hey, Best Friend!” and an immediate hug. His team had won the match, of course. Proper celebration would need to happen in the very near future.

Once all of the food had arrived and been placed on the coffee table - or on the floor next to the coffee table, as there was more food than available space on that surface - they started the movie. Remus and Sirius took up the couch and Lily and James curled up together on the floor in front of them. They passed around the food in shifts while the movie started.

About twenty minutes in, just before the sword fight between Inigo and Westley, Lily and James crept off to their room. Sirius was worried that their obvious attempt to leave the other two alone together would make Remus uncomfortable, despite them having shared the rest of the day together on their own. He needn’t have worried. Once the door was shut behind Lily and Prongs, Remus stretched out along the sofa and laid his head on Sirius’s lap.

Sirius felt utterly blessed.
After all of his nerves had calmed enough and he trusted himself to move, he brought his fingers to
the soft curls above Remus’s ear. Enough time had passed since his haircut that it was growing back
in. Sirius’s fingers ran through that part too. He liked the way it felt against his skin.

“They’re kissing again...” Remus muttered.

Sirius startled. “What?”

“Someday you may not mind so much.”

He was saying the words along with the movie. Sirius relaxed back into the cushions and the weight
of Remus lying on him. He continued to speak the lines along with the characters on screen for a few
minutes after that. His voice got slower and groggier as he spoke. Sirius closed his eyes for a moment
to just listen.

“We'll never survive. Nonsense, you’re only saying that because no one ever has.” He finished a full
second after Westley was through with the words. His breaths longer and fuller. Sirius could swear
he felt the moment Moony fell asleep on his thigh.

He added the note to his mental to-do list: memorize every word in The Princess Bride in order to
quote it in its entirety with Remus.

“Moony. Mooooonpie.” Sirius was loathe to wake the sleeping picture of perfection in his lap, but
the movie was over and really, he was tired too and bed sounded very satisfying. So he rubbed
Remus’s arm and tried again. “Moon-moon.”

Remus didn’t jump awake like Sirius often did, instantly horrified that he’d overslept no matter what
time it was. He stirred. His cheek rubbed Sirius’s knee and he sat up very slowly, with eyes still
nearly closed and a light pout on his lips. The curls on the right side of his head were matted down
and pressed together.

“Come on, Pumpkin. Bedtime.” He slid out from under Remus and took his hand to bring him into
the other room.

“I missed the end,” he whined.

“I’m almost certain you’ve seen it before, once or twice.” Remus’s limbs were sleep-lagging. Sirius
helped him into bed, still enamoured with how small his pjs were on Remus’s limbs.

“Merlin, Moony, you’re so cute,” he sighed, tucking himself into the bed and putting an arm over
Remus’s side.

His little spoon hummed, a happy little noise. “Mmwait. Questions.”

“Oh. Want to start?” Sirius pressed his nose to Remus’s shoulder.

“You start.”

“Hmmm, okay. Do you know all the words to Princess Bride? I mean, like, all of them?” He asked.

“Mmm, mhm. Could pretty much tell you what order the credits come in,” Remus murmured.

“The cutest. Your turn?”
Remus’s voice was half muffled by the pillow and by sleep. “Would you ever order Florean’s special on your own?”

“Absolutely not. That thing is not meant for consumption by a single soul. I fear for your life now that I know you’ve ordered it before.” Remus laughed. Or rather he smiled and his breath left through his nose.

“Goodnight, Moony,” Sirius whispered and dismissed the lights with his wand before setting it on the bedside table.

“‘Night, Pads,” Remus managed before he was overtaken by deep, even breaths. Sirius pressed the length of his body along the length of Remus’s body and was not far behind.

Sirius woke at half seven. His internal alarm clock had once again been thrown off by the comfort of sharing his usually too-large bed with the beautiful, sleeping young man pressed against his back. He flipped over to find Remus facing the other direction and slung an arm back around his middle, content to lay and exist and cuddle, despite the late hour. He nestled his face into the corner created by Remus’s back and the sheet-covered mattress.

He replayed the previous day’s events in his mind and dissected them. The date had gone well. It hadn’t even felt like a date for how comfortable it had been. But it had been one. Remus had gone on a date with him and still wanted to spend time with him, and not once had he asked anything of Sirius that made him uncomfortable. Sirius didn’t think he ever would. He decided - or rather he reconsidered - that he rather liked going on dates. As long as those dates were with Remus J. Lupin.

Remus didn’t wake for hours. Sirius got up, went about his morning routine, left the room to find James and congratulate him properly for the win the day prior, and returned with a copy of The Daily Prophet and two teas, and Remus was still sleeping.

The warming charm on Remus’s tea was kept there until well after ten o’clock when he finally woke.

“Good morning,” Sirius said from the stool in the corner, where he’d been perched to go through The Prophet.

Remus’s sleepy eyes found him and he yawned widely. “G’morning.”

“There’s tea next to you,” Sirius informed him. “And we can go scrounge brunch out of the fridge when you’re ready.”

Remus sat up straighter and shook his head.

“No?”

“Remember how you said I can stay in bed the whole Sunday, how that sounded like a good plan?”

Sirius thought back to the conversation in question. It had involved Remus being adorable and spending all of this day burying his face in Sirius’s pillow. “Yes, I do recall.”

“I am a man of my word,” Remus’s face was austere.
Sirius grinned and brought his tea and the paper back to the bed to join Remus.

After a bathroom break, that is exactly what they did.

The day in its entirety was spent on the bed. Sometimes the covers came up and sometimes they were kicked clean off. Sometimes they were lying and cuddling and doing a poor job of not staring at each other’s faces and sometimes they were sat upright summoning food from the kitchen and passing dumplings back and forth. Remus read more from the poetry book they’d procured in the market the previous week while Sirius sat all but in his lap, head resting on his chest. They pestered Lily into putting on a record for them in the main room before she left the flat for Alice’s for the day.

Sirius changed briefly into a nightgown, but quickly found that shorts were more conducive to sitting cross-legged on a bed while having one’s hair braided.

“Is it a ‘she’ day, then?” Remus asked. He’d never done much braiding before, so the first few attempts were trial and error.

“Hah! I wish it were that simple. Nah, today is a skirt day, but still a ‘him’ day,” he explained.

Remus’s nose came to rest behind his ear in a way that made Sirius’s back and both of his arms break out in gooseflesh. “Okay.”

Sirius had missed the sunrise in his sleep that morning, but he was all too aware of the sunset in the evening. It meant the closing of the most perfect day Sirius could ever have imagined. He felt it in his chest, heavier the darker the orange glow through the foggy window burned.

“You know I’ll be back, right?” Remus could probably read the anxiety written all over Sirius’s face. He bit his lip, tongue flicking over the top of the ring. “Yeah.”

“I promise I will. This,” he stretched his whole body over the bed, “Is too nice to not come back to.”

Remus sat up and faced Sirius. He pushed a lock of hair that had escaped the braid out of his face. “Entirely you, too, Sirius.”

Sirius’s heart floated and ached.

“You don’t work until the afternoon,” his lips tripped over the words without permission from his brain to say them.

“What?”

“I mean. Is there really a difference whether you leave tonight or tomorrow morning? If your work doesn’t start until noon?”

Remus considered. And considered and considered and considered.

“Merlin fuck, I’m sorry. I can’t just put you on the spot like that. That’s not fair at all. Please, please just forget I said it, you don’t have to explain or placate me or anything, just forget it. I don’t want to ruin this.”

Remus put his hands on Sirius’s knees. “You haven’t ruined this. I should say no. It’s only a few
days until I’ll need to be back at the hospital.”

Sirius nodded. “Okay, it’s okay, I really mean it, you don’t have to give an explanation.”

“Do you think I could borrow some other pjs, though? I’ve been in these all day and I think it’d just be nicer to be in something else.”

Sirius blinked and tried very hard to grasp what Remus was asking. “You’ll stay?”

“Yes. I’ll text Alice and ask if she can apparate me home tomorrow.”

Sleep was much less official than the other night’s. They continued just being. Sirius had never felt so relaxed. He knew he couldn’t do this every time. Sometimes Remus would have to go home when he said he would. But the only thought Sirius could take from this was that there would be more of these.

Questions were conducted nearly nose to nose.

“Was doing nothing all day so bad?”

“Doing nothing was very much everything. Thank you.”

And “Am I too much, yet?”

“You are just the perfect amount.”
Chapter 35

Sirius couldn’t remember exactly when sleep had come over them, or what position they had been in when it had happened, but when he woke the first time, he was wrapped around Remus everywhere he could have been. His leg was thrown over Remus’s thigh and his arm was across his chest. Remus was fast asleep on his back.

When he woke the second time Remus was gone.

His heart sank and his breath shallowed before he realized that Remus would not just leave without saying goodbye.

Sure enough, Remus came back into the room a few moments later with two mugs of hibiscus tea (which Sirius may or may not have purchased after the second time he’d instructed Remus to have it). They sat with their knees touching, still on the bed while they drank and talked. Remus recovered the damage done to Sirius’s hair in the night.

“Work today?” Remus asked when it was painfully close to the time Sirius would need to leave for it.

“Yes,” his shoulders sagged. There was barely enough time to get dressed in something that felt remotely Okay before he’d have to go.

Alice was already waiting, sitting at the dining room table with Lily. She hugged Sirius good morning. She’d clearly already been around when Remus had been making the tea, he didn’t seem surprised by her presence in the slightest. Watching them interact was still among the most surreal things Sirius had ever experienced.

“Next time is not far away, okay? Soon,” Remus assured Sirius, fingers laced through his in both hands. He leaned forward to kiss the top of Sirius’s head. Sirius reached up to kiss him on the nose in return.

“So soon. And you’ll text me when you’re out of work?”

“Promise.”

Alice waited until Sirius had closed the flat door behind him on his way out before apparating Remus away.

_Long time no text_

_Hope you're having fun at work. Slow day here_

_The last two days were amazing_

_Aaand like ten people just walked in all at once, I guess not so slow after all_
Busy day here too. I miss you.

I miss you too.

I know I shouldn't expect you to be here, but I feel like something's missing because you're not.

Better ask me on that second date then.

What, now?

Is there a point in waiting?

Fair enough. Second date please? I'm cooking.

Yes.

When?

I'm not sure if I'll be feeling well enough this weekend.

Okay.

It's really not.

But yeah.

Next Friday?

No.

It's gonna be rough.

But next Friday is good.

Sorry.

No no no.

Don't be.

I want you to be okay.

Yeah.

You feeling better is most important.

Yeah.

It is.

Maybe it won't be so bad.

What do you mean?
Maybe I'll feel up for it

I don't want you to overextend yourself for me

I won't

Okay

Then maybe we'll just see how you feel?

Okay

I'll still understand if you aren't up for it

Thanks

Anything

Mhm

Are you okay?

I'm okay

Not great, but okay

Alright. Can I help make anything better?

You are

Then I'll keep doing this

Thank you

Anything, Moony

Tell me which part of our date did you like best

The date specifically?

Yes

Maybe Gambol and Japes. But mostly I just really liked walking around there with you. Being able to clearly imagine you in places that are important to me feels right.

What was your least favourite?

That moment when I thought you were going to leave

That tiny split second?

Yes

I guess it could be a lot worse

I can't think of anything else that might be "least"
That's good

You? Best and least favourite?

Best was you giving me the feeling like I belonged.

And least favourite were the three minutes you were in the loo at Florean's

Well sorry

I'd like to keep giving you that feeling though

I'll consider accepting your apology

You're good at it

Oh thank you

And actually thank you

I'm kind like that

And you're welcome

So I have a question

Yes?

We're going on a second date

An extension of the first date

Which we are in between

A continuation, if you will

For which one might use the verb ending "-ing"?

Yes, I think it can officially be called dating

Okay

Neat

Neat.

Cool

Sirius

Yes

Call me?

Okay
"Hi. Alright?"

"More than alright."

"Wanted to make sure."

"I feel all tingly and... good. I don't know."

"I feel... I don't know. I can't stop smiling."

"Really? It's not like, dunno, not like you said it just because I asked?"

"No, definitely not."

"Not too soon?"

"I don't feel like it is. But if you do, I don't mind waiting."

"No."

"Okay, then. We're dating."

"We are, we're dating."

"You're dating me."

"Yes, I am. I'm dating Remus. We date, we're dating. Mhm."

"I'm dating Sirius. Sirius is who I am dating. Yep."

"But you can still be my friend, right?"

"...Those things aren't exclusive."

"Just making sure. I'm dating my friend, Remus."

"You are."

"Every part of that is... very very good."

"It really is."

"What are you up to, besides dating me?"

"Being lazy."

"I've suddenly come to be very fond of your laziness. I approve."

"Is it because you spent most of yesterday being lazy with me?"

"That may have something to do with it, yes."

"That was much better than this."

"Sso much better."
"Are you yawning?"

"No."

"Aha."

"Can I ask you something, and you can decline to answer if you'd prefer?"

"Yes."

"What kind of not feeling well are you usually, after your hospital visits?"

"All kinds. I don't know. My whole body aches, sometimes there's headaches... Sometimes there's new wounds. Not doing that well mentally either."

"Okay. Well, not. But okay, I understand."

"I'd tell you if there'd be anything you could do, but there's not. The meds help a bit with the pain. Oh. Potions. I can say that now. Potions help."

"You go to St. Mungo's when you're here, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"I'm not pushing. No pressure. But if you maybe want to- I mean after you're done there and you're just home feeling... I just mean... I have a really comfy bed. As you know. And I can be quiet and so could James and Lily, and... Yeah. This place is here for you if you'd maybe be comfortable here."

"You don't want to see me like that."

"No, I don't, because I never want you to be in pain, ever. But if you're going to be in pain I don't want you to hide it from me. I'm not going to think less of you for it, Remus, I want to help. But I understand if we're not there. Yet."

"Can I think about it?"

"Yes."

"Thanks."

"Anything, Moony."

"Do you have plans?"

"When? Now?"

"Yeah."

"Might go for a run with James and Pete. Try to shake the empty out of me."

"Run?"

"Yeah."
"Gross."

"The way we do it it's fun."

"I seriously doubt that."

"Maybe we'll show you sometime."

"Yes, sure, I'd... love to see you run."

"I run fine!"

"I'm sure."

"Hmph."

"Run along then, little star."

"Trying to get rid of me?"

"Never."

"Mmm then okay."

"I'd probably even go running with you if you asked."

"You? You would run with us?"

"I have very long legs."

"Yes, yes you do. I am aware of that, yes."

"That's good, it's good that you know what the person you're dating looks like."

"Yes. The person I'm dating."

"Me."

"You, you're my... person I'm dating."

"Yes, that's me."

"Wow."

"Wow is so right."

"I'll talk to you soon? Going with James and Pete now."

"I'll be here when you'll get back. Hi to your fellow runners."

"I'll tell them."

"Bye."

"For now."
"Yes, just for a bit."

"Okay. Okay. Bye for a bit."

Still awake?

I'm sorry it's so late

mhm

Did I wake you?

yes but it's okay i wanted to wait up

Okay

Good morningish

no it's not morning until morning

Okay

everything alright?

Yes, just we can't really run till it's late, so we sat by where we fed the pigeons that time for a while first, but I didn't have mobile service to tell you

thats okay

Missed you

i missed you too

Questions?

mhm

You first

did you ever start reading tsoa

I've been waiting for you

to read to you?

Yes

okay

we can do that
is it already on our list

Let me look

Is now

perfect

If you could have done anything differently this weekend, what would you have done?

ate more ice cream

Really

yes?

Nothing else?

no? is that the wrong answer

did i mess something up

No you didn't

Just, if the only thing you'd change is the amount of ice cream we ate, then I didn't mess anything up either

you definitely didn't

Okay

i still really really like you

I still really really like you too

More all the time

feels nice

Good

im sleep

Okay, cute, go be sleep

Are you awake?

Okay, good. Me neither.
Still sleeping?

Hope you're having nice dreams.

I'm supposed to wake up soon

 Doesn't look like sleep is happening tonight

***

Did you get any?

A little bit, yes

I'm sorry

Why? Not your fault

I didn't tell you to call

That's okay, you should be allowed to have nights to yourself, too

I didn't want you to hear me again

If I'd wake up in pain

Oh

Okay

Yeah

So then not again until next week or so?

I won't be around tonight. And tomorrow's hospital, and I should be home in the evening and it can be like normal. It's just dull pain afterwards

Okay

Did you sleep okay? Can you sleep okay just before?

Nah

I'm sorry

Wasn't the worst

That's something
Do you have work today?

Yes

Okay

Do you? Does he know you'll be away?

He knows, I'm only working on Friday if I'll be feeling up to it

Okay

I'm sorry

What?

I don't know

I'm just

I don't know

Okay, can I call you now before I leave for work?

Yeah

"Hi."

"Hi. I don't want you to be sorry for any part of it, okay?"

"Okay."

"I'm worried about you and I'm not sure I have a right to be that, but I am anyway."

"I'll be alright. Always am."

"I know you will."

"Don't have to worry."

"But... Yeah."

"You have a right to worry."

"I do?"

"We're friends."

"Yes. But for you this is... well maybe not normal, but routine."

"Mum still worries and it's been fourteen years."

"Hate the thought of anything making you hurt."

"I'll live."
"I know, not the point."

"..."

"I'm sorry. Nothing I could say is going to come out right right now. You so definitely don't need this from me. I should've left you alone. H-have you picked a tea?"

"No, don't leave me alone."

"What- no. I won't leave you."

"Ookay."

"I didn't mean I would leave you alone. I just meant I should have reigned myself in. I won't, Moony."

"W-will when you'll know."

"I will not. Remus, I've decided, I don't care. Whatever it is, there's not a ward in St. Mungo's I wouldn't visit you in. You're so important to me, I don't care what else there is."

"..."

"..."

"What tea?"

"Chamomile."

"Okay."

"I have to leave, but... I'm still here, okay? And my phone is on the vibration setting so if you want me I'll feel it and I can escape to the back for a while to talk."

"Thank you. Have fun."

"I'll try."

"Bye."

"For now."

"Mhm."

Still around?

mhm

How are you doing?
not too well

Can I do anything to help take your mind off it?

you can try distracting me

you still have it

I wrapped it overnight so it would stay. Mostly it did. You did a really good job on it.

thanks for letting me

Anytime

Really.

I thought it might be

Dunno

But it wasn't, it was perfect and it felt so nice and completely okay

soft

And gentle

tried to be

You succeeded so well

im glad

Would you do it again next time?

id love to

Thank you
It's okay, Moony

might be better if you call

if you can

I can

"Not busy?"

"No. Never too busy for this."

"Okay."

"I won't ask if you're okay, but are you safe?"

"Mhm. In bed."

"Okay. Thank you for letting me call."

"Good to hear your voice."

"It's all yours."

"Oh."

"Hmm?"

"Nothing."

"Okay."

"Talk more?"

"What would you like me to talk about? Iiiiiiii could talk about work, let's see. I was kind of distracted today, but those girls I told you about came back in. They're always fun."

"How come you're not doing anything with magic?"

"What do you mean?"

"Job."

"Oh. Because it's what's expected of me. I've never been good with muggle things because I had no basis for them. Even mum and dad, who support me in everything, they've always thought when I got a job it'd be something familiar. But then I got this by accident and I love it."

"But you like it for painting."
"Well... I think it brings life to it. Brings me into it. Oooh, I've only just realized, I can do something for you like that, can't I?"

"You can. I really liked all the ones you showed me. But you're good at just muggle too."

"Hah, thanks."

"All your art is really good."

"I'm really glad you think so. It means something from you."

"Watching you paint is on our list, right?"

"Yes."

"If you'll be okay with it."

"I want to try. Being okay with the hair thing makes it feel like I'll be able to."

"Hope so. But it's also okay if not."

"Okay."

"I'd understand."

"You would. Of course you would, you're Moony."

"That's me."

"I like that about you."

"That I'm me?"

"Yes."

"I don't right now."

"I'm sorry."

"S'okay."

"It will be."

"I'll have to go soon."

"Okay. Tell me when."

"Don't want to."

"Then... I don't know. You have to be comfortable, that's all that matters. But I'll stay as long as you'll let me."

"Hah. Comfortable."

"Poor word choice, sorry."
"Tell me more things."

"I'm trying to figure out what to paint next. I've never done so much painting in my life, but I'm so into it right now. Dunno what I want my next project to be."

"Me."

"Oh. Y- Really? You'd want that?"

"You always describe me really nice. I like how you see me. Maybe through your eyes, I could see it too."

"Yes. Okay, wow yes. Thank you."

"Yeah?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

"Thank you."

"Sure."

"Spending lots of time thinking about your face sounds pretty nice to me."

"You'd know."

"Yes, I do."

"Really?"

"Oh yes."

"Because you like me."

"I really do like you."

"I like you too."

"I should hope so, I mean, we're dating."

"Mm we are."

"It kind of makes everything I do feel better. Like stocking products at work, or taking the underground. Having you in mind and knowing that that's a real thing just makes everything better."

"Mmm."

"I'm so glad I know you, Moony."

"Me too."

"Oh! I've saved an emergency scone, by the way. From last time."
"I can send more."

"True. That would not be unwelcome."

"I can tell mum to always make two batches."

"She really doesn't need to do that."

"She likes feeding you."

"Well in that case, yes alright. I'd really like to meet her."

"You will."

"When she's not knackered from work, probably."

"She'd still be nice."

"Oh I know she would be, I just don't want to expend any more of her energy than necessary."

"I imagine you'd give her some."

"Yeah, right."

"It always fuels me, why not her too?"

"Because that's not... generally how it works."

"I know her and I think with her it would."

"You're a really good person, Remus."

"Alright."

"You're brilliant."

"Nah."

"You are, and I'll tell you all about it when you're feeling better. I think all you can do is fight me on it now."

"You'd fight a sick person?"

"Only when you're better."

"Okay."

"Why do phones make voices so different?"

"Dunno."

"It's unfair."

"Sounds better than in real life?"
"Oh."

"I'm asking."

"No. N-not for me, anyway. I love your voice over the phone, it's comforting and perfect. But I've heard you in real life and it's... No comparison."

"Okay. Same for me."

"Okay."

"I really like your voice, Sirius. Sorry if I worded it so it didn't seem like it."

"It's okay. I know. I do. Sorry."

"I really like all of you."

"All of me?"

"All of you."

"How come you're the one in pain and in the one being comforted?"

"Hmm because you let me comfort you and I just tell you I'm fine?"

"That may have something to do with it."

"I'm not fine."

"I wish I knew how to help better."

"You're doing just fine."

"I'll get better as we go."

"You don't mind?"

"Not even a little bit. I just want to help."

"It's never going to be better, though."

"No, I'll just get better at helping. I know it won't change anything, I just want to be there for you."

"I don't mean that. I mean I'll always be a bother."

"You aren't a bother, though."

"Feel like it."

"You are not."

"M'afraid you'll change your mind."

"I'm stubborn."
"Hah. That I know."

"Then believe me. I'm not changing my mind."

"You could get tired of having to deal with this every m-month."

"I'm going to get tired of you being sick? That doesn't actually make sense, Moony."

"Does."

"I'll be worried, I'll be upset that you have to go through it. I won't get sick of any part of you."

"...I have to go."

"Okay. I'm thinking about you and I care about you and I'll talk to you soon."

"I'll try to check in in the morning."

"If you feel up to it."

"Yeah."

"Be safe."

"I'll try my best."

"Thank you."

"Mhm."

"I'll talk to you maybe tomorrow."

"Try not to worry too much."

"I'll try."

"Okay."

"Bye for now?"

"Bye for now."

Miss you

Still thinking about you
im ok

Hi, good almost-noon

Hi

dad apparating me to mungo's talk later sorry <3

Don't be sorry

You'll talk when you can

Or send updates with Al, that would be fine too

Sirius, it's Al, are you home?

Yes.

He wants your bed

He

Does he want to come here?

Yes

I told him he could

From what I can tell, yes

Should I go there

Should I wait here

Wait

I'll bring him once the healers say it's okay

Thank you

Thank you okay

He's a bit out of it still, but he wants to leave. His dad was here to take him home but they fought so I said I'd bring him. And then he started mumbling about you and your bed

You're welcome. I'm going back inside now, we'll be at yours soon
Okay

Okay I'm ready for you both whenever

If Remus didn’t already know that Alice was one of the most deceptively strong people he knew, he would have been afraid of crushing her. As it was, he did know, and he let nearly all of his weight rest on her as she guided him through the door to the flat shared by Sirius, James, and Lily.

Sirius was there impossibly fast, helping Alice bring him across the main room, around the dining room table, into Sirius’s bedroom and onto Sirius’s bed in the space of a moment. Remus was barely conscious as covers were pulled over him and pillows were arranged under and around all of his sore spots. Most of his sore spots. It would have been impossible to get every one. There weren’t enough pillows in the world.

He hadn’t had a proper water-and-soap shower since the moon and his cheeks were still salty from his disagreement with his father. But the bed and the blanket felt so nice he didn’t care.

Over near where he knew the door of the room to be, he heard Alice and Sirius speaking in hushed tones. Their voices came in little waves of consciousness.

“...Twice a day, once more before bed since he’s already had it…”

“...This little potion will… if he still seems poorly tomorrow morning…”

“...Wait… let me write it down....”

The blanket was drawn off of his left arm, then. Very carefully. His eyes were too heavy to keep open so he let them do what they were doing without protest.

“...Apply dittany… four hours or so… just to wrap it, keep the dressing fresh…”

“... Al, what if I fuck up?”

This caught Remus’s attention. He wanted to tell Sirius that there would be no fucking up. That the worst part of it was behind him. He could live with these aches and pains even without all of the potions and bandages. But he couldn’t make sound come out of his throat except to give a low, pained groan.

“What if I hurt him?”

“You care about him enough to be gentle. And honestly, Sirius, you’re about as rough as a butterfly in general. You’re not going to hurt him.” He made a mental note to thank her later for saying the things he probably would have said if he could have managed it.

“Send for me if you need me, okay?”

He missed Sirius’s reply in a waft of exhaustion that fuzzed his brain, but the tone was sturdier than it had been the moment before.

He felt Alice’s presence suddenly very close to the bed. She kissed his forehead. “I’m a moment away if you need, but Sirius has you now, you’re just as safe as you would be in the hospital. She knows what needs to be done and has all the necessities. I love you, I’ll be back, okay?”
He groaned an acknowledgment and was asleep before she truly left.

Remus woke only moments later - maybe his perception of time was off, but the lighting of the room hadn’t changed and he still felt about the same as he had when he’d drifted. There were soft footsteps that ceased at the doorway. Then quiet, deep breaths. Breaths he wouldn’t even have registered as sound if he wasn’t so attuned to them from listening to them as he lay in bed trying to sleep every night. One final inhale and Sirius was entering her own room.

Remus turned very carefully toward the place where the bed dipped down beside him. He didn’t turn all the way over, but not facing away from her felt a bit better than the alternative.

“Moony? I need you to take this potion, okay?”

Remus’s head was too fuzzy, too filled with the dozens of other potions that had been forced down his throat already. He let out a whine and tucked his mouth into the pillow in defiance.

“Please, Remus,” Sirius whispered.

Remus opened his eyes to see her biting at her lip, eyebrows pulled together in concern. He tilted his head up to accept the little vial.

She supported his neck with one hand while he drank it back. Her cool fingers felt better than magic on his skin, but he didn’t protest when she pulled them away.

“Thank you, Pumpkin,” Remus’s heart thrilled as it always did when she used the unnecessary nickname. “I’ll leave you to get some rest, then.”

“No-” Remus managed through the fog and the aches. “Can you stay? Please stay?”

He felt the bed shift around again until there was warmth radiating some few inches away from the right side of his body.

“Want me to talk? I can talk if you want, or we can just lay here and I can be quiet.”

“Talk,” Remus requested, “Please.”

“So formal, Moony.” There was a lot of Sirius in the jesting accusation. Remus liked it. “Okay, okay, what to talk about? I’ve been helping James with some tactical stuff. The team they’re playing in a few weeks is one of the best in the league and he’s already preparing the team. Personally I think they’ll be fine, the Locusts haven’t been having as good a year as their last few, and James’ team has been doing really really well. I say that’s mostly my doing, of course. Eighth player, like you said. I’m indispensable.”

“Mmh,” Remus half responded, half groaned.

“Well, so I don’t love this. Not the talking to you, I always love that. But the you not being able to respond. Dunno, it’s getting to me right now. Wait.”

Remus could do nothing but wait.

Sirius leaned over her side of the bed and rummaged around for awhile. When she resurfaced, she seemed to be tucked into a tighter ball than she previously had been.

“Okay, I know we said you’d read this to me - and I will hold you to that, eventually. But for now,
maybe I could just start reading it to you?” He already knew what she was talking about but Remus forced his eyes open to see the copy of *The Song of Achilles* in her hands. He nodded as well as he could.

“Excellent. Okay. Here we go. ‘Chapter one.’ They don’t even name the chapters, Moony, at least *The Princess Bride* had chapter titles.”

Remus cleared his throat quietly. Sirius returned to the book. “‘Chapter one. My father was a king, and the son of kings. He was a short man, as most of us were, and built like a bull, all shoulders. He married my mother when she was fourteen and sworn by the priestess to be fruitful. It was a good match-’ Moony, this is gross. The hetero is so strong, I can’t read this.”

“Keep reading,” Remus instructed.

She did. She kept up reading with many little interruptions for commentary as she went. “…I caught a flash of bright hair in the lamplight-’ Do you think it’s curly? It’s supposed to be curly, right? Achilles’ hair?”

“Mhm.”

“I really like curly hair, Moony.”

“Y’don’t say.”

“I do, though, I do say, I say a lot.” He felt her fingers just brush the fluffed ends of his curls and wished he felt okay enough to tell her to keep touching.

“Right,” And she continued.

It went on for hours. Sirius’ voice soothed his bones better than any potion ever had before. He’d read the words on his own more times than he had bothered to count, the words were unimportant. But her voice was steady and consistent, anchoring.

By the time she said she needed to put the book down for a few moments, Remus was feeling well enough to sit up on his own.

“Knock, knock,” James called from the doorway. He and Lily had been walking around out there for awhile now. Even before he’d sat upright, Remus had heard them. “Might we tempt you two with some soup?”

Sirius confirmed with Remus via eye message and responded for both of them. “You may.”

Remus began preparing himself for what was sure to be a strenuous few minutes of sitting in a chair at the dining table. Strenuous but not unmanageable. He needn’t have bothered worrying, however, as moments later, Lily and James came back into the room carrying two bowls of soup each.

The four of them situated themselves on Sirius’ bed comfortably to have their dinner.

They talked quietly for Remus’s sake, but with as much energy as usual. He was grateful for it. There was always an opening in the conversation for him to join in, but there was no obligation, no awkward silence when he didn’t say anything.

They stayed for awhile after all of the bowls were empty. Remus loved their company but the proximity and the noise, however quiet, in combination with the burning aches that were returning because he was only minutes away from his next mandatory potion made him restless and a bit
irritated. It was quickly becoming too much. He excused himself to the bathroom to breathe and unwind. He wasn’t used to so much presence during recovery. Usually he went straight home after and was left on his own in his room.

When he returned, though, Lily and James had cleared themselves and the empty bowls from the room. Sirius was sitting upright, her legs in a small lump under the covers in front of her.

“Do you want other pyjamas?” She asked.

Remus considered, but the idea of moving his limbs around enough to get re-dressed was loathsome. He shook his head and sank back into his side of the bed beside her.

She leaned over him to apply the dittany to the wound on his left arm as Alice had instructed before they got too comfortable, but once it was done Remus turned onto his side - the one without the cut on it - to face her. Her eyes were inches away from his. Even in the dull light of her room Remus could see fathoms of silver in her grey. So beautiful it made his chest hurt.

“Questions?” He asked.

She rewarded him with a smile. “Can I start?”

“Mhm.”

She paused. “Is this always how it is? Or is this maybe worse than usual? Or better?”

Remus attempted a shrug. “Pretty standard.” He watched the lip ring disappear into her mouth. “Me?”

“Yes.”

“Was Lily and James leaving your idea?”

She didn’t deny it like he thought she might. “Yes. Seemed to be getting to be a lot for you. Really, they weren’t supposed to be in here at all, but they were worried about you.”

“Liked them being around.”

“I’ll tell them you said so. Sleep, Moony. Alice won’t let you back if I don’t let you rest.”

“Wait.”

“Yes?” Her fingers paused on her wand.

“You can turn the lights out. But we didn’t do questions last night.”

She did turn the lights out magically, but in the little light streaming in through the window he could see her mouth, turned up at the corners. “That’s very true, isn’t it? Okay.”

“How are you enjoying Song of Achilles so far?”

“Mmm,” It was her sleepy noise. She had no tolerance for wakefulness when the lights were out, it would seem. “Real gay.”

“Is that an accolade, then?”

“Definitely.”
“Believe me, you haven’t even scratched the surface of the gay.”

“Good. My turn?” There was no longer any light glinting off of her eyes, they were closed.

“Yes.”

“Hmmm... Okay. Is there anywhere I could touch that it wouldn’t hurt?”

Remus thought for a moment. Everything ached. Every part of him. He took her hand in his. He planned to place it on his arm or something but once her fingers had slipped between his, he realized that was exactly where they should be. Her other hand came up to join that one.

They fell asleep with both of her hands folded lightly around one of his.

~

Sirius woke to labored breath and small intermittent whimpering. It took her a moment to reorient herself to her surroundings before she realized it was Remus beside her. She turned her head to see Remus’s face, scrunched in distress, eyes still closed. The light coming through the window wasn’t much, but it was enough to reflect the dampness of his brow and twitch of his cheek muscle.

“Moony.” She prodded him, but he didn’t wake. “Moony?”

The whimpering continued and his chest heaved with uneasy breath. A terribly selfish thought occurred to Sirius: she did not want to hear him scream. Like he had on the phone that time.

“Moony, please wake up, I think you’re having a nightmare.” Her voice sounded too coarse and too low to her in the stillness and quiet of the bedroom. She fumbled around on the bed until she found his fingers and squeezed lightly on them. “Moony, please-”

“Na-” Remus came awake with a quickly stifled noise of pain. He sat up slowly, shaking, like he wanted to be as far from sleep as possible.

“Shh, Remus, you’re okay. It was a dream. You’re here, you’re safe.” Sirius eased her grip on Remus’s fingers, but Remus didn’t pull them away. He shook his head.

Sirius sat up. “You’re here with me, in my flat, in bed. You’re healing. You’re getting better. There’s nothing here that will hurt you.”

Remus’s breaths were still coming too close together, but his eyes found Sirius’s and some of the tension seemed to leave the muscles of his face. “Nightmare.”

“Yes. Yeah, that’s pretty clear. But it wasn’t real, okay? It’s not where you really are right now. You’re here with me.” Sirius massaged a small circle with his thumb in the back of Remus’s hand.

To her surprise Remus settled back down and his head came to rest on Sirius’s shoulder. She leaned back against the pillows to support them both.

A tentative hand made its way to Remus’s soft curls, touching so lightly she could barely feel them on the tips of her fingers.

“Can I?”
He nodded and shifted his cheek to down from her shoulder to her chest. Her fingers carded through his hair rhythmically, calming. “You’re okay. You are. I have you. You’re safe.”

His breathing steadied while her fingers moved.

“You know, I normally hate that.” He said after a moment so long Sirius was sure he’d fallen back asleep. “Being told that I’m going to be okay; being told about how I should be feeling. Doesn’t suck when you say it.” Sirius let out a breathy laugh against the lump that had formed in her throat.

“Noted. It’s more for me than you anyway.”

“I will be okay. I’m here.”

Sirius pressed her lips to Remus’s forehead until she was sure he’d really fallen back asleep.

~

In the morning, James brought in a stack of toast and green tea for both of them to have in bed again. He stayed only long enough to kiss Sirius good morning and ask how Remus had slept.

Remus barely ate. Sirius had three triangles of toast and watched Remus nibble pathetically on one. She was silently grateful for how much he normally ate and secretly vowed never again to tease him for his outrageous eating habits. This lasted until lunchtime, by which Remus seemed to be feeling much better following a four hour nap, and ate four entire bowls of leftover soup.

“I’m afraid to come near you now, if I squish you wrong, soup will just come pouring out.” She laughed while Remus slurped the last of the broth out of his bowl. He promptly laid out on top of her and moaned about being full.

~

Sirius was growing to hate train stations. They always meant goodbye.

Remus kissed her cheek. “Thank you for… everything. Letting me stay. Being with me for that. Taking care of me.”

Sirius wanted to shake her head and demand Remus take back his thanks, but she didn’t. Instead she just hugged his middle as tight as she thought she could without hurting him.

“Anytime, Moony. I mean it, any time. I’m so happy you came. And I’ll see you soon, right?”

“Right. Soon. For a better visit next time.”

They hugged one more time before Remus had to get on his train.
I'm home. No elephants or lightnings on the train ride.

I'm holding out hope for one one of these times

Thank you for letting me know

Slept some more on the train

Good, you need it

Little star approving of my sleeping, that's rare

During time that you wouldn't be able to text me anyway, you may sleep at will

Train has good service sometimes

Mine didn't work a lot that one time

Well your phone is a bit shite

My phone is just fine thank you very much

Sure

Hmph

What did you do?

Reorganized the pantry.

That... sounds fun?

Kept me busy

Yeah

How's Hope?

Not home yet

Ah of course

Dinner shift this week

Late late?

Yeah

Sorry

It's alright

Okay
Thank you for yesterday
And today too, really
Anything, anytime
I know you've said, but
Are you sure it was okay that I came there?
Very very sure.
Was it okay being here?
Yes
That can be a thing
If you want
We'll see?
Yes
I didn't think I'd want to. Because I didn't want you to see me like that. But then I really didn't want to go home. It wasn't just that, though, I could've stayed with Alice. But I missed you and I couldn't stop thinking about you and I wanted to be close and I'm s
Not sorry.
Good.
That's not a thing you should be sorry for
Please
You weren't just being nice?
No
I'm
I have a lot of feelings about how much you trusted me
Thank you
Felt like I could
It means a lot to me
You mean a lot to me
Is that
Too much too fast?
No

It's accurate for me

Okay

You mean a lot to me too

What are you doing right now?

Sitting on the table talking to you

Do you want some musical background?

Yes

Through a call or?

Please?

Call

"Hi."

"Hi, what are we listening to?"

"Weird Sisters."

"Moonyyyyyyyyy."

"Whaaaat?"

"I keep forgetting we can have these things too now."

"We can, we can have anything and everything."

"Promise you'll keep showing me muggle things?"

"Oh, definitely."

"Okay. Then I'm very very happy with it."

"I'll never stop doing that, it's too much fun."

"Good. I like it."

"I like you."

"I like you too. More than ever."

"Mmm."

"And you still do that really nice."

"Mmm."
"Yes that."

"Shh this one's my favourite."

"Shh-ing."

"..."

"..."

"Humming is allowed."

"Oh thank you."

"Shhh!"

"Ohsorry."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"So good."

"Nerd."

"What's your favourite then?"

"Banshee."

"Good, but not better."

"All songs that are also valid excuses to scream for forty five measures are better."

"Nope."

"Hmph."

"So should I prepare for your screaming in two songs?"

"It might be wise, yes."

"Okay."

"Good luck."

"I don't mind screaming if it isn't from pain."

"Okay. I wouldn't if it bothered you."

"I promise it doesn't."
"Okay."

"Still on the table?"

"It's comfortable."

"I'll have to try it once."

"Yes, definitely."

"If you'll try my bed."

"Y-yes, yes I will."

"Mmm."

"Next time after this weekend?"

"Yeah?"

"Only if you want."

"I do, I want."

"Okay. Did you want to switch this weekend to your place?"

"No, you have to cook. And then we can cook together at mine."

"Perfect, alright."

"If you'll impress me enough with your cooking that you'll get a third date, that is."

"Ah, how delightfully charming."

"You better be."

"Or else?"

"Or else no third date."

"... What if I mess up a lot? And it burns and I'm not charming and I'm a mess instead?"

"Then I'll make fun of you, and we'll order take-out again, and I'll tell you you're not a mess."

"And we can still try again on a third date maybe, if you still like me?"

"Sirius. I won't just stop liking you. There'll be a third date even if you serve me burnt toast."

"Okay."

"Was just joking."

"I know. I know, and I didn't mean to ruin it, just the thought popped into my head and I dunno."

"You didn't ruin it. Better to say than to keep it inside and let it eat at you."
"Thank you. It doesn't usually occur to me not to say those things to you."

"Good."

"Feels good, now I think about it."

"I'm glad you feel comfortable enough."

"Me too."

"Ah, screaming time."

"Wait for it!"

"..."

"..."

"Oh, oh wow."

"Thank you- thank you."

"Amazing."

"Aren't I?"

"You are, you are."

"The trick is: just scream a lot."

"Excellent advice."

"See, I could be a teacher like you."

"Hah. Sure you could be."

"I'll leave it to you, though."

"How kind."

"You're welcome."

"Mhm."

"I like this one too."

"Mm me too."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Sleepy."
"Ohh, I like sleepy Remus."

"You like all Remuses."

"Very true."

"I like all Siriuses."

"Me and the one in the sky?"

"Mhm. You better, though."

"Mmm."

"Questions."

"Yes."

"You first."

"What's your favourite wizard band?"

"Hmm. The Vibes Twins."

"Hmmm ok. I approve."

"What's yours?"

"The Doxies."

"Overrated."

"You're overrated!"

"Woooow."

"Hmph."

"Hit a nerve, huh."

"Maybe. Can't believe I'm dating a music snob."

"I'm not a music snob!"

"Oh but my beautiful Doxies are overrated?!"

"They are, they have one good album! One!"

"It's a damn great album! It's iconic!"

"And the other four are utter garbage."

"They put on a brilliant live show."

"Shut up. What? Shut up. You've been to their concert?!!"
"Oh why would you care, they're overrated?!"

"Shhh, never mind that now, tell me all about it."

"James, Pete, and I went over winter hols maybe two years ago, before the better drummer left. I don't love the new one."

"Merlin's fucking balls."

"Wow."

"I really wanted to go."

"Ohhhhh, you're bitter. That makes sense."

"They had a show in Cardiff as well and I was saving money for forever and then they announced the tour dates and it fell on the f- on a not good day for me. And mum said I was too young to go to the show in London or Birmingham."

"Can I put it on the list? Doesn't have to be them. But someone?"

"Go to a concert with you?"

"Yeah?"

"Sounds great."

"Okay."

"I like making plans with you."

"Me too. I like imagining."

"I believe them."

"You'd better."

"I do."

"Me too. Was the return question your question?"

"Mm no. My question iiiis... What's your favourite wine? So I can find a cheap version of it to bring to dinner."

"Your cheapest Moscato, please, sir."

"Mm a sweet one, okay."

"Started with trying to do things I knew would irritate my mum and just snowballed into actually liking sweet wines."

"Oops."

"It's how I acquired most of my personality, I think."
"Like it either way."

"For some reason."

"Cause you're wonderful."

"Oh is that all?"

"Mhm and smart and pretty."

"Oh."

"Just amazing all around."

"...

"...Sirius?"

"I'm here."

"Okay?"

"Yeah. Sounded really nice."

"Okay."

"Thank you."

"Welcome."

"Almost ready for sleep?"

"Sleeping."

"Hmmm okay. Sweet dreams."

"You too."

"Thank you, Moony."

"Mmm."

"..."

"You can still talk."

"Shhh, breathing."

"...

"...

"Mmmoony."
Chapter 37

Good morning?

no??

Hmph

Still hmph

In case you were wondering

Which you're not

Because you're asleep

Hmph

Morning, grumpy

Good morning(ish)!

Hi, cheery

Better

Work today?

Yessssss

Excited I see

Yessssss

They're hiring for summer and I get to help with the process today and Tuesday

That sounds fun

Yessssss

Can I ask you something?

Anything

Did you have work yesterday?

Well

Technically yeah
Okay

Is it?

I wouldn't want to leave you either.

Thank you

If there'll be a next time, though

Yeah

I'll let you know a bit sooner and you can switch days

<3

Thank you

Thank you for not telling me to flat out not do it

It's your choice

Dunno. I thought you might. I was worried you would. Thank you

Again, it's your choice. You don't have to, but I won't stop you.

I appreciate it

I appreciate you wanting to

I do

I like not being alone

Especially with you

Me too

I like not being alone and I like you not being alone

Tea before you go?

Jasmine

Mm okay

Like me

You're having jasmine?

No but my hair smells like it

Mm okay

I'll talk to you soon?
Soon as you'll write

Okay

Have a good day

Thank you, you too

I'm out

Hi

I'm just finishing

Busy day?

Not particularly

Good

I feel okay

Definitely well enough for a date tomorrow if you're still up for it

Yes, I am definitely up for it.

When?

Well my answer is always going to be as early as you'd like

You don't mind me there while you cook?

No?? Isn't that the point?

Okay

Then how about you pick me up at the station at noon and we go shopping for all the ingredients and then have an early dinner?

Mmm perfect

And after?

Yes?

I can stay?

Please stay

Okay
Really?

I want to

Not sick of it yet?

Your bed's very comfy

True

And you're very warm

Also true

I don't see myself getting sick of that

But please say if I'm overstaying my welcome any time

You won't. I'd tell you. But you won't

Okay

I'm not nervous.

No?

It's just excited now

Not even about cooking?

Not really

Good

You?

All excited

Good

You still really like me?

Really really like you

I'm skipping

You're skipping?

Down the street

Like actually?

I'm feeling happy and full of energy and I thought, WWSBD

Well
You are correct

I know

I know you

You do

Careful with those legs though

You're so high up for skipping

Shush, tiny

Hmph

<3

Yeah, good luck to you too

That wasn't for luck

That to you, too, then

Thank you

Home now

Yaaaay

Not really yay

Dad?

Yeah

Sorry

Okay, apparently we're not talking about Mungo's

Oh okay

Why clear anything up, ever

Communication is sooooooo overrated

Aha, totally

Hmph

Yeah, big hmph

I'm sorry

It is what it is
Can I help?

You can keep talking to me

Now that I can do

Wonderful

So did you want chicken parmesan tomorrow, or should we save that for us to do together next time?

Together

Okay, then what for tomorrow?

Up to you

Hmmmmmmm

As long as I get the desserts I was promised

Yes, yes, you will get dessert

Desserts.

Yes, got it

Yesss

You'll make sure, you're shopping with me

Mhm mhm

It'll be good

Very good

Hey, how does your mum feel about you being with me so often lately?

She's glad to see me happy

And being here makes you happy

Being with you makes me happy

Me too

Being with you makes you happy, that's good

Hah hah

Being with you does

That's good too

It is
You don't think I'm boring?

What?

You're about the least boring person I know

You know how you're worried that sometimes you're too much? I'm worried I'm not enough

Hmmm then maybe we're perfect

We can balance each other

But know that to me, you are so much more than enough. That's not a worry you need to have.

Okay

Together we make one functioning person

Nah, with balancing out, we make two

But it's two that work really well together

Really well.

<3

<3

What are you up to now?

Finding food

Good plan

I think sandwiches will have to do

What kind?

Peanut butter ham and pickles

No

Yes

No

Yes

Remus why

Why not

Because gross

One is peanut butter, two are ham, and pickles are on the side
Oh okay

I'm not entirely gross

Well

Oi!

;)

Hmph

Cute

Oh now I'm cute?

You're always cute

Aha

It's true

But also gross?

Yes

Okay, I'll take it

Nice

Another thing that I am?

Yes.

Okay, sure

And also

Also

A nerd

Yes, I know that one

Good

A cute, gross, nice Nerd

That all?

No, there's lots more

Like?

Seems like a good question to ask on a date, to me
Ohhh okay

Yesss

Will you ask back?

If it's okay

It is

Then yes

I'll have my answer ready

I won't

I'll probably forget mine when I see you and notice new amazing things

You make me smile a lot

I like seeing you smile

That doesn't explain why you do it when you can't see me

I like knowing you're smiling too

Mhm so purely selfish reasons, then

Entirely

Sure

Sandwiches were yum

Separately, yes, I bet they were

Yummm

Mhm

Now pudding

Oh of course

Well yes?

Enjoy

I'm gonna go enjoy on the roof

On the roof?

Where I sit sometimes, yes

Give me a mental picture
From my window, if I climb out, I made these little stairs that go up to the chimney and there's a little ledge there, facing the forest

You live by a forest?

Yes?

What does it sound like?

It's windy, so that, and the leaves in the wind. And birds.

Mmm

It can be nice

It sounds nice

You can judge for yourself soon

I can

Yep

I will

Good

So soon

As soon as you'll want

Well not as soon as tomorrow

But that's just because tomorrow is already packed full of great things

Mmm yes

Tell me something about you

Something you don't know?

Yes

Ummmmmm

I don't know

Okay

I'm thinking

Take your time

I paint with my right hand sometimes

How come?
Just feels better

And you can do it well?

I hope so. You tell me

Which one?

All of them?

I do it a lot. It's a little bit of each of them, I think

You can just switch

Only if I'm not thinking about it

For everything else I'm left-handed, but painting and drawing and things I switch sometimes

That's really cool

It's useful at least

Now you

I charmed the post-it notes

???

Oh

Oh!

You charmed them?? The ones on the car???

Mhm, so that when someone would touch them they'd write out a message, but otherwise seem blank

Merlin

So when the jerk took them off they said things like 'Mr Moony would kindly advise you to stop being an arsehole', but if some nice passer-by decided to help him it'd just write out a compliment

That's

So impressive

Oh

Thanks

That's the most You thing I've ever heard

:)

Yeah, it makes me :) too

I'll give you one tomorrow
Awww
Thank you
You can pick the colour
You know I can't pick just one
You have to do it for me
Okay
Thank you
No problem
How is the roof?
Pretty nice
Hmmm okay
Puddingless
Boooo
I know, it's a tragedy
I'm so sorry
Thank you for you sympathy
Anytime
Aha
My people just got home
Hello Sirius' people
They're your people too
And they're Marlene
Hi Marlene
She says to say "hi" and she almost smiled
Awww
What do you do to people?
Nothing??
You do!
There's no one reasonable who doesn't immediately love you

*It's not my fault I'm so lovable*

*Mmmmmhm*

*Would you rather they don't like me?*

No

I can't blame them

Well then

Hmph

Tell me about her?

About Marls?

*Yeah*

She's amazing, she's Marls. I aspire to one day be as comfortably myself as Marlene is comfortable being Marlene. She is unapologetically her and it's beautiful. She was one year ahead of us, in Ravenclaw, she and Lily got close around Lily's second year. They were devastated when she left Hogwarts, but she lives pretty close now and they're together all the time, especially since Lily's moved in here. She has a few odd jobs, nothing specific or long term, but she likes it that way. Gets bored easy and moves on to the next thing.

*Is Marls an approved name that can be used by all or does it have to be earned with time?*

I'm not positive, only we call her that. Let me ask

She says you can call her Marls

Okay, thank you

No problem

*What are you up to?*

Now I'm with them in the kitchen

*Doiiing*

I'm sitting on the edge of the sink

*And people?*

Marlene is on the floor, Lily is leaning next to me, and James is chopping fruit

*Which fruit*

Right now it's a melon
Hmm okay

I don't like it

He'll chop you something else, I'm sure

Oh yes

Is there a fruit he doesn't like?

Papaya

It's a THING

But that's so close to melon

It boooothers him. And you can't sneak it into anything, he tastes it a mile away

Good to know

Soon he's going to take out berries and I'm going to take all of them

Yessss

Yummm

Eat a raspberry for me

I'll eat several

Mm yum

Yessss

I'm back inside

How is that?

Not as nice

Hmmm

Quiet

Sounds terrible

Don't mind it usually

Usually?

Yeah, the quiet. It can be nice. And then sometimes it's just lonely.

Yeah

Oh well
I could go into the other room and call you

*I'm not taking you away from people*

You're also people

*Not worth leaving the others over*

Remus

You know you're not less important when you're not physically next to me, right?

You're not secondary just because you're not here

*Am though*

No.

You're important to me no matter where you are. No exceptions.

Okay

Can I call?

*If you want*

I want

Okay

"Hi."

"Hey, Moony."

"I'm alright."

"Okay?"

"Don't have to do this."

"Do what? Talk to you when I want to talk to you?"

"Feel like you have to."

"But I don't. I always want to talk to you, and if I can help make quiet less quiet I'd like to put that want to good use."

"But you have friends there."

"I have friends here, too."

"Okay."

"...Are you upset with me?"

"What? Sirius, no, of course I'm not upset with you."
"Okay. Okay, sorry. It just seemed- dunno."

"Thank you for calling."

"Anytime."

"... So what's happening with all the fruit?"

"James is. You'd think he'd be making an interesting dessert, or at least a smoothie that doesn't taste like fresh dirt. But no, it's just for whatever."

"That works, I guess."

"Does for him. And me because berries."

"Berries are the best."

"There'll be plenty when you get here tomorrow, you're welcome to help yourself."

"Thanks."

"Of course."

"I feel really good in your flat."

"Yeah?"

"It's just so... normal. Not fancy. Cozy and relaxed."

"Well that's the idea. You're welcome in it always."

"You executed it well. Thank you."

"I wouldn't have been able to stand fancy."

"Was Hogwarts not?"

"Not comparatively."

"To your old house?"

"Yeah."

"Sorry."

"Sorry?"

"That I brought it up."

"Oh, no, it's fine."

"Okay."

"Tell me something. About me this time."

"You're also really good at holding hands with both left and right."
"Oh."

"In my professional opinion, that is."

"Well, you would know."

"Mmmhm."

"I like doing that."

"Me too."

"A lot."

"Me too.*"

"That's good."

"Very. So what about me?"

"You're equally as good of a little spoon as you are a big spoon."

"And by good you mean very good?"

"I mean... So good."

"Okay."

"Good enough to sleep in to."

"Do you think it's strange, that we do that?"

"Which part?"

"Sleeping together."

"Oh. No? It feels nice. We're not hurting anyone. Right? Is it weird? I don't want it to be weird. If you think it's weird we don't have to. If you don't want to at all we won't. Is it strange?"

"Heyheyhey, slow down. It does feel really nice. It's just also a bit unusual. But that doesn't mean it's wrong. I like the way things are."

"You sure?"

"Absolutely positive. Are you?"

"Mhm."

"Sirius."

"Yes."

"Tell me what you're thinking?"
"Afraid of making you uncomfortable."

"You're not. You never have."

"Okay."

"And I know I can tell you if I'd ever feel like that."

"Good. Because you can, I promise."

"I know."

"Thank you."

"You too."

"I know I can."

"Good."

"I still like you."

"That's good too."

"Just thought you should know."

"I still like you too. And no, I'm not just saying it to say it back."

"Okay. Thank you."

"I'm really looking forward to tomorrow."

"Me too."

"And your lavender crème brûlées and lemon pie with maringues."

"You'd better be."

"Oh I am, I am."

"Mmm."

"I think I'll go read for a bit and let you get back to your fr- other friends."

"If you want."

"Can I call you later?"

"Please do."

"I will."

"Or tell me when to and I'll call you."

"Thanks."
"Anytime, Moony."

"Say it again."

"I like talking to you anytime, Moony."

"You too, Pads. Talk later."

"Mmm okay."

Call?

Sirius?

okay. i'll just

wait

Hi I'm here I'm sorry

hi are you okay

Mhhm

Fell asleep on the sofa

okay

Sorry

it's okay

How was reading?

good

Good

mhm

Are you okay?

just sleepy

Questions?
yes

How long can you hold your breath for?

46.3 sec

Nice!

you?

Bit less

44.2

i wiiiin

Ummm I challenge you to a rematch tomorrow

nope i win

On a one round basis!

i wiiiiiiiiiiiin

Hmph

:)))

Rude

"Yes?"

"Rude. Thought I'd tell you verbally."

"Never said I wasn't. Hi."

"Hi."

"Good to hear you again."

"It makes me happy every time, even when it's several times a day."

"Me too."

"Sleepy?"

"Mhm. Been for a while."

"Sweet dreams."

"Wait, no! I didn't get my question yet!"

"Oh! You just asked the breath thing back, oops. Go on."

"But I don't know what to ask."
"Anything. First thing that comes to mind."

"Favourite magical animal."

"Hmmm maybe hippogriffs."

"Have you seen them?"

"No, but I want to. There were rumors of some living in the forest at Hogwarts."

"Any others?"

"Lots. Wanted to take Care of Magical Creatures in school."

"Why didn't you?"

"We had to decide second year. Mum picked my classes for me."

"That's really shitty, I'm sorry."

"Wanted Muggle Studies, too, but that was never going to happen."

"You're learning now."

"I'm trying."

"You're doing well."

"Thank you."

"List me ten really muggle things while I fall asleep."

"Really muggle things?"

"Yes. What you had to learn or what seemed really strange when you first heard of it."

"Texting. Taking the underground. Remembering to turn off lights and things to conserve energy. Following films on the television was really weird at first. Getting used to not being able to do certain spells around electronics."

"Mm mhm."

"The internet. How does an electric stereo even work? Not dancing to the ringtone when someone calls. Using the refrigerator instead of cooling charms. Muggle popular culture is sometimes different and difficult to keep track of."

"..."

"Moony?"

"..."

"Goodnight, Pumpkin."
Mooooorning

Good morning
Good morning
Good morning
Good morning
Good morning
Good morning

That looks like a human equivalent of a dog wagging its tail

That is

Accurate

Well I'm glad you're happy to see me

I am I am

I'm going to see you

For our date

I have a date tonight

With this Remus I really like

No big deal

I get to see him today

Totally chill

Aha I see that

:)

You get to see me in 4 hours

4

Just four

That's not that many at all

Nope, it's really not

I should probably hurry
Mhm mhm mhm mhm mhm

Not that much. Tea?

Hibiscusss

Okayyyy

Yes good

You been up for long?

Mhm

Picked an outfit yet?

As of this moment yes

You're not gonna tell me if I ask, will you?

Hmmm no

Okay, won't tell you then either

Hmph

Fair's fair

But you've technically already seen mine!

Hanging in the wardrobe doesn't count

Well

Hmph

Jeans and a red tshirt. Cardigan if I get cold.

Ooooh okay

Skinny jeans

Okkay

Mhm

Knee length soft pink skirt, the jumper you made for me

Oh, you didn't have to tell

But thank you

Well you did, and there's a 50% chance I'll change before I see you anyway

I should get going
Okay

See you on the platform

See you there

<3

<3
Chapter 38

The train was only a moment late, but it was still too late for Sirius’s liking. He stood in their designated meeting spot watching the little numbers on the front of his phone not change from 12:24. His attention was so well fixed it was a miracle he happened to be looking up at the moment Remus’s tawny curls came bobbing over the heads of the other people in the crowd. He found Sirius at almost the same moment and a great smile broke over his face. Sirius felt it reflected on his own. He was wearing the promised skinny jeans and red t-shirt, a grey cardigan slung sloppily over the body of the messenger bag at his hip. Sirius thought not for the first time that he’d never seen someone so uniquely beautiful.

Before he even bothered to say ‘hello’, his arms were around Sirius. Sirius had previously been a bit put out by the vague heat of the day in conjunction with the thick fabric of the jumper. Remus’s body heat should have exacerbated this problem. Instead, once Sirius could smell and feel him all around him, everything else fell away, and that included any mild, heat related discomfort.

“You look so good,” he blurted without thinking. “I mean, you always look good. But you look a lot better than last time I saw you. Except you were still so cute then, you’re always cute, I don’t think you can help that, but that’s not what I mean. What I’m saying is-”

“Sirius, it’s really good to see you too,” Remus rescued him before he ran himself into a verbal wall. “This is even cuter on you than I could have imagined.” His eyes moved down from the jumper to the pleats of the pink skirt that flared from beneath it. Sirius felt his face heat with the compliment.

“Thank you. Groceries, then?” He asked, taking Remus’s hand. There was no question in that anymore, it was an assumption: if they were walking and they were together, Sirius and Remus were holding hands.

“Grab a trolley?” Sirius requested while he tried to run down the list of things he would need in his mind. “I’m going to forget about six things while we’re in here, I know I am.”

“Write them down?” Remus asked, dragging a trolley lazily with him as they entered the store.

“Don’t have a thinggie,” Sirius knew the word for the muggle writing implement, but it escaped him for the moment, so he mimed writing in the air.

“That’s what this is for, come here.” Remus led him to the secluded alcove where the bathrooms were located. They didn’t step into either of them, but there were no people there anyway. He pushed up his sleeve and took his wand out of the deep pocket it was resting in. He put the tip of it to his forearm and for a moment nothing happened. Then, in the same hasty scrawl Sirius was used to seeing on packages and in notes sent from Remus, there appeared

**Shopping List**

The ink matched that which surrounded it perfectly, like it had always been there. “Go on. What do we need?”

Sirius took his own wand out of his hair, letting that fall around his shoulders. “Just think it?” He asked. Remus nodded. He pressed the tip of his wand against Remus’s skin as he’d just seen and watched his own handwriting appear on Remus’s skin. “I’ll need a few things from the market on the way home as well. Can I write those here?”

Remus pushed his fingers aside to write **Market** in his own script and let Sirius continue. By the end,
there was a complete shopping list on Remus’s forearm.

**Shopping**

canned minced clams
cayenne pepper
bread crumbs
a baguette
sugar
cream of tartar
vanilla
flour
heavy cream
eggs
butter

**Market**

fresh clams
onions
garlic
tomato
lemons
basil
parsley

“There’s too many vegetables on your list,” Remus’s nose was scrunched.

“I’ll hide them in delicious food, don’t worry about it,” Sirius assured him and led the way with the trolley back into the main part of the store.

Remus erased things from his arm as they were dropped into the trolley. Along with everything on the list, however, several bags of crisps also made it in. And a box of chocolate chip cookies and a
Sirus raised an eyebrow at it all. “Are you for real?”

“Absolutely.” Remus didn’t bat an eye. “We won’t really have time for lunch, will we?”

Sirus shook his head in exasperation, but said nothing more.

Remus also ran from the trolley for a moment and came back with the cheapest looking bottle of moscato Sirius had ever seen in his life. He winked and dropped it in.

When it came time to pay, they both unloaded their haul onto the belt. Sirius took out the clip he held his muggle money in from his bag and handed it to Remus to figure out how much to give the cashier, along with a fiver from his own wallet. “For the wine, I said I’d pay for it,” he explained. The exchange flowed so naturally it was as if it had always been this way.

The trip to the market was brief, as the sky was looking overcast and Sirius didn’t much fancy the idea of splashing in puddles in the skirt he was wearing.

“So maybe don’t splash in puddles, that’s a thought.” Remus suggested.

Sirius just looked at him until he admitted how silly that idea was. They collected their produce and several clams and made their way back to home.

~

By the time they got back to Sirius’s flat, it was just past 2.

“Oh, plenty of time,” Remus laid the bags he was carrying out on the kitchen counter and took the ones from Sirius’s hands to do the same. It occurred to him in the back of his mind that he was just terribly comfortable in this kitchen, in this flat.

“Plenty of time? No? Have you ever made stuffed clams, Oreganata before?” Sirius looked incredulous. Remus shook his head slowly. He refused to act like that was a normal question to be asked. “Let alone all the desserts. I’m going to get started now. And anyway, if I do the bruschetta first, it’ll have enough time to settle, the flavours blend as it sits. Yes, I’ll start that first, then.” He was clearly not even talking to Remus by the end of it, so Remus swiped a bag of crisps from the counter and hopped up to sit beside the sink.

He watched Sirius bustle around the kitchen, pulling out bowls and cutting boards and knives as well as necessary spices they hadn’t purchased at the store. He used the most peculiar combination of muggle skill and magic to achieve his goals. He climbed up two shelves in the pantry to reach a peppercorn grinder, but shut a cabinet with a flick of his wand.

He had one mission at a time and he was just the prettiest. He stood to Remus’s side and began chopping tomatoes while they chatted and Remus munched on his snacks. Occasionally Sirius would open his mouth and Remus would place a crisp on his tongue. At no point did he let Sirius live that down. “Snacking before dinner, Padfoot?!”

“Could you just stick this in the sink for me, please?” Sirius held the knife out to Remus handle-first.

“Hmmm,” Remus looked from the knife on his right side to the sink on his left. “Nah.”

“Nah?”
“Nah.”

Sirius blinked and walked around Remus’s outstretched legs to lay the knife in the sink himself. “You are the least helpful, you know that?”

“I am trying really hard to be.”

When Sirius started cleaning the clams, Remus opened the box of cookies.

He was so content to just sit and watch Sirius work for hours. While he worked they chatted about everything. The people they saw at the market; Remus’ train ride; Regulus’ progress at school; Peter’s parents. Anything that came up. The entire time they talked, Remus watched Sirius, watched his hands. More careful and precise when he started on the desserts, confident and sure when he was working on the clams.

Hours into the process, Remus was positive dinner still wouldn’t be done for some time and he excused himself for a trip to the loo and then to Sirius’s room to take off the binder, which was beginning to dig uncomfortably into his sides.

When he came back into the room, Sirius was standing against the counter, filling each little clam shell half with the prepared stuffing. Remus walked up behind him and put his arms around his middle. His chin came to rest on Sirius’s shoulder.

“Is this okay?” He asked.

“Mhm.” Sirius’s voice was a bit higher than normal.

“Are you sure?” Remus prepared himself to pull away.

“Very very very okay, yes. I’m sure.”

Remus squeezed him lightly and just held him while he worked.

Sirius’s voice returned to normal a minute later, when he managed, “Mmm, hi.”

“Smells nice,” Remus sighed against his skin where the jumper slipped from his shoulder. His hair smelled like jasmine and something light and fruity. Remus could feel his pulse against his cheek. So warm and steady, for several long minutes, Remus thought he might fall asleep from the comfort of it.

“OH MY SWEET MERLIN, LILY, LILY COME SEE THIS, LOOK HOW CUTE THEY ARE!”

Remus and Sirius both jumped, and Remus was grateful Sirius was no longer handling knives. James - and apparently Lily - had somehow managed a quiet enough entry into the flat that neither of them had noticed their presence. James was standing in the doorway to the kitchen with his hands over his heart.

“James!” Lily shouted from out of eyesight, “Give them some privacy for god’s s- Awww!” The moment her face was visible she was nearly as much of a cooing mess as James was.

Sirius picked up the wooden spoon he’d used earlier for mixing the base of the lemon meringue pie and chased them from the room with it.
It was still another half hour before dinner was *finally* ready. Sirius had allowed him to try absolutely nothing while it was being made and so Remus was practically salivating as they set the food on the table.

James and Lily had gone out to dinner in an attempt to make themselves scarce. On the condition that “Two tastes of everything” be saved for their return.

All food set on the table, Remus sat down. Both the bruschetta and the stuffed clams looked delicious. But Sirius didn’t join him. He was busy fumbling around with something in a cabinet along the wall. He came away with an arm full of long white sticks.

Remus looked at him with an eyebrow raised. Sirius’s face was suddenly adorably unsure. “I um, thought maybe this would be nice? But I dunno. Maybe it’s silly. Forget it.” He made to put them down but Remus smiled warmly at him before he could.

“No, they wouldn’t be silly. Please light your pretty candles.”

Sirius set them out carefully on the table by hand and lit them with a muttered spell. It turned out to be a fantastic decision anyway; Sirius looked absolutely beautiful in candlelight. The one nearest to him up-lit his face with a gentle glow. It made Remus ache.

Everything was exactly as delicious as it smelled and looked. Possibly more. Remus reached for more after his first full plate. Sirius was still halfway through his.

“You know there’s dessert, too right? Desserts, actually.” He asked with a terribly attractive laugh.

“Yes, I am aware, thank you, now can I have more?”

Sirius brought out the deserts with a levitation charm. There was a lavender creme brulee for each of them and two spares - one for Lily and James to share and an extra for Remus as he’d been promised two - and a slice or several for each of lemon meringue pie.

Well into this, Remus asked, “So what am I?”

Sirius looked up from his meringue confused. “What are you?”

“Yes, I’m a gross, cute, nice nerd. You said to ask what else I am on our date. Here we are. So what am I?”

“Oh!” Sirius put his fork down, as if that would help him think better. “Okay, well. You’re sweet,” he looked over one of the candles, burning low between them to meet Remus’ eye. “You’re safe. You’re understanding. You’re a good friend and a good person. You’re funny. You’re rude. You’re sarcastic. You’re kind. Not like… gentle with animals and great with babies kind, you’re deeply, genuinely kind. You have a kind soul and kind eyes. You’re comfortable. You’re smart.” He looked ready to say something else, but bit it back with a shy smile.

“Those are some really good things to be,” Remus said after he’d taken a moment to let the words sink into him. He wanted to memorize all of them. He wanted to be able to think of himself in the way that Sirius saw him.

“Well, you would know.” He shrugged.
“One more. What’s one more? You were going to say it.”

Sirius laughed. “You’re really hot.”

Remus couldn’t help the grin that spread over his face.

“Now me, do me.” Sirius sat up straight and crossed his ankles like he was about to have his portrait painted.

“You’re… Okay. Y-”

“I’m ‘okay’?!” He asked in a tone of utmost offense. “Just ‘okay’?!”

“Hush! Let me say it.” Remus waited for Sirius to sit back a bit in his chair. “You’re cute. Just like me. And you’re excitable, and curious, and clever, and imaginative, and creative, and talented, and caring, and loving, and trustworthy, and you’re an excellent cuddler and hugs giver and you’re super hot. And also warm, and open-minded, and protective, and gentle, and delicate, and brave, and strong. And you cook well, too.”

By the time Remus was finished speaking, Sirius’s feet were up on his chair with him and his chin was tucked between his knees. He was giving Remus the most precious, sappy smile.

“Thank you.” He said. Remus could have kissed him.

Once dessert was through, a gleeful look came over Sirius’s face. “And now, I exact my revenge.”

“Your revenge?” Remus scoffed. “Are you trying to look threatening right now? You look like a kitten.”

Sirius’s cheeks went pink. “You know very well I’m a dog person, Moony. Yes, my revenge. In which I sit and watch you clean everything since I did all the cooking.”

Remus shrugged. “Fair enough. But you might have to show me where to put things.”

“I’ll point vaguely.” They made their way with the plates back into the kitchen and Sirius took Remus’s previous seat next to the sink. “Now I get to watch your arse while you do stuff.”

Remus put a hand to his chest in mock outrage. “I wasn’t watching your arse! I was… occasionally admiring. When it was convenient.”

Sirius didn’t seem bothered by that in the slightest. He laughed. “Well I intend to watch yours, fair warning.”

Remus wiggled his hips and Sirius fell into a fit of giggles so violent Remus was halfway through the dishes before he’d fully recovered.

In reality, Sirius did very little arse watching. He talked and occasionally sang while Remus finished doing the dishes the muggle way and wiped down all of the surfaces, leaving the kitchen probably cleaner than it had been when Sirius had started cooking.

“Help me down,” Sirius demanded when he finally folded the half soggy dish rag he’d been using. He cast a quick drying charm on it and walked over to the counter beside the sink to slide Sirius off the counter by his waist. Off the counter and standing very close.
“Suddenly you have a great fear of jumping?” He asked.

“Nope, just easier to do this,” Sirius stood on the very tips of his toes and kissed Remus’s cheek. He slid out from between the counter and Remus and led the way out of the kitchen while Remus attempted to compose himself.

“Did you want to have an official end to this date, before we start thinking about bed?” Remus asked, thinking of Sirius trepidation before their last date.

Sirius thought for a moment. “No. No, I don’t need one. Do you?”

Remus shook his head. “I don’t. Are you sure?”

“Yes. I’m very sure. It was new and a little uncharted last time, but… No part of me is nervous this time. It’s you. Nothing bad is going to happen with you. You make me comfortable. Safe.”

Remus hummed happily, “That’s much better than nervous.” There was a twinge in his stomach when Sirius called him safe. He still had no idea just how unsafe Remus was. Would he still feel comfortable and ‘safe’ when he knew? Remus refused to let himself dwell on it.

Remus borrowed pyjamas from Sirius as was customary at this point. A simple over-sized black shirt and flannel bottoms, this time. Sirius was back to fuzzy shorts and a matching tank top. His body heat allowed him to do things like sleep without sleeves on and it blew Remus’s mind. He stuffed all of his clothes back into his messenger bag.

“Oh!” He shouted, startling Sirius on his way into bed. “I have something for you.” He took out the muggle notebook he’d slipped into the bag and flipped through its pages until a small, 2”x2” pink post-it note fell out of it. He handed it to Sirius, who read it aloud.

“‘You are a very good cook’. You wrote this before you had my cooking?”

Remus shook his head. “It’s charmed. It’s in my writing and it's something I would say, but I never actually wrote it. It’s true though. I would say that.”

Sirius beamed. “Thank you, Moony.” He stuck it to the base of the lamp on his side of the bed, facing in. He’d see it perfectly when he was lying down.

Once they were under the covers, Sirius tucked himself under Remus’s arm.

“Questions?” He asked. Remus loved hearing him ask it. It meant he could fully imagine it on the nights when it was merely texted to him.

“You start?”

“Okay. What did you think of dessert?” He asked. He was knocking his lip ring back and forth with his tongue.

“Oh, they were nice.” Remus smiled to himself.

Sirius lifted his chin off of Remus’s chest where it had been resting. “Nice? They were just nice?”

Remus nodded.

“Oh. Okay.” Sirius settled back into him looking just slightly devastated.
“Just can’t believe there was no chocolate.”

Sirius sat up now, face livid except where the corners of his mouth twitched in an effort not to smile. “We agreed on meringue and creme brulee!”

“We did, but chocolate. It’s a given, we shouldn’t even need to say it. It’s like you don’t even know me.” He sighed dramatically.

Sirius picked up one of the pillows Remus wasn’t lying on and wailed it at his stomach.

The ensuing pillow fight lasted four minutes and consisted mostly of Sirius falling on Remus with the pillow while he laughed too hard to actually throw it.

He seemed exhausted by the effort by the time he’d regained himself enough to say, “Your turn.”

“My turn,” Remus repeated, settling back into the mattress absolutely no worse for wear than he’d been four minutes prior, except maybe a little light headed from laughing. “Okay,” his head swam with a thousand questions. ‘Can I kiss you?’ ‘Will you be my boyfriend?’ ‘How do you feel about steadily dating dark creatures?’ ‘Which painting is your favourite in this room?’ He asked instead of any of the others.

Sirius looked around them and then pointed at one that at first glance seemed like a blob of red. Once his eyes adjusted to it, he saw that it was a not-so-still life of a seating area. The sofas and chairs were all scarlet, as was the floor. A fire that looked like it was really burning served as the focal point, and all around it, books appeared and disappeared, scrolls of parchment furled and unfurled themselves on little tables, scarves levitated and folded themselves over armrests.

“It’s the Gryffindor Common Room at Hogwarts. Well, it’s highly stylized, so that’s not quite how it looks, I suppose. But that’s how it feels to me.” Sirius explained.

“Can I?” Remus started edging out of the covers, but waited to walk over to the piece until Sirius nodded.

The detail was astounding. Especially for a painting which wasn’t entirely realistic. The etchings in the wood mantle of the fireplace didn’t look random in the slightest. The scarves had stitching in them and loose threads. The sofas had indents as if they’d been sat upon by a thousand years of Gryffindor students. He swore the fire felt warm.

“Sirius, this is amazing. When did you do this?” He asked, unable to look away from the dancing, flickering flames.

“Dunno, few weeks ago, I guess. It was after your fruit bowl.” He shrugged and fidgeted with the shiny piece of metal over his eyebrow.

“It’s beautiful. This is what it really feels like?”

“It is to me, anyway. And James agrees.”

Remus walked back to the bed and slid back under the blanket. Sirius’s heat made the sheets even more welcoming warm than the fire in the picture had seemed. He sank into it and wrapped himself around Sirius, their ankles tangling together, his head pressed to Sirius’s chest. “I really really like that one.”

Sirius let out a breath while he shut the lights with his wand. “Thank you.”
“Were you nervous I wouldn’t like it?” He asked, bringing an arm up over Sirius’s middle.

“That came from me and it’s just out in the world now, I’m always nervous.”

There was a moment of quiet before Remus said again, “It’s beautiful.” He kissed Sirius’s chest, the closest spot his lips could reach, right over his heart.

They were both asleep within moments.
Remus woke before Sirius the following morning. At some point in the night he’d become the big spoon. Morning breath disregarded, he kissed Sirius’ cheek and gave his body a light squeeze until Remus felt him stirring in his arms.

“How? Time?” He asked without opening his eyes. Remus glanced at the clock on the bedside table.

“Nearly nine.”

Sirius thought that possibly, he could spend a thousand sleeps with Remus and he’d be surprised waking up late from every single one of them. He sat up straight and leaned against Remus, still not fully awake.

“How, every time?”

“I’m terribly boring, it encourages extra sleep.” Remus sat up beside him.

“See? So boring.”

“Are not.” Sirius argued and stretched out over the bed.

“More importantly: what’s for breakfast?” Remus pulled Sirius’s hand into his lap to play with his fingers while Sirius finished adjusting to consciousness.

“Dunno yet.” Sirius’s fingers closed around his, “Let’s find out?”

James and Lily were already in the kitchen when they got there. Lily, at least, had only been awake for a little while. James had already eaten, gone for a walk, come back, and showered.

“Food last night was delicious, Pads. Can’t believe how much left over there is, considering.” He commented while Sirius kneeled on the counter to go through a cabinet Remus could have reached with exactly no effort.

“Thank you! How does porridge sound?” He asked Remus.

“Sounds great for you. I’m having leftovers.”

“You’re having stuffed clams for breakfast? That’s-” Lily started, but Sirius waved a hand at her to cut her off.

“The outrage does nothing to stop him, don’t bother. Will you be heating them up, Moony?”

Remus shook his head and found the clams in the fridge. There were easily a dozen left.

There was a knock on the door, followed promptly by the familiar “Hullo!” of Peter. He came in with a round of hugs and took a clam from the container in Remus’s hand. “This breakfast?”

“Oh good, you’re both impossible.” Sirius sighed and set about making himself porridge.
They didn’t bother moving to the dining room for breakfast, everyone stood around the kitchen. Remus and Sirius sat up on the counter, one of Sirius’ legs thrown over Remus’ knee. They chatted while everyone but James ate, and even he had a few slices of melon from a container in the refrigerator.

Remus checked his phone for the train schedule. He’d have to leave within the next hour to catch the one he intended to. He told Sirius as much and for his part, he did his best not to look too upset. It still made Remus feel a bit better that his smile faltered visibly, though.

“But I’m already looking forward to our next date,” Sirius said, cheering himself back up.

“Do you know what you’re going to do for it yet?” Peter asked through a full mouth of strawberry.

“Yes! We have it all planned out,” Sirius explained. “I cooked everything this time, next time we’re going to cook dinner together at Moony’s house. And I’m going to get to see his room and his house and how many stairs there are and I’ll meet his mum, Hope, and it’ll be spectacular, I can’t wait.”

A simple dinner at his own home had never sounded so appealing to Remus. He checked the train schedule again.

“Awww, that’s going to be really nice,” James smiled.

“Just how much can’t you wait?” Remus asked, turning on the counter to face Sirius.

Sirius looked at him, trying to decipher what that question was aiming at, surely. “A lot. I’m really excited about it.”

“You don’t have work tomorrow, right?” Sirius nodded, eyes wide. “And I’m pretty sure my dad won’t be home, and, well, we have to eat dinner today too, so—”

“Really?!” Sirius hopped down off of the counter in excitement, but didn’t actually seem to know what to do with himself from there. “Really really?”

“I mean, I can’t think of a reason not to,” Remus was impressed at the nonchalance of his own voice. Excitement was bubbling in his chest at the thought of a whole extra day with Sirius- at the thought of seeing this five-foot ball of sunshine in his house.

“Yes!”

Sirius was practically jumping up and down, but Remus had to check anyway. “Yeah? Don’t feel like you have to, it’s only an idea. I just don’t want to say goodbye yet.”

Sirius tugged on Remus’s hand, the one that wasn’t still holding the now nearly empty container of shellfish, and pulled him down off of the counter with him. “Shhh, no. Yes, Moony, yes! Let’s have our 3rd date right now, yes, just give me a second.” He nearly leapt up at him to kiss Remus on the cheek and fled the room without further explanation.

“Packing,” James said without hesitation. “He’ll be back in about twenty minutes.”

James was incorrect. Packing for an overnight stay took Sirius exactly thirty two minutes. Remus didn’t mind, though. He imagined Sirius on the other side of his bedroom door trying on a thousand outfits and choosing - not the one he thought might be most impressive for a date, to meet Remus’s mother in, but which one felt the most correct to him. He found that he really liked that he knew this about Sirius. It wasn’t something he’d been explicitly told, but he felt confident that that’s exactly what was happening.
In the meantime he moved with James, Lily, and Peter into the area with the sofa and continued talking to them happily.

Sirius finally came out of his room wearing jeans so tight they were basically denim tights and a crop top that had clearly once been a regular t-shirt but had evidently been up-cycled specifically for the purpose of torturing Remus. Fingerless gloves, artfully scuffed boots, and a choker that looked more like a dog collar than anything else completed the look. Remus didn’t bother pretending he wasn’t staring.

“Didn’t mean to take so long, sorry.” He walked over to them and threw a fully packed duffel bag onto the floor beside the sofa.

“No worries. I’ll just get changed myself and then we’ll get going?” Remus asked.

“Oh! Your clothes were in there. You could have come in to get them!”

Remus smiled and assured him, “I know I could have. I didn’t mind waiting. I’ll only be a moment.”

The last time he’d been at the station to see Remus off, Sirius had been thinking about how much he was beginning to hate this place. But today it didn’t mean goodbye. He and Remus walked to the station and to the appropriate platform holding hands, neither of their minds on ‘goodbye’. He wondered if the grin on his face was just as silly-wide as Remus’s was and thought his must be bigger.

They boarded the train together and found two seats in the back corner of a compartment.

“Mind if I take the window?” He asked. Remus let him slide in first. Sirius felt himself bouncing in his seat with excitement.

“Damnit, I’m not going to be able to sleep if you keep that up.” Remus sighed.

“Oh. Sorry.” Sirius stilled himself.

Remus looked immediately apologetic. “No no no. I didn’t mean stop. I meant if you’re going to be so damned cute this whole time I don’t want to miss it.”

Sirius smiled and settled in beside him.

It was approximately ten minutes into the journey when Remus fell asleep.

Sirius tried for a few minutes. He leaned his head against Remus’s arm. It was intensely comfortable, but he was filled with too much excited energy to even approach sleep.

Instead he watched the grey and green out the window and thought over the events of the previous day and night.

It would have been enough, he decided. It would have been the best. And yet, here he sat. With Remus snoring quietly at his side, on their way to Date Three. It would have been enough but it didn’t have to be. He pressed his lips to Remus’s arm.

When the stop was finally coming up, Sirius kissed Remus’ nose. It was just a small peck, but it woke Remus up immediately.

“We’re almost here, Moony. Thought you should get up soon.”
“Mmm,” Remus grunted groggily. “’M up.”

“Sure you are.” Sirius watched him stretch, watched the cotton of his t-shirt pull upward to reveal a sliver of skin at Remus’ hip. Sirius licked his lips and dragged his attention back to the window on the other side of him.

“So how do we get to your house from here?” Sirius asked as they stepped out onto the platform. He’d never been to this place and though nothing was particularly exotic, he felt he needed to look at everything - touch everything he could. He ran his hand along the rails of a banister as they passed.

“The library,” Remus said as if this explained everything in crystal clear logic. Which it did not.

“The library?”

“Yes.”

“Moony, the library is not a mode of transportation. It’s a library.”

Remus proceeded to explain: several years ago, he had started spending all of his spare time at the library (there was a brief pause here for Sirius to both mock and adore that fact) and during that time, he befriended several of the regular librarians. One of which had given him both a key to and permission to use a staff room with a fireplace in it.

The walk to the library was only the space of a few city blocks. It was an old building, rather small for a library, Sirius thought, though the only ones he could say he’d seen in person were the London ones, the one at Hogwarts, and the one at 12 Grimmauld Place. So maybe he didn’t have a very good sense of the subject.

Remus nodded his hellos to people who seemed to know him as they walked through to the staff-only section. Sirius felt a strange sort of jealousy come over him. These people had known Remus far longer than he had. *I know him better*, he thought at them. *I know that when he takes three big deep breaths in a row and then a little one he’s dreaming. I know which socks he likes to mismatch and which ones he keeps in pairs. I know how his eye twitches when he yawns…* he had a ready made list in his head before he could remind himself that he wasn’t actually fighting with anyone. No one was trying to take Remus’s attention from him, and even if they were, no one had it like Sirius did. He didn’t even know where that was coming from, Sirius wasn’t an especially jealous person. He made a mental note to discuss the instance further with James when he got home.

It wasn’t until they got to the actual floo that Sirius remembered to be nervous. Using the floo network wasn’t nearly as bad as apparating, but it definitely wasn’t pleasant.

He chose not to mention this to Remus, who said he’d go first if Sirius preferred. “The house is called ‘Seven, Willow Road’. It’s never been a problem before, but if you wind up somewhere strange just text me, okay?”

Sirius nodded.

“Are you okay?” Remus was too good at reading his face.

“I’m okay. I’ll be right behind you.” He assured him and took a deep breath. He made sure to pay attention to Remus’s cadence to get it right the first time though. He did not want to do this more than once.
“Seven, Willow Road.” Remus said and in a swirl of coloured flame he was gone.

Sirius took a generous amount of powder from the pot on the mantle and mimicked him.

He fell into Remus, who caught him around the middle.

“Oi, didn’t anyone ever teach you proper floo etiquette? Wait three seconds and then- Sirius?” Remus paused in the middle of telling him off to sound genuinely worried.

Sirius, meanwhile, was struggling to discern which surface before him was the floor and which was the ceiling. Everything was swimming like he was moving too fast in circles too small, like tumbling on a broom. He closed his eyes as tight as he could to try to orient himself but that only made him feel like he was falling. He quickly opened them again and tried blinking very hard instead. When he realized he still hadn’t answered Remus, he said “I’m ok-kay.”

“Merlin’s arse you’re okay. Here, sit here.” He was still holding Sirius’s waist and guided him very slowly down to the floor.

Sirius closed his eyes when that felt safe again and took breaths until the dizziness subsided.

“Where’s the front door?” He asked after several moments.

“Oh! Sure, if you need air- it’s just to the right there.” Remus sat still while Sirius got to his feet and steadied himself.

Sirius threw him a look. “No no, I’m fine. I just need a proper entrance.”

“A what?”

“A home isn’t really designed to be first experienced from the floo, is it? You enter the front door and experience from there. It’s only right.” Sirius explained and let himself out the front door. He thought he heard Remus mutter something about a “nerd” on his way out.

He didn’t re-enter immediately. He walked a bit away from the house to approach it with enough distance to take in the full effect. There were no city noises here. He could hear the wind blowing in the grass. Peaceful and green. A small bed of very colourful flowers lined the front of the home from door to corner. He walked back up and turned the knob to let himself in.

Now he looked around. Everything was cozy in a way Sirius hadn’t ever understood until his first day at the Potters’. It felt a lot like that. Nothing was messy, per se, but nothing was definitively in order, either. The furniture was all mismatched but terribly comfortable looking. Soft rugs covered old hardwood floors, cluttered with scuff marks and scratches. Muggle and wizard pictures hung in strategically artful places on the walls. The air smelled like dust and sweet fruit and warm wood.

Sirius didn’t want to move from the spot.

Remus stood and joined him, looking around with him as though he’d never really taken the place in.

“Well, are you going to give me the full tour?” Sirius asked, slipping his fingers through Remus’.

Remus shrugged, “There’s not all that much to tour."

“Let me rephrase,” Sirius sighed. “The tour starts here. This would be the sitting room? Excellent. What’s next?”

With some coaxing Remus agreed and took him all around the house. They never said it out loud,
but there was certainly an unspoken understanding that the tour would end with Remus’s bedroom
and that’s where they would stay for awhile. He brought Sirius all around the house. The sitting
room, his dad’s office, the disproportionately large kitchen, both lofts, his parents’ room, even into
the back yard to see the garden Remus so frequently worked on with Hope.

They were about to make their way to Remus’s attic bedroom when the sound of a screen door
slamming shut drew them back down the stairs to greet Hope, who was carrying in large plastic bags
full of something that smelled *delicious*.

“Hello, anyone home?” She called before she saw them. “Oh hi R- Oh, hey! You’re new.” She
waved at Sirius who suddenly felt very nervous. He always had a difficult time with parents, mothers
in particular. He thought he’d been cured of it, having lived with Mrs. Potter all those years, but it
would seem he hadn’t been.

“Hello, Hope,” he said with more confidence than he felt, and walked toward her. “Are you a
hugger or a hand shaker?”

She smiled. She had a warm smile that she’d clearly passed on to her son. “Well if you’re the Sirius I
think you are, I believe we’re long past handshakes.”

She wasn’t much taller than Sirius, to his delight. She seemed to genetically have much less to do
with Remus’ height than his smile.

She sat down at the kitchen table and slipped her shoes off. Remus took the bags from her and
peeked into them before putting them in the refrigerator. They talked for awhile and eventually Sirius
sat, too, enraptured in their conversation about risotto - specifically the proper cheese to rice ratio.
Talking to Hope was incredibly easy; she was light and sarcastic like Moony and she said everything
with that calming smile.

Remus participated little in the conversation, but Sirius felt him standing just behind him, leaning on
the back of his chair.

“We’re making dinner, tonight, mum.” He contributed when there was finally a lull.

“Oooh, what are you making me?” She asked with a wink at Sirius.

“We’re making Chicken Parmesan tonight,” Sirius informed her.

“But it’s for a date.”

There was a long moment where Hope just looked at Remus with all the amusement of a person
seeing their favourite Quidditch team play for the first time. Then she laughed. “Well don’t let me
stop you. I’ll be out of here for good in a few minutes.

“We’ll be upstairs for a bit, anyway. Sirius hasn’t seen the attic yet.”

Hope gave him a look. “Okay, go on then. But Remus, this is a small house, remember I can hear
everything.”

Sirius’s face felt very warm.

“Mum!”

“Just saying! Go on up.”
Remus was used to the several flights of stairs and took them two at a time. Sirius was not. He kept falling behind and by the time they reached the top of the stairs, he sounded winded.

“Don’t you go running with super-healthy James?” Remus teased. Sirius scowled but he was smiling, which ruined the effect.

“Let me in, let me in!” He demanded. Remus obliged.

He went in first to toss himself onto the bed and watch Sirius as Sirius had done when Remus had seen his room for the first time. Sirius was in awe of everything. He stood in the doorway for nearly a solid minute, just taking everything in.

Remus sat up to watch him move around the walls, taking in all of Remus’ band posters - muggle and wizard alike. He stopped in front of his own rose painting and stepped back. He took in its place in the room. “Moony, this is incredible.”

“I know it is, and so should you - you painted it.”

“Hah hah. No, I just mean… how good it looks here. How well it fits for no reason.”

Remus thought he knew what he meant.

Sirius moved over to the window sill. “Is this where you sit sometimes when you talk to me?” He asked.

Remus nodded. “If I’m in here and not in bed and I’m not on the floor or behind the desk, I’m usually sitting there, yeah.”

Sirius sat down. His legs stretched much further on the sill than Remus’s did. He usually sat curled into himself. Sirius sprawled out.

“And when you’re on the floor?”

Remus pointed to the spot and Sirius lied down there too.

Remus rolled onto his stomach while Sirius got up and continued walking around the room, touching things on the walls. There was a picture of him and Alice from around Christmas time which Sirius shook his head at and laughed, but didn’t say anything further.

He didn’t actually speak again until he got to the painting of the bowl of fruit. The first one he’d done for Remus. The note was with it, as Remus had said it would be. He took it out, unfolded it, and read it aloud. “’Remus, I hope this fulfills your commission and that I didn’t go too overboard on the colours’ - Oh, Merlin, Moony, this is the worst, this is so awkward… ‘I want to thank you. I know I told you I don’t paint very often, but I think I’d like to start. Having all the colours out in my room feels nice, it feels more free than trying to sketch, which always needs to be just so. So thank you for helping me find this part of myself. Sincerely, Padfoot’. Oh, wow, this is the most sappy, awful thing. Just the worst.” He laughed.

Remus disagreed. He read that note several times a week. He loved it.

“It’s all still true, though,” he admitted and threw himself onto the bed beside Remus. Their legs wrapped around each other as they were wont to do when they laid like this. They talked for some time about the other things on the walls before Remus’ stomach began to rumble and they decided to
make their way back to the kitchen to start on dinner.

“We didn’t do any shopping, are you sure we’ll have all the ingredients?” Sirius jumped down the last two steps and twirled to face Remus.

“We always have chicken. And we always have cheese. And I know we have tomatoes. Anything else we need, we’ll improvise.” Remus shrugged. Sirius looked at him like he was going to protest, but shook his head and never voiced the thought.

They wound up making a sauce from scratch out of the tomatoes in the vegetable drawer. Sirius was worried it would mean they were eating very late until Remus asked him if it mattered all that much and he couldn’t find a reason it should.

They worked well together. Remus chopped the tomatoes, basil, and garlic by hand while Sirius searched all of the cabinets for the ingredients he needed to make the breading for the chicken. Then they switched and Remus finished making the chicken while Sirius turned the mess of ingredients into a proper sauce.

At no point did either of them clean much. Hope walked in several minutes later to check on their progress and looked pale at the sight of her kitchen.

“I promise we’ll have everything spotless by the time we’re out of here,” Sirius assured her.

Remus snacked on the leftovers she’d brought home from work while Sirius sliced the fresh mozzarella. The chicken was in the oven and there was little else to do besides tidy up.

True to Sirius’ word, though, they did have the kitchen looking as clean as when they’d begun before they even sat down to eat. Which they did at the kitchen table. Remus sort of wanted to make it nicer for her - Sirius’ pronouns switched toward the end of their time in the kitchen - as she had done the previous night with the candles, but by the time they were finished cooking he couldn’t be bothered.

It was, of course, delicious. Remus had corrected the spices going into the sauce when Sirius wasn’t looking and she had shoved his hand away when he’d tried to lay more cheese than was technically necessary down on the chicken. They made for a rather perfect team. Though Remus would argue that more cheese couldn’t have hurt anybody.

Even without the candle light from the night before, Sirius looked absolutely beautiful. She kept up conversation through the meal. It occurred to Remus how nice it was to just listen to her talk, and also, that if she had chosen not to talk, he would have been just as comfortable sitting with her.

“I’d like to shower, if that’s alright?” She asked as they were clearing their plates. Remus washed the dishes while Sirius dried them and set them aside to be put away.

“Absolutely. I would too,” he agreed.

“Oh, you first, then.”

Remus raised an eyebrow at her. “Why me first?”

She scoffed, “I have so much more room snooping to do while you’re in there.”

“Of course.”
“Anywhere you want me not to look?” She asked. For a moment, Remus was worried that anywhere he told her not to look might be the first place she definitely looked. Then he remembered that this was Sirius, and that if he asked her not to, there was no way she’d break his trust. Then he remembered that there was nothing in his life he wanted to hide from her anyway.

“Nope. Snoop away.”

They went back upstairs together and when he left for his shower she was giving closer inspection to his shelf of records.

While Sirius was digging around in her bag getting ready for her shower, Remus grabbed the kit from his dresser drawer and began unthinkingly preparing his regular shot of testosterone. Sirius had gone quiet next to her bag. He turned around. “I’m sorry. I should have asked, are you uncomfortable with needles?”

She shook her head and flicked her ear, the one that had four holes in it.

Remus picked the pyjamas for Sirius himself while she was in the shower. He dug around in his dresser until he found a matching set like he knew she liked to wear. Then dug further until he found a cool set. They had little planets and UFOs on them. The stars were charmed to twinkle and occasionally fall while the other objects moved around lazily. They were approximately four sizes too large for Sirius. She was completely lost in them. He helped her roll up the cuffs of the sleeves and the bottoms of the legs, but they still kept falling. She was impossibly more adorable than she had ever been to date.

There was no hesitation when they crawled into bed. Remus held his arms out for her and she settled into them without a single moment’s thought. He wrapped both arms around her. It made economic sense, as the bed was much smaller than Sirius’ and they weren’t used to sharing such a narrow space, but if Remus was being honest, it wasn’t that small. They could have both fit without entwining themselves together like vines. But they did anyway.

He kissed her nose. It was too close not to. “Questions?”

“Yes. Your turn to start?”

“Fair enough. How do you like it here?” It was meant to be a casual question, but it carried a lot more weight and they both knew it.

Sirius chose her words before she spoke them. “Here is already feeling like home. I like everything. I like that there’s too much stuff on the shelves and that there’s dust on the lamps but not on the knickknacks, and I like your mum, she’s amazing. I think she’d get along really well with mine. My real mum, I mean, not my biological one. I like your too-many stairs to your attic bedroom. It’s all very you and I like it all a lot.”

Remus closed his eyes while she spoke and didn’t open them until after she was finished. He kissed her cheek. “I like that answer.”

“Okay, my turn.” She planted her lips on Remus’s jaw, just to the left of his chin while she thought about what to ask. “Do you think Hope likes me?”

Remus laughed and held her body tighter. “She’s enamored. You both talked so easily earlier. She liked you before tonight, she’ll like you even more now. It’s pretty impossible not to like you more after spending time with you.”

She smiled. “I like that answer.”
The talking dissolved into lots of face kisses after that. Remus found that when he kissed Sirius’s nose, her eyes fluttered shut. He wanted so badly to keep that in mind for the rest of forever he nearly wrote it on his tattoo. And when he kissed a spot just a bit too close to her ear she erupted in giggles.

She was so cute, and so comfortable and so at ease in his arms, he was tempted to just blurt everything out then and there. She couldn’t possibly hate him for what he was when she was looking at him like that. But he didn’t. He didn’t want to watch that perfect smile drop from her face.

He wanted one more nice night.

Morning came with an empty bed. Sirius’ spot was still warm. Remus sat up hurriedly to assess the situation.

“Morning, sleepy.” Sirius was sitting on the floor in front of Remus’ bookshelf. Books were scattered around her, but he couldn’t tell whether she’d put them there or she’d sat in the mess that had already existed. None of his books were ever quite where they were supposed to be.

“Did you sleep like normal then?” He asked and rubbed his face.

She put back the copy of Alice in Wonderland she’d been looking at and came to sit on the bed with him.

“Nah, slept until nine again. It’s only a quarter after now.” She kissed his cheek and he smiled. “I think your mum’s making breakfast, it’s smelled wonderful since I woke up.

They went downstairs to investigate and sure enough there were blintzes waiting for them. She hugged both of them good morning and they all ate together. Hope had had some of the leftover chicken from the previous night and she raved about it most of the way through the meal.

“Remus, do you work today?” She asked, though she knew very well that he was. Remus’ work schedule was fixed.

“Yes. She’s going to floo home after breakfast,” he explained. She seemed saddened, and a lump formed in his own throat.

“Yes. She’s going to floo home after breakfast,” he explained. She seemed saddened, and a lump formed in his own throat.

“You have to come back soon, okay?” She made Sirius promise. Remus was, himself, relieved when she immediately agreed.

Too soon it was time to let her go. They stood in front of the fireplace while Hope cleaned up from breakfast. He didn’t even have to pull her to him, as soon as they were alone in the living room Sirius was attached to him around his middle.

“I’m going to see you so soon. And I’m going to talk to you as soon as you’re off the train and I’m out of work. It’s not goodbye, it’s just a bit of time apart.” He knew she needed to hear it, but the words made him feel better as well.

She looked up at him, arms still wrapped around him. She was so close. And he’d kissed so many parts of her beautiful face. He wondered what the difference was, whether he kissed her cheek or her lips. Would it really be that big of a deal? They looked so inviting. He leaned down to close the distance between them. His lips veered off to the right to kiss her cheek as planned. The difference
was all of the difference in the world and he didn’t know how she felt about lip kisses just yet. She buried her face in his neck.

“I had a thought,” she said a moment later.

*Ask me to kiss you, please, please say you were thinking about kissing me*. “Go on.”

“Didn’t you floo to the grocery store that time? You said he lets you use his floo?”

He was a bit deflated at the question. “Yeah, in a pinch. But I never use it to get to work. I like the walk, it’s peaceful.”

She was quiet while she stared at him. “Right. So there’s a *floo* there, then?”

He shrugged. “Yeah, there is.”

“So hypothetically, I could use that one to get back to the library and then we wouldn’t have to say goodbye yet?”

She was a fucking genius. He kissed her cheek again.

They walked slowly to shop. Remus carried Sirius’ bag. It wasn’t heavy but she kept hoisting it up on her shoulder. He thought the material of the sleeve of her shirt must be making it slip.

While they walked Remus told Sirius everything he could fit between breaths about the area.

“I used to have a bicycle when I was little and Dad taught me to ride, and Mum would let me go out after school sometimes as long as I didn’t go past here… There’s a church over that hill and when there’s weddings you can always hear the bells in all the way back to our house… I had a maths teacher who lived in this house. She was one of the nicest people, I wish you could have met her. She’d like you…”

“Where does that path go?”

“Oh, that goes to my favourite meadow. The one I texted you from that time.”

“You mean the one where you promised me-”

“I haven’t forgotten your flower crown. I will. Don’t worry.”

She smiled at the ground. “I’m not worried.”

The walk usually took a half hour. They managed to stretch it into forty minutes. It was good they left early or Remus would have been very late instead of a bit late.

When they walked in, it was like a switch went off and Sirius forgot how to speak English. He caught sight of the owner - the only other person in the shop - and immediately started conversing with him in flawless French. Remus had forgotten that that was a thing Sirius could do and had to lean against the counter, suddenly light-headed. He took his place at the register while they chatted.

Several minutes later, it sounded like Sirius asked a question. Whatever it was, the answer was “Oui”, and she walked off into the back room. Remus knew that one.

“I think I’m off, then,” Sirius said in a language Remus actually understood. “No goodbyes, I’ll see
you soon.” She ducked behind the counter and kissed his chin - which was as high as she could reach without hopping and without him bending down.

“I’ll see you soon. And I’ll talk to you sooner,” he promised.
Chapter 40

You’d think Mondays would be busier since the shop is closed over the weekend, but no

Not a single soul

I hope your train ride is more fun than this

I miss you.

I still miss you.

I miss you too

Hi

Hi hi

How was work?

So so boring

So I see

So was train ride

Just sheep and grass?

Not a single elephant

Shame

It'll happen one day

I'm sure

You'll all see

Aha

Been painting

What?

You

You said I could, right?
Yes

You painted on the train?

A bit

Not the one I'll eventually send to you, obviously

A practice one with the little set I carry

Oh, I get to have it?

I thought

But if you don't want it that's okay

I always want your paintings

Then it'll be yours

Eventually

Okay

Know what's fun?

What?

Your curls

To draw?

Yes that too

Glad you like them

A lot

I'm a lot glad

Good

And now I'm all smiley

Me too me too

Good

I like when you smile

I like when you smile too

Merlin

Yeeeeeah
Give me a few minutes, I need to explain the weekend in great detail to Prongs

*Mhm, go ahead*

Okay I'm good

*That must've been very detailed*

I couldn't leave anything out, it's Prongs

*I understand*

But he's really h

*Moonyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy*

Yes, Padfoot?

*Mooooooooooooooooony*

*Did you by chance go into your room?*

*Mhmmmmmmmmmm*

:*)*

This one says I have a bright laugh

*Moony*

*Well if the note says it, then it must be true, don't Moony me*

*Moony Moony Moony*

This one

This one says I'm "warm and comforting"

*Also very true*

*I love this*

*Thank you*

*I can't believe*

*Thank you*

*You're welcome*

*I just wanted you to have something nice to come home to*

*Nice and me, I know you have other nice things there*
It's the most nice and the most you, thank you

This one just says I'm "important"

I'm putting that one on the nightstand

Also true. By yourself and to me.

How are you real?

How are you?

Fair

Mhm.

I like you

I like you too

That's really really good

It is

Since we're dating

Well it'd be good even if we weren't

That's also true

It's good no matter what

Yes

But I mean

We've been on three dates now

Right?

Yes..

Is it still something you want to do?

Past this point?

Date you?

Yeah

I very much still want to date you, Sirius

Really??

Don't you?
Do you not think it's going well?

Yes

Yes I do want to keep saying you

Just worried, you said it'd be good even if we weren't dating and I know what you meant, just worried

Okay, well. Nothing to be worried about

Okay

Okay

Okay.

<3

Okay

So like

Can I maybe like

Know what's wrong with me.

Call you my

Oh

What

Oh

No that's not what I was going to say

Yeah I can see that

That's still for you to tell me when you're ready to

I'm sorry

I'm sorry for just jumping to that conclusion, I know you said that I can wait until I'm ready and I know you'd respect that

It's just that it's been on my mind a lot

I almost told you yesterday

You did?

Yeah

Oh
Yeah. But the thing is

No look

You don't have to

If you were going to and you didn't then you're not ready and that's totally okay

I really like you. Really really. And the rational part of me thinks you'll react alright, but a huge part of me is still really scared. Because I don't want to lose you. And either way, when people hear it, the first reaction is never great. Even if right after they're okay with it, there's still a second where their expression is... not good. And I can't blame them, and I don't think those reactions should count, because it's often just internalised crap and what they truly think is the second reaction. But even if I know that, I can still never forget what their faces looked like in that first second. And I don't want to see your face like that.

That's why I didn't.

Not because I'm not ready.

Because I think I am and I think it's time and I think you're really smart and would figure it out very soon anyway, and I want to get there first

Oh

Okay so you want to tell me where you can't see my face then?

I know it's a shitty thing to do it over text

It's not

But if you want I could call

Okay

Yeah, okay.

Middle ground

Kind of

If you're less uncomfortable with it

Yeah, call

"Hi."

"Hey, pumpkin."

"Hhi."

"Do you want to talk about something else first to relax?"

"No."

"Okay. Then just remember it's me?"
"Tell me you like me again?"

"I like you, Remus. I like you a lot. A whole lot."

"Okay. Okay. I like you too. Fuck. Okay. I have ly-"

"..."

"I'm a werewolf."


"Mhm. Day after the full moon."

"Oh after? Okay. Okay, so what else is there?"

"W-what do you mean?"

"Just give it all to me at once. No? You can go at your pace."

"I- That's it."

"That's it."

"Yeah."

"Okay."

"..."

"A werewolf."

"Mhm."

"...Maybe this is going to sound stupid."

"Say it anyway?"

"Are you okay?"

"Hah. In general? Most of the time."

"I mean now. You've been hanging onto this awhile. Are you okay?"

"Should've told you sooner, I know, I'm sorry."

"No no no no no, don't be sorry. Thank you for telling me now."

"Yeah."

"Mo- Oh. Moony. Cute. Moony?"

"Yeah?"

"Can we talk about it? Or is this enough for now?"
"No, yeah, we can. Yeah."

"Okay. So then... What does this mean for you 27 days out of the month? I only know the objective garbage we learned in class. So I know you go to the hospital after but... Why? Does it hurt a lot? And is it a part of you all the time, or just around then?"

"Okay, um. Yeah. Hurts. A whole lot. Um. Pretty much all my bones break? So. That's not pleasant. And then there's the times where the wolf hurts me, like my arm this moon. I hurt me. I don't know, I don't- I don't think it's a part of me all the time, but here's where opinions differ. Hospital after is supposed to be for healing potions and to make sure that I'm okay, but really it's mostly to make sure I didn't hurt anyone."

"Is it... I mean... Do you black out, or do you know what's happening when it's happening?"

"I'm there until I fully transform and then...not really."

"And you don't remember after?"

"No."

"Okay. Not hereditary right, you said you've had it since you were five?"

"Yeah, just."

"Do you know a lot of others?"

"No."

"Any?"

"Not personally."

"Okay, then... Okay."

"We don't exactly have support groups."

"But you do have support."

"Yeah."

"Moony?"

"Mhm?"

"I like you."

"Still?"

"Still. Possibly more."

"Ohkay."

"You trusted me with it."

"Which seemed to be the right call."
"Are you okay with it?"

"You knowing? Yeah."

"Good. Thank you."

"Welcome."

"You thought I wasn't going to want to be with you."

"I-. Yeah."

"Are you still worried?"

"A little bit."

"I'm here. I'm not going anywhere."

"Okay."

"My thing looks really stupid next to this, but... Did you want my last secret now?"

"If you're ready to share."

"I am. I'm... A bit of a dog person."

"So you've said."

"No but like. A Dog Person. And James is a deer person and Pete is a rat person."

"You all have your favourite animals, okay, what am I missing?"

"I mean we are them. I mean we're animagi. Illegal animagi."

"Um. Is there a reason why you're illegal?"

"We were underage and very stupid about it."

"Right. Right, sure. Underage animagi. No big deal. Totally normal, not at all advanced magic. Sure."

"We were bored."

"Most people get a hobby when they're bored."

"We did! That is exactly what we did!"

"Aha."

"It was fun."

"You amaze me."

"Why thank you."

"So you're a dog."
"Yessssss."

"What kind?"

"Ummm a big black one."

"Of course you are. Oh my god. Dog star."

"That's me!!"

"And James is a deer and Peter is a rat."

"Mhm, yes."

"Oookay."

"Oh! Oh! You don't have to think I'm weird for running anymore. When I'm running with Peter and James, it's just us messing around as Padfoot, Wormtail, and Prongs."

"That. Is so much better."

"Thank you."

"What's it like?"

"Took some getting used to. Hard to get past the sensory differences and the instinct differences. But the running and playing is amazing."

"And doesn't hurt?"

"No. It's...not the same."

"I know it's not. Just asking."

"Feels like falling over but landing on something soft."

"Sounds nice."

"Much nicer than apparating."

"I wasn't trying to suggest that you turning into a cute dog is anything like what I am."

"I just meant that I wasn't comparing the two. I'm not demeaning what you go through."

"Okay."

"We're okay?"

"We're okay."

"That's everything. hat's all of me, you know it all."

"Me too. You too."

"I like you."
"I like you too. Pronouns?"

"She, her."

"Girlfriend, then."

"O-really?"

"Is it okay?"

"Yes. Yes. It's perfect, yes it's okay."

"Okay."

"So then you're- I can call you my boyfriend?"

"Yes. Yes I am. Yes you can."

"Wow. Wow, okay."

"Yeah. Wow."

"Hey, a question for my boyfriend?"

"Yes, girlfriend?"

"Ohh, Merlin, wow. Okay. Alice knows, obviously, yes?"

"Yes."

"She's allowed to know I know?"

"Yes."

"Okay. That is all. And there is no pressure for anyone else to know until you've reached that level of comfort with them. It'll be enough for James and Pete and Lily to know that I have a full understanding."

"They should know."

"No one is getting hurt if they don't until you're ready for them to."

"I've thought about it, and I don't want secrets between you. Especially not between you and James. And then not between James and Lily, and then keeping Pete out would also be wrong."

"Is that a conversation you would like to have with them personally?"

"Face to face, I don't think so. I wouldn't mind talking to them on the phone, though."

"If you want."

"I do."

"Okay."

"Maybe not today?"
"That's perfectly okay. Today was a lot. Today was everything."

"Yeah."

"I feel really good about this."

"Which part?"

"All of it. Having no secrets, knowing yours and being able to tell you for sure that I'm not going to leave just because I know all of you."

"Do you have any questions?"

"I asked them all, I think."

"Okay."

"Is there anything you want me to know?"

"I really like you."

"That's... Really good to know. It feels warm all over."

"I feel like I can breathe now."

"That's good, I like when you do that."

"You know. You know, and you're still talking to me."

"Of course I'm still talking to you, you're still Remus."

"Just also a monster."


"Dark creature. And you're warm, you don't need blankets."

"You knit jumpers and wear pajamas that don't fit your ankles. If you're a dark creature, I need to reconsider my entire magical education. And that's not the point, I want to be under them with you."

"You were. Classified as it."

"Maybe. But we know a bit about being told we're something we're not, don't we? Official labels are possibly the least accurate labels."

"...True."

"I can't believe you chose the name 'Remus'. You did, didn't you? You're such a nerd."

"I thought it was awfully clever. And funny. And it fits. And pisses off my dad."

"These are all things I very much support."
"Dunno. I like it."

"I do too. I love it. It's more you than any other name ever could be."

"Thank you."

"Hey. Hey, Remus."

"Mhm?"

"I told you I'd find a super cool werewolf boyfriend."

"I told you I'm more help looking than you thought."

"Found a mirror lying around, then?"

"Noticed there's one in the bathroom."

"Excellent job, thank you."

"You're most welcome."

"An Outstanding, for my incredible-nerd boyfriend."

"That's me."

"Yes, it is."

"Mind if we hang up now?"

"That's okay."

"Heard mum come home awhile back and I could really use a hug."

"Go hug her."

"Thank you."

"I'll do it myself later. I'll talk to you soon, okay?"

"Okay."

Hi?

Hi hi

Hi.

How's Hope?

Really good. Sends her love.

Mine back, please
Told her

And?

And she said 'Well of course she does, she loves me, Remus.'

Very true

Also told her I told you and she said she knew you'd take it well, but is still very happy about it

Thank her for having faith in me

'Aww, of course dear. Etc etc'

How was work for her?

She says good

That's good!

Sadly no leftovers for me

That's not! How dare

But she's the best and is gonna make me waffles in a bit

Awww that's really sweet

Yes

Enjoy

Oh I don't doubt that I will

Good

What have you been doing?

I'm on James

I have been on James

I will continue to be on James

Hi James

He sends sleepy smiles and something mumbly with 'best friend' in it

You haven't told him he can start calling me that other thing again?

I told him you are that, I haven't told him he can call you that

He's really into the best friend thing

Okay with me
He's very very happy about all of it

Yeah?

There was much jumping and dancing

Hug him for me

Okay

Are he and Pete okay with me knowing about your running?

Yeah, Pete didn't know why I didn't just say it when I found out you're a wizard and James and I have talked about it a lot

Okay

I wouldn't have said if they hadn't given permission

I figured, I just wanted to make sure

Rest assured

Rest? Okay

Well

If you must

Mum's not impressed with your lying on the table method

Whyyyyy

Sounds like the same arguments that James yells at you

Hmph

But it's comfy right?

Not particularly

More hmph

I still support your sitting on it

Okay

So

Yes?

4th date.

Mhm

Saturday?
Yeah??
If you want
Yes.
Yes I want
Where?
I
Don't know
We haven't planned this far
No, we haven't
We can do anything
We can
What did you always wish for from a really good date?
Just good company, and you always give me plenty of that
Well that's not helpful
We could just do dinner
You could take me to a some really fancy place so I could dress up for you
You spend so much time on it and I feel a bit bad for always just throwing something on
I like what you throw on
I like that you're comfortable
I'm comfortable putting effort in, I'd be uncomfortable throwing whatever on
It's the same
Okay but what if I wanted to
Then that would be okay
We could also just go to a gallery or something
Oooooooooooh
You could try the sitting there and sketching thing
Yes
Can we do that??
We can definitely definitely do that

We can do that on Saturday?*

Yes

Yessssssssss

It's settled, then

It's a date

Because we're dating

Yes

And I'm your boyfriend

You are

You are

You're my boyfriend, I have a boyfriend and he's Remus and that's you and I like you a lot and I don't have to pretend I like you less than I do

Never do that

I won't

Mmm

Or we could skip the gallery, go back to yours, and your mum could teach me how to make those

Next time

Okay

We have lots of time

We do
I'm really happy

Me too

:)

Yeah I'm smiling too

Me a lot

I can't a lot, I'm eating

Good

What's your dinner?

I stole James' earlier when we were talking

Oh, nice

It was yum

What was it?

This black bean thing

I'm not sure

It tasted like falafel but also with black beans

Oh, you put something in your body that you weren't sure what it was?

Well

I trust James, he was putting it in his body

Right, because he's healthy

What if there was kale in there?

Ew I don't know

Now there's kale in your body

There is not how dare you

There could be

Noooooooot nooooooo

You're healthy now

Tomorrow morning you'll wake up and want to drink smoothies

I will not!
Not the icky green ones anyway

You will, you will

Oh yeah? Well then you'll have a kale-drinking, healthy girlfriend.

And I'll support you

I'll wear that 'every day is a smoothie day' tshirt that James still owes me

Ugh

<3

Mmmmmmmhm

:(

<3

Thank you

<3 <3

Ooh

:)

Keep smiling, I'm gonna go take a shower

I will

Hi?

Still smiling

Good

You all clean and warm?

Hair still wet

Mmmmmhm I assumed, will you just use a drying charm like I said?

Nope

Whyyyyyy

It's nice like this

Well

True
I win

Moony 1, Padfoot 0

Oh we're doing this now are we

Yep, from the start

Good luck

Keep it, you'll need it more than I will

Oh we'll see

Aww, confident, cute

Fight me

I told you I've never been in a duel before

Oh good, I have the advantage then

Of knowing what it's like to lose one?

Rude!

Ha

Hmph

2 - 0

No?????

Yes

Doesn't count if you just cheat and give yourself points

I didn't cheat, you clearly lost

Hmph

Pouting doesn't help

Doesn't it?

Just a bit

;)

Questions?

Yes

You first
What is your favourite flavour of Every Flavour Bean?

*Paprika*

What

What?

Your favourite is paprika, that's

You continue to amaze

*It's really good!*

It tasted like paprika

That is not a thing that is meant to be eaten on its own

*Well paprika tastes good*

*It's one of the best spices*

Okay but

Not all at once???

Well

*If it's there..*

Amazing. Okay your turn

Okay

*Do you think it'd be okay if I kissed you next time? Just how you're feeling about it right now, obviously it wouldn't be a definite answer and I'd ask again before.*

*Just wondering.*

*Because I really wanted to this morning.*

Yes

And asking before is always yes

That's always a thing we should do

But if you'd asked me this morning I would have said yes

*Well see now I have regrets*

Noooooo

No regrets

Now we know
And it'll be better next time

Okay. Now we know

Wwow

Are you imagining it, because I am and that's what I'm feeling

Yes

And

Like

Imagining you imagining it

Oh

Oh that's a whole new level

Yeah

Mm

Yeahh

What if it won't be good?

Practice.

Agreed.

Merlin

Yeah

Here's hoping it's dreadful

You really want to?

Yes?

Okay

Is there any reason in the world I wouldn't?

I don't know

Well I definitely do

Okay

You?

I very much want to
Okay then
Okay

Are you nervous now?
No

Good
You're not either?
Only excited
Okay

So then
On Saturday, my boyfriend is taking me to a gallery, and at the end of the night, I'm going to kiss him.

Oh, you're kissing me?

Only as much as you're taking me to a gallery
Mm okay

They both seem like things we'll be sharing responsibility of
Yes.

You could come earlier in the day? And bring your fancy clothes? And change into them at mine?

Oh I still have to dress fancy?

To the gallery yes????
No??

Okay

Nobody dresses fancy for a gallery
It's not opening night or something

You do if you're going with Sirius and you were looking for an excuse to dress nice

But if it's uncomfortable then we won't

Okay I still might

I think I might rather not. Don't like standing out

That's oka
Wait do you want me not to?

No no no that's not what I'm saying

That's not good. I always stand out

Sirius.

I don't have to so much, I can still dress how I want but just like

Dunno

No

Be conscientious while I do it

You're not toning yourself down for me

I don't want you to be uncomfortable being with me

I don't need that, I don't want that

I'm not.

I'm always comfortable with you

When I'm with you, I barely even notice the rest of the world

And if I'm drawing attention because I'm holding your beautiful hand, I do not mind in the slightest

Just don't like it by myself

Oh

Okay

Yeah? Alright?

Mhm

Okay

How about this

I come over to yours and we go to a gallery. Or galleries, if we'll feel like it. You dressed however you want, me dressed however I want. And then we go back to yours, and I change into fancy clothes I brought with me and left there earlier, and we go out to dinner. And if I know you, which I do, after the walking around all day and possibly sketching, you'll probably want to change too.

Again, into whatever you'll like.

That

Yes

That sounds perfect perfect
Okay. Good.

And only if you want. If it's been too long a day and fancy clothes seem like a chore and the binder is too much and whatever else, we'll order takeout again, or take some of whatever Lily and James are making.

Sounds good.

Okay

I like this plan.

I do too

Call?

"Hi."

"Hi. So today was a lot."

"Yeah."

"Feeling okay?"

"Like a huge weight has been lifted."

"Good."

"Still a bit nervous."

"Why?"

"Afraid you'll realise later what it really means."

"And what might it really mean?"

" That I'm- That I'm not someone you should be friends with. Or anyone."

"Okay, well that's not going to happen."

"Okay, well I can't help it."

"Okay, well let me show you you're not going to lose me."

"Well okay."

"Well okay."

"Okay."

"Moony, it's really late."

"Go to sleep."

"But then today will be over."
"I'm not going anywhere."

"You'll still be my boyfriend in the morning?"

"I'll still be your boyfriend in the morning."

"Okay."

"Goodnight."

"Sweet dreams, Moony."

"You too, Pads."

"Mkay."

"...

"...

"Hey, still awake?"

"Mmm."

"I just realised something."

"Hmmm."

"I don't have to do that anymore."

"Hmmm?"

"Check if you're awake or not. If I want to talk, I can just talk. There's nothing you could overhear that I'd have to hide from you."

"Mmm 'like that."

"I like that too."

"More."

"You want me to talk more?"

"Mhm."

"I was sleepy earlier, but I'm not so much anymore. Gonna try to sleep soon anyway. It's late, as you've pointed out, and I want to wake up before you leave for work. I like you helping me decide which tea to have, and I like wishing you a good day."

"Mmm."

"I like imagining you at work too, I'd still like to come visit you there once. Maybe a bit before you get off and then we could go grab a bite or something, I dunno."

"Mhmm."
“You have that thing tomorrow at work, right? That's gonna be fun. I like you having fun. Like seeing you be enthusiastic and smiling.”

"Mmmmm."

"And I like when you make me smile too. Which is a lot. I've been smiling so much these past months, I don’t remember the last time it was like this. Probably when I was little."

"..."

"I'm really glad you're in my life."

"..."

"Goodnight, girlfriend."
Still sleeping?
yes
no
what's the time
8:32
Im up
Hi
Good morning
Good morning
Hi
How are you?
Better now
<3
That's why
Have a super good day at work
I will! It's going to be fun
Tell me all about it after
I willllll
Wait!
Tea?
Oh!!
Ummmm
Cherry
Thank you<3
Anytime!
Gonna go back to bed now
Got a call for tutoring, so I'm preparing for that while I "work"

Are you out are you out

I'm out!

Hi!!

Hi hi how was everything, ready for tutoring??

I am, I am, work was boring, tell me about yours

Fun fun fun!

I like showing people how to do the things

Yeah, good teacher?

Sure we'll call it that

What would you call it?

Getting to play with all the stuff

Hah, okay

Oh oh oh oh

So this thing happened

Yes??

This person and I were talking for awhile and they asked me if I was seeing anyone

And I said yes

Oh

Because you are

Me

Yes you

Sirius

Sirius

Sirius

Yes???
We're dating

Are we?

Oh I'd nearly forgotten

Definitely wasn't thinking about it all day

Again

Noo of course not, me neither

So whatever

Yup, no big deal

Not at all

Not even a bit

I'm freaking out.

Wait, in a bad way?

No!

No no no

A very good way

Okay

Okay good

<3

<3

Pssssst

I like you

I like you too

You dooooo

I really really do
Place I passed on the way home

Oooh

The art makers are art

Or just not cleaned well

Ssh

Art

Also they're called brushes

Yes thank you

You're welcome

Smart arse

That's me

Very true

Hmph

Cute

That I am

Very very true

You too

Also very very true

So true

What are you up to

Slowly walking home
Slowly?

As slow as I possibly can

Why?

Because dad

Got it

Yeah

Do you have to go home right away?

I need to look up more things for tutoring

Okay

Have that tomorrow. Tried setting it up in the morning while you're at work, but they begged for late afternoon

Hmph okay

Sorry

I suppose I'll survive

Please do

I'll do my best

Thank you

What do you have to teach this time, professor?

Biology

Oooooooookay

What?

Let's pretend, hypothetically, for the sake of argument, that I have no idea what is involved in studying that

Animals, plants, anatomy, genetics, etc

That's a broad category!

Yes it is

Good luck

<3

Thank you
Very welcome

Home now

Sorry to hear it

It's alright

Okay

I'm around if you want to call for makeshift escape

I can be quiet while you work

Yeah?

Yes

I'd like that

Now?

Yes

Please

"..."

"..."

"Sirius, why are these everywhere?"

"Shhh."

"What- oh oh, sorry, Best Friend!"

"Hi James, it's okay. What's everywhere?"

"These little thingies. This one says ‘You have a contagious smile’, awwww"

"Oh, that's my fault. Wait, you didn't take them down?"

"Why would I take them down? I've stockpiled a few that are on my nightstand, but most of them are still up. Hey this one doesn't say anything about a smile. This says ‘Your opinion has value.’""

"No??? Where do you even see that?"

"Uhh they change."

"Because Moony is a genius."

"I'm seeing that."
"Just a spell, it's not that complicated."

"Sure, sure."

"Fine, fine, I worked on it for a fair while."

"A fair while."

"Nerd nerd nerd."

"Few months."

"And you were making fun of us for going through the animagus process."

"Was not."

"A bit."

"Rude!"

"I just didn't understand your reasoning for it!"

"Boredom!"

"Not the most impressive thing we've done out of boredom, either, is it?"

"The map more impressive?"

"Way more."

"More impressive than you, maybe, I make a great dog."

"Hey, um. Can I see it once?"

"Ohh yes, we'll make Wormy bring it next time."

"Thanks."

"It's not much to look at if you're not there, the really cool magic comes in when you use it in the castle."

"Prongs, shh. Can I have a second to talk to Moony?"

"Yeah, sure. Dinner's gonna be ready in an hour or so."

"Okay. Hey, Moons. Okay so listen. You can definitely see, and we'll show you around if you want. We'll show you the library, where you undoubtedly would have spent all your nerdy time, and our dorm where you definitely would have slept - whether or not you were a Gryffindor, which you would have been. And we'll show you where we'd eat together and plot together and tease Prongs together if you'd been there. If you want. But you don't have to and if it's going to hurt you I want no part of it, okay?"

"...Thanks."

"Because look, there's two things we got from Hogwarts that make our time there worth it."
Education - even that one's a bit of a stretch, and our friends. And you have all of that. It's just a building."

"Easy for you to say."

"It is, I mapped it. It's just walls and stairs."

"Okay."

"We'll still show you if you want."

"Okay."

"Sorry."

"S'fine."

"Okay."

"..."

"..."

"What about your animagus form?"

"What?"

"Do I get to see that, too?"

"Oh. Yes, that, definitely. If you want. Anytime."

"I do want."

"Then yes."

"Do you ever sleep like that?"

"Not at home, usually. The dog smell does not mix well with the Lush smells in the sheets."

"Ahh, okay."

"Used to a lot. Easier to find random sleeping spaces that way."

"Oh that sounds convenient."

"Nearly as convenient as Wormtail's. But I think I'm the coziest."

"And the cutest."

"Definitely the cutest."

"No contest."

"Best for cuddling, that's for sure."

"Yeah, but you're that in human form too."
"Um, excuse me? I'm also the coziest and the cutest in human form."

"Weeeell."

"No?!"

"Weeeell."

"Who else would be?!"

"Your boyfriend?"

"Oh. Well okay."

"Ha! Moony 3, Padfoot 0."

"Yeah, yeah, just you wait."

"Waitiiing."

"Hmph."

"Cute."

"But somehow not the cutest."

"Oh come on, you know you are."

"Only when you're not here."

"Always."

"Moony, we're like... A really attractive couple."

"Sure."

"Seriously. My quirky-punk adorableness and your raw sexual magnetism. We must be quite a sight to behold."

"My- Aha, sure, yes."

"You heard me."

"Mhm."

"The most attractive."

"You are. I'm... No."

"Moony... Moony... The MOST attractive."

"You don't have to feel like you have to say that just because we're dating."

"But- what? No? I wouldn't just say that."

"I know how I look, Sirius."
"Do you? Because I think you just implied that it's not 'amazing' and that would indicate that you have no idea."

"Right."

"Remus, I'm... I don't think there are appropriate words for how attracted I am to you. And it's not just me, everyone says you're the cutest. Sometimes James and I just talk about it for awhile."

"You just talk about how I'm the cutest."

"Yes because sometimes I get a little bit sidetracked talking about your forest eyes and then he reminds me about your smile and I remember your freckles and my head spins and I have to sit down and he's very unhelpful and just keeps listing things. This has maybe happened more than once."

"But you're so- both of you, you're... a whole other level."

"Level of what? As someone who has spent a lot, a LOT, of time considering the attractiveness of your appearance, I think you need to take another look."

"..."

"Are you looking? I'd be looking. Are you?"

"I have to finish working on this."

"Oh, okay. Right. Sorry, forgot I said I'd be quiet."

"It's okay."

"Is it?"

"Yeah."

"..."

"..."

"So you- you like how I look?"

"Hm- yes. A lot, yes."

"It's not that you like me despite of my body?"

"Desp- Merlin, Moony, have you been thinking that?"

"I've tried not to think about it at all."

"I like everything about you. There is no 'despite'. I want all of it. I like all of you. You are without contest, the cutest, hottest person I know. And I didn't think a person who isn't me could be both of those things at once."
"Oh now I'm hot too."

"Not just now, always. Very. Always very."

"Okay."

"Glad we've got that cleared up, then."

"I just... I'm not too comfortable with people talking about my body. Or just being aware of it."

"Okay. I understand that a whole lot. We won't anymore if it makes you uncomfortable."

"Nah, you can keep swooning."

"Oh I will. Thought about it too hard just now and I have to sit down. But we can stop talking about it amongst ourselves."

"Thanks."

"Anything, Moony. I've never been on the other side of it before, I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

"About earlier too."

"That's also alright."

"Okay."

"I wish I could stop being so bitter about school."

"It's too fresh, it needs time."

"I guess."

"And you can always talk about it."

"Yeah?"

"Yes. And when you need to just be sad just tell me. And when you want to hear the awful things about it, and when you want to just talk about it. I'm here for whatever you need when you need it."

"I wish I could hug you right now."

"Soon."

"Yes please."

"I'm sorry I can't apparate to you. I mean I can, I'd just need to spend the next day or so alone in your room with no lights and no noise. And those are not optimal conditions for hugging."

"I'll look into taking the test."
"What?"

"So I can apparate to you."

"But... You'd have to do the whole course and everything, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, I assume so."

"That's a lot out of your way."

"You don't want me to?"

"No I just... You like me."

"Yes."

"Okay."

"Okay?"

"Feels nice."

"I like you a whole lot."

"I like you too."

"That's good. Seeing as how we're dating and all that."

"Very good point."

"Mmmhm."

"But I mean, I do the thing with you, where I talk too long and say things that come out wrong, and you still like me."

"You don't talk too long. And you correct yourself if something's not how you meant it."

"I'm trying."

"That's all I ask."

"Thank you."

"Nothing to thank me for."

"If you say so."

"I do."

"Hey, mind if I go eat with Prongs?"

"Of course not. Thanks for keeping me company."

"Anytime. Honestly."

"Go enjoy."
"Talk to you soon though?"

"I'll be here."

"Okay."

"Bye for now."

"For now."

Miss me?

I did

You too

Sleepy?

Don't want to be

Me neither

But alas

Hmph

Questions?

You go

Is your patronus the same as your animagus form?

Oh

I don't know

Okay, different question, what was DADA like?

The most fun

I think I like it because it requires the most emotion

Like Transfiguration you need to know what you're doing and why and how it breaks down, and Charms it's important to remember all the little rules and things so it doesn't go wrong, but there's more instinct and intent in the things we learned in Defense

And more practice than theory?

Well yes, that too

But there was still a lot of theory

Right, obviously, but you did get to do lots of practical stuff?
Yeah

*I have more detailed questions, but I'll save them for in person and when you're more awake*

Okay.

*If that's okay*

Definitely

Thanks

You can do a patronus?

*I can, yeah*

Wow

*Is that your question?*

Can my question be 'what is it?'

*It's a wolf*

Oh

Do you like it?

*No*

That's unfair

Of the universe, not you

*Just can't escape it*

Next time

Just pretend it's a really big black dog

*Hah*

I'll try

We need to stop having so many conversations that require hugs over the phone

Seriously

Or we just need to have a lot more hugs

To balance it out

*That, yes, let's do that*

Good plan
Very
Can I call you?
Yes
"Hey."
"Hiii."
"Hi, sleepy."
"Mhmm, hi, hi."
"I'm dating the cutest person."
"Nooo, me."
"Yes, you."
"Nooo, I have you, cutest."
"Okay, but you're more adorable."
"Hmph."
"Yes, pouting helps with that."
"Mmm."
"Goodnight, little star."
"'Night, Moonymoony."
Good morning

Is it??

Is it not??

Well it is for me, but is it for you?

It is

Okay, good

What all have you done so far today?

Started the Actual you painting

Ohhh

Yesss

Going well?

So far, I think

How do you start?

With a shape

That will eventually not be there anymore

But I need somewhere to focus

Okay, that makes sense

Mhm

Should I not bother you?

I don't think you could if you tried

Let's not test that

Suit yourself

Tea?

Green green green

Okay okay okay

Nice
Sugar sugar sugar

No no no

Yes yes yes

Noooooooo

Too late

Moonyyyyyyy

Padfoooot

Impossible

:)

Don't you cute your way out of this

:)

Nuh uh

:)

Hmph

It's tasty

Gross

Not at all

Yucceekkkk

:(

I'd still kiss you

:) :) ;)

Better

Hey, girlfriend?

Yes?

I really really like you

I really really like you too

I'm smiling

Padfoot 1
Yeah, you can have it

Yessss!

Anything to make you happy

Anything?

Almost

Hmmmhhhh

Yes?

Hmmmhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Yeeees?

Nothing just hmmmhhhh

Hmm

:)

Tea? I feel like another

Give me an updated list?

Mint, jasmine, cherry, plum, wild flowers, ginger, green, earl grey, lady grey, elderflower

Gingerrrr

Thank youuu

Anything

Anything?

Yes

None of this half-arsed 'almost' stuff

Well soooorry

I accept your apology

Aha how kind, shouldn't you be leaving

Should I?

Do you not have work?

Nope

Then why did I wake up so early
To have yucky sweet green tea and talk to your girlishfriend

I do like doing that

It's a noble set of pastimes

Also I have muffins, so there's that too

Mmmmm I want

Can't have, mine

:(

Mmm yum

Mean Moony

That's me

Oh well

You liiiike me

I don't just like you

I Like you

I mean I

L i k e

You

You like, like me

I do

Becaaause

Well lots of reasons

Liiike

You're the best kind of smart-funny

I like that, I can believe that

I wouldn't lie

It's not that you would, it's that it's hard for me to believe people think nice things about me

I think lots of nice things about you

They're not all translatable into words that make sense
But all of the feelings are very very nice

All returned

Oi

Don't return my feelings

They're nonrefundable

Oh well, guess I'm stuck with them then

Mmmh

Whatever will I do

Dunno, what will you?

Hmmm keep dating you, I think

You're doing such a good job so far, that's probably best

Oh I am?

I think so

Well I'm very glad you think so

I don't have much basis for comparison but so far you're better than anything I imagined, so there's that

I hope I'll keep it up

You will. I think it gets better from here

Yeah. Less nerves, even more comfortable with each other, more sure that it's really happening and will keep on happening.

More knowing there's someone out there who thinks about me like you do, more being able to tell you I do too, less feeling like it's too good to be real

Less feeling alone

Remus?

Yes?

We don't have to like

not sleep together anymore

Right?

Why would we do that?
I don't know, I'm used to sleeping with friends, I've never slept with a boyfriend before.

Bad comparison, I've never done anything with a boyfriend before

But it seems like it could be a Thing, is it?

I haven't either, but as far as I'm concerned, it won't be any different.

And I don't have to hold your hand less or anything else?

Definitely please don't hold my hand any less.

So nothing has to change except now I get to kiss you goodnight for real?

Or good morning or anytime you want as far as I'm concerned

Or maybe 'and'?

And sounds good to me

Wow okay

Okay

Okay.

Still okay?

Yes.

Okay

Muffins are all gone

Rude

I agree

Working today, right?

Yes

Well Hmph

Sorry

I'll forgive it

Generous as always

I aaaaam

Aha

I'm like an actual saint
Ahaaa

**Ask anyone**

*Is anyone around?*

**Best Friend!**

*Hi, Prongs*

Hi, you were thrown at me so I'm guessing you're mine now? That's what this means?

*No, nope, still very much Sirius'. Just wanted to ask your opinion on her generosity*

Her generosity? Why???

Also also

Awwwwwwwwwwww!!!!!!!!

*Shush*

*Just tell me, would you describe her as a saint?*

A saint

That's a bit of a stretch

But if you're having a rough day she'll give you the last corner of the brownie you're sharing, and if that's not generosity I don't know what is

*Okay. Thank you, James*

No problem!

Not giving you back though

You may be hers, but the phone is mine now

*Not even if I say please?*

But she gets so feisty when she knows you're on the other end of it, I've never seen her jump so high in my life

You saw her at the train station that one time

*Mmm I did*

And it's sooooo much more now

Side note, you know I wouldn't if it were really upsetting to her, right?

*Oh, I know.*

Okay good

I'm just gonna text you alllll the way up here while she
She knows she has a wand, right?

*I think she forgets a lot*

Why does she think attempting to climb me is easier?

*I really wouldn't know*

Fascinating

*That she is*

Okay okay here

*Thank you*

I win

...sure you do.

I do!

**Padfoot 1 Prongs 0**

*Okay, little saint*

Told you!

*You're not though, he said that's a stretch*

Wow so rude

*But I do appreciate you sharing food*

Oh?

No problem?

*Just, that's nice. And gives you points for generosity.*

Points but not sainthood somehow

Yes

Hmph

<>3

Hmphhhhh

*Don't hmph my heart!*

Hmph!

:(


Well nooo

Well

:)

Smiling at my pain. Mean

Just trying to get you to smile in general

You do that plenty without trying

Good

It is

Then imagine what I could do if I really tried

I imagine my face would hurt all the time

Possibly

But then you could kiss it better

Oh I would

But then that might make you smile and we'd have to start all over again

Sounds like a tough life

True

I'd be willing to live it

It's so weird to talk about it actually happening

But good weird

Really good

Do you think about it? Other than the time you told me you were?

Sometimes

Okay

Since we talked about it

Yeah

Is that not okay?

It's definitely okay

I'm surprised at how okay it is
Okay

Feels nice

Sun feels nice

Walking to work now

Sounds nice

Would be nicer holding your hand

That's true in basically every circumstance

True

We're really good at that bit

The best

Probably true

Definitely

Mmm

They just fit really well

So well

Mm

Yours are my favourite

Hands?

Yes

They're okay

They're very perfect

They do things well

Like knitting

For example, yes

And braiding

Also yes

And cooking, somehow

Hey
Well!

No??

Logically you shouldn't be allowed near a kitchen

Then who'd season your bland chicken?

How dare

You know it's true

It was fine!

It was not

It waaaaaaas

Nooope

It was, you just made it better

Sure, sure

Hmph

Your lemonade was really good

Thank you

Even without sugar

Especially.

Nah

Yes

Noope

At that point why bother??

Because yum

Ugh

I need sweet things in my life

You have sweet things in your life

Yes, I haven't forgotten we're dating

Oh

I was referring to your tea every morning
You're sweeter

And you're a kiss arse

You know, I've never tried it, but I think I might be

Oh Merlin

I'll leave you with that image while I go work

Moonyyyyyyyy

Byehee

For now

For now

2 kilos of apples, toothpaste, paper towels, newspaper

Shopping?

That was my first customer, now you make a story out of it

Oh easy

They're newly in a relationship and the plan is to first seduce them with their family's homemade apple pie recipe (They had all the other ingredients at home but you have to buy the apples fresh. Also the paper towels are for drying the apple slices after they've soaked them in lemon water to retain colour.) and then in the morning to have the most pleasant, easy morning with them. Thus the toothpaste and the newspaper. They don't care it'll be a day late, they're in this for the lazy Sunday aesthetic.

Beautiful

It will be

Milk

Just milk?

Just milk

Cookieeeeeeess

But he didn't buy any cookies, did he make cookies?

His son is supplying the cookies

His son.
Uh huh

He was 14 at most

His godson

The godson of the 14-year-old is supplying the cookies.

Yes.

Oookay

Your terms were "just milk", ages are not my responsibility

Okay this one just walked out without buying anything, what were they looking for?

You

Me.

Mhm

The cute cashier

Suure

I would

You wouldn't buy something so that we could talk?

Go in intending to buy something and then see you and forget

Well that wouldn't be good for business

Probably not

So really, you'd get me fired

Oops


Dozen eggs and a celery

Really gross omelettes

Oh eww

Exactly

Won't serve them next time

Well harsh

I can't allow gross omelettes to be made
It's a noble crusade you lead

I know, I know

My hero

Aww

;

Snickers or Bounty?

Bounty

Okay

I had my first Bounty a few months ago and made myself sick on them

Oh no

I like them

You don't say

Oh well

I like them really really cold

Like sometimes I put them in the freezer

They don't get too hard then?

I have strong teeth

I believe that

Remus?

Yes?

Sorry

Was awhile, got a little worried

Nothing to be sorry for, just work

Okay

Good

No what's good is it's over
Yessssss

Yours for an hour

Then you're suddenly the tutored kid's?????????

Yes

You should be aware of the next-level pout going on here

Noted

Good

<3

Have you mastered the entirety of biology?

Enough

Excellent

Hurrying home because I forgot to take things with me, the original plan was to floo from here

Oh oops

Yep

Good luck <3

Thankyou

Any time

At the library now, just in time

Nice!!!

Yess

Congratulations!

Thank you, thank you

Oh, she's here

Enjoy

I did!

Good!
Tell me everything

Well we started with biology, which she didn't really need that much help with, she just didn't know how to study. So we came up with a system that works for her. And then we discovered that she's probably a lesbian.

Um

Sure

She asked if I'm dating anyone and I said I am (which, you were right, felt really really amazing). And I told her about you and she started talking about how she feels about boys and I listened and asked what about girls and I swear I could see that 'Oh.' moment on her face

That is a really great moment

It was.

And you talked about it?

We did

That's beautiful

I thought I'd have to reassure her that it was all okay and stuff, but mostly she was just really excited

Awwwww

That's the best

She was all "Everything makes so much sense now!"

Ohhhhhhhhhhh I know that one

Me too

When did you?

Realized I was bi?

Yeah

15 I think

No, not what age, what was your moment?

Your "Oh"

Oh!

Yeah

I was in maths class and we were solving equations on the board one at a time, and I could see the guys sitting next to me where writing notes to each other talking about who was the hottest girl that went up there. But when I started thinking about it, I found myself thinking about the boys as well.
Awwwww

Freaked out just a tiny bit

Just a bit?

Yeah. Didn’t feel like it really mattered because no one would want to be with me anyway because of all the other things

Well

Proved that well and truly wrong, didn’t we?

We did.

I definitely want to be with you

Because you like me

Because I like you

In that way

And other ways

Yes

Even besides the boyfriend thing I just like You

And not despite of anything, but with everything

I like everything about you and everything that makes up you. Not despite a single thing.

Okay. Okay.

And I will remind you as often as you need me to

Thank you.

Really.

Any time

What have you been up to?

Nothing

Good nothing or bad nothing?

Bad nothing

I hate nothing

I’m sorry

I’m okay
It was okay as soon as you started texting again

Just lonely

Do you want to call?

Are you busy?

Not for you

Are you sure?

Completely.

"Hi."

"Hey. What are you up to now?"

"Well I came home and texted you right away so just sitting here. Should probably eat."

"Do that, what's there to eat?"

"I'd have to go into the kitchen to look."

"Do iiiit."

"But it's so faaaaar."

"But foooood."

"Accio chocolate."

"Okay, or there's that, I suppose"

"It will do for now."

"Okay, good."

"So you're home alone?"

"Yup."

"Where is everyone?"

"James is still at training late and Lily us out with Marls. She asked if I wanted to join but I declined. I still have stuff to figure out."

"Stuff?"

"Well the original plan was, when Reg comes to live with us, I'd move into James's room and they could have mine. But there's other things to consider, now, so I'm not sure."

"Oh."

"Yeah."
"When are they done?"

"One more week."

"That went fast."

"It really did."

"Told you."

"Yeah yeah, you were right. Now be right about this, help me figure out what to do?"

"Can you expand a room?"

"I'm really not supposed to. We've already done it twice, it's going to start imposing on other flats around us."

"Then the sofa will have to do."

"I suppose. Maybe I could still keep my things in that closet, though. It's too much to move. And when I need time to myself I can still go to James and Lily's room for some quiet. And then when you stay over I'd just have to expand the sofa. Would that be okay? I know you really like my bed."

"That'd be okay. But also, I mean. They could take the sofa?"

"I can't ask them to do that."

"Why not?"

"I dunno. I can't. They're my sibling, they're Reggie. I can't tell them to sleep on a sofa. When they already feel so displaced."

"Okay. Then you keep your things in the closet, and empty the wardrobe for them. Occupy the sofa. Means you always have dibs on it when everyone's hanging out in the living room. And you can share your room for quiet time. And painting time."

"Okay. Okay, that sounds doable."

"You'll be alright."

"I'll be even better than I am now."

"More company."

"Not worried about them all the time."

"That too."

"You won't mind?"

"What? Of course I won't mind. And even if I did, it shouldn't matter."

"It matters. Of course it matters."
"It's family. It'd be pretty shitty of me if I minded."

"No, I know you don't mind them, but if you minded sleeping on the sofa then we would figure something else out."

"I wouldn't mind the floor, if it were with you."

"Mmm, then we're going to be okay."

"Of course we are."

"Thank you."

"Anything."

"You're the best."

"True."

"Wouldn't lie about it."

"Would you lie about anything?"

"Nope, not to you."

"Not even to spare my feelings or something?"

"No. Maybe I'd be careful to word something kindly, but I wouldn't lie."

"Good. Thank you."

"No need for thanks."

"Alright."

"Just how it is."

"I like how it is."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Mhm."

"Don't know how to word it."

"Try."

"Why do you like me?"

"What's not to like?"

"Never mind."

"I like... you. I like how excited you get about little things, and how they make you smile. I like your smile, I like when you smile because of me, and I like when you make me smile. You're funny, and you're smart. Clever smart. I like how you pout when I tease you, and I like that you tell me when it's
not okay anymore. I like that you trust me and I like that I can trust you. I like that you gave me time and didn't push and didn't make me feel guilty about not sharing things I wasn't ready to share at the time. I like how I can tell you anything and trust you, and I like how comfortable our silences are. I like how much you care about your friends and how you'd do anything for them. I like how your fingers feel in my hair, and even more how they feel intertwined with mine. I like how you don't act like things don't upset you sometimes, how you don't try to act tough, but you're always still so unapologetically you. I like You. Plus you're really really cute."

"Oh...wow."

"I could go on."

"How?"

"How?"

"How are there so many things?"

"Well I don't know how you're so amazing, I've decided to just accept it and go with it."

"Remus, thank you."

"You're welcome."

"You didn't say 'cute' until the end."

"My apologies."

"No no. I like that. That's really good."

"It's not why I like you. It's just a really good bonus."

"You know that too, right?"

"That you don't just like me because I am extremely attractive? Yes, I know."

"Not just, but it is a really good bonus."

"Mhm."

"I hate nothing days."

"I know."

"I think maybe I'm going to take a bath."

"That sounds really nice, do that!"

"Will you stay?"

"If you want me to."

"Please?"

"Okay."
"Just maybe until I get settled and okay?"

"As long as you want me."

"Well then your phone battery will die long before you can hang up."

"That's what chargers are for."

"That's true."

"Mhm."

"Sex Bomb or Intergalactic?"

"What's Sex Bomb like?"

"Smells mostly like Jasmine and is very pink. Well the bomb is pink and purple, but it makes the water pink."

"Okay, that one. And I can have Jasmine tea again."

"Yesssss."

"Once I move."

"You have a minute while I light candles and everything."

"Ughhhhh."

"Ugh???

"Too fast."

"What if I light them the muggle way, and do the same with the wine, and get everything ready very very slowly?"

"Bit better."

"Okay, that brings you up to at least five minutes."

"Okay, okay, I'm up."

"Yaaaaay."

"Hmph."

"Well you don't have to."

"Want to."

"Okay."

"Jasmine, jasmine, jasmine."

"Mhm mhm. Though I'm thinking of switching to another shampoo bar soon."
"How long does one last?"

"Forever. 80 washes, technically, but I get bored and switch early."

"Ah, okay."

"I think lemon again next."

"Mm good choice."

"Mhmm."

"Just a sec, I'll be right back."

"I'll be here."

"...

"...

"...

"Hmmmm."

"...

"...

"Remus, honey, you home?"

"Hi Hope! He ran off, said he'd be right back."

"Oh, hi, dear, how are you?"

"Doing well, all things considered. How was work?"

"What things? It was good, we had a good service."

"Oh nothing to be worried about, just a bit of loneliness. That's really good!"

"Well I meant it the other day, you're welcome here anytime."

"Okay I'm- oh, hi, mum."

"Thank you so much. I loved being there. Welcome back, Moony."

"Hi, sorry, water from your bath made me need to pee."

"Bath, huh? Should I leave you two to it?"

"Um, sure?"

"Oh god, BYE, mum."

"Nice talking to you!"
"You too, dear. I put food in the oven for you, hon."

"Oh! Thank youuuu!"

"Yummm."

"It looks yum."

"Good."

"And the tea smells like your bath."

"Mmm yes, which smells amazing, by the way."

"Enjoy it."

"Is your mum still around?"

"No, she went upstairs, why?"

"Okay."

"You're getting in, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

"I put a robe on when I heard her, is that weird? Like I know she can't see me but still."

"Aw, no, I think that's a normal reaction."

"Okay. Well it feels amazing now."

"Good."

"You should put music in."

"What do you feel like?"

"Something mellow."

"Hmm, okay."

"Thank you."

"No problem."

"Mmm."

"..."

"Okay?"

"Searching."
"For which?"

"One of mum's CDs, you'll see."

"Hmph."

"Ah, here we go."

"Yesss."

"Good?"

"Mhmmm."

"Okay."

"...

"...

"...

"Oh Merlin, this is delicious."

"What is it?"

"No idea, looks like rolled pancakes with stuff inside."

"Is it a blintze?"

"Umm."

"What's in them?"

"Chicken and mushrooms and something green and sour cream?"

"Ohhh that sounds yummy."

"It iiis."

"Enjoy."

"Am."

"Mm'kay."

"...

"...

"...

"Hmm."

"You sound relaxed."
"Mhmm."

"Good."

"So nice."

"..."

"..."

"Hey, Sirius?"

"Mhm?"

"Is it a he/him day? Or moment, I was thinking I shouldn't say day, because it doesn't work like that, right?"

"Well, I call them 'days' because 'moment' seems too... Fickle? Dunno. But yes, obviously they're not day by day, and yes, right now is feeling a bit more he/him. Why?"

"Okay. I was just thinking about you and the thought was 'I'm talking to my boyfriend and he's in the bath', and I just wanted to make sure I got it right."

"You are correct about all of that, yes."

"Okay."

"Is it?"

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"Just checking."

"I think it's very okay that we're boyfriends."

"I love how that sounds."

"Mm me too."

"Oh, I get to enjoy this all over again. I am someone's boyfriend."

"Mhm, mine."

"I'm Remus Lupin's boyfriend."

"Yes you are."

"I'm the kind of boyfriend who relaxes in a bath while his boyfriend plays Dark Side of the Moon and has dinner."

"Mhm, that's you."

"I like this me."

"I like all yous."
"Mmm."

"Don't fall asleep."

"But 'm comfy."

"Dooon't."

"Whyyyy?"

"Because I don't want you to drown."

"I'm not THAT short."

"Aren't you though?"

"Moonyyyyyy."

"Padfoot."

"Yes."

"Padfoot and Moony."

"Perfect."

"Mm."

"..."

"..."

"Sirius?"

"..."

"Sirius."

"Mm?"

"Isn't your bath cold by now?"

"Mmm, warming charm."

"Ah."

"Magical."

"Bet your fingers are all yuck though."

"I'm a pruuuune."

"Aha."
"They feel all interesting and texturey."

"You should still get out."

"Whyyyy? In here is warm and pink."

"But out there there's hugs."

"Not when no one's home."

"Alice is outside your door and I can be too if you want."

"Wait... Really?"

"She offered to come get me."

"And you would?"

"Of course."

"No, not of course, not like it's not... Everything."

"It's of course to me. Of course I want to see you. Of course I never want you to be alone. Of course I wouldn't pass up on an opportunity to hug my boyfriend."

"Yes."

"Be right there."

"O-okay. I'm getting out now."

"See you."

"Yes. Yes I will. Damnit with my pruney fingers."

"I'll still hold your hand."

"But you said they're yuck."

"Yeah, but they're still yours."

"Hang up and come here already!"

Sirius answered the door in a bathrobe with dripping wet hair.

Remus didn’t know what he should have expected. He’d hung up with him about thirty seconds ago and this was Sirius. Getting dressed did not take thirty seconds. Whatever he was expecting, it wasn’t the impact of fuck, my boyfriend is hot. Fuck he’s so hot and he’s my boyfriend.

Sirius hugged Alice first and it was easy and familiar and Remus had to remind himself he shouldn’t be surprised by that. But then Sirius’ arms were around Remus and the only things he could think of were how warm he was and how good he smelled. Like the tea Remus had had earlier with other scents mixed in. If he asked, Sirius could no doubt tell him every ingredient in a Sex Bomb bath
When he pulled away there was a damp spot on Remus’ shoulder.

“Sorry, I can dry that!” Sirius offered.

Remus waved him off. “Nah, don’t worry about it.” It smelled like jasmine and Sirius and Remus was rather hoping it would dry that way.

He let them in and pointed at the couch. “Want to find a movie or something to put on? I’ll just be a moment getting dressed.”

Remus was going to make a sarcastic comment about how long that would really take, but Al beat him to it. “Right, so we’ll see you for whatever the second movie is, then?”

“Hah hah,” Sirius stuck his tongue out at her and scowled. It was a really perfect tongue. Remus didn’t know he even had tongue preferences, but Sirius’ met them.

“Go go go, we’ll pick something.” She shooed him into his own room and settled herself on the floor in front of the shelf of Lily’s DVDs. Remus knew very well that she had no more idea what she was looking for than Sirius did.

Sirius stood in his closet and tried to keep from screaming in excitement. Normally when he saw Remus - and Remus wasn’t in incredible amounts of pain - he had some time to prepare himself and the excitement came not so all at once. He had to squeeze a week’s worth of excitement into the space of about one minute.

He picked a set of especially soft pyjamas and pulled them on without much consideration. They were a light periwinkle colour with clouds on the cuffs. He thought he’d made pretty good time, considering all of the not screaming he had to do.

Sirius had never seen whatever the movie on the screen was when he finally got back to the room where Remus and Alice were settling into the sofa. The picture was grainy and the audio was vaguely garbled, qualities he’d learned to associate with older films.

“Room for me?” He asked. Remus scooted over and patted the seat in between them. Sirius sprawled out on Remus and pulled Alice half on top of him. “What are we watching?”

“The Wizard of Oz. Have you seen this yet?” Remus adjusted himself to get more comfortable under Sirius.

“Nope,” he snuggled against him.

“Me neither,” Alice admitted.

“Alice has seen basically no movie ever.”

“Why are the credits in the beginning?”

“Is this the whole movie? Why isn’t the movie stuff starting?”

“Is she that the wizard?”

“No, the wizard doesn’t actually show up until the end.”

“But there’s only one wizard in the movie? Why’s he lonely?”
“He’s not a wizard like we’re wizards, he’s a wizard like muggles think wizards are.”

“Is this going to be offensive?”

“No more so than any of Beedle the Bard’s stories are about muggles.”

“I need tea, anyone want tea?”

“AH!”

Alice fell onto Remus when Sirius stood to go make tea. Once recovered they both raised their hands. Sirius stood in the kitchen while the water boiled.

He came back in with three mugs to see them cuddled very comfortably together. Sirius squirmed himself under Remus so that Remus was now in the middle.

This carried on for the next forty minutes or so. When the mugs were empty, one of them would get up in turns to put the kettle back on. On Remus’ turn, and much to Alice’s delight, he came back with popcorn and crisps.

Sirius had only a vague idea of what was going on in the movie at any given moment because they kept getting sidetracked by conversation. Alice seemed to have even less of a tolerance for sitting watching television than Reg had when they’d been there.

On Al’s second turn getting up to fill the mugs, Remus sat up and stretched. Sirius moved around so that his legs were tucked under him.

Remus’s hair was almost flat on one side from lying on Sirius’ chest for the last twenty minutes or so. The cheek on the same side of his face was a bit more pink than the other. Sirius grabbed for his hand to play with his fingers.

“Alright?” Remus asked with a shallow yawn.

“I’m alright. I’m very alright. I just have a question… a request?” Sirius chewed at his lip.

Remus turned his body to face him more directly. “I’m listening.”

“I know this isn’t a date. It’s… the best surprise ever, is what it is. But you’re still my boyfriend now and I’d really like to maybe kiss you if that’s okay?”

Remus smiled and nodded. “Yes. Yes, please.” He shifted himself closer, leaned against the armrest behind Sirius.

“And-” Sirius stopped him at the last possible second. His face was inches away. “If it’s not good-”

“We’ll practice. No pressure. It’s a first, not a last. Can I?” His words instantly eased Sirius and he nodded, nearly bumping their noses together.

Sirius had felt Remus’ lips before. On his cheeks and his nose and once on his ear. He knew they were soft and he knew they were warm. But he was completely unprepared for what that would mean to his own lips. He felt it from the point of contact all the way to the tips of his fingers and toes.

It didn’t last very long. Remus pulled back almost too soon. He looked at least as dazed as Sirius imagined he did.

“That…” Remus swallowed to clear his throat. “Definitely was not not good.”
“Very true. But,” Sirius pressed a fingertip to Remus’s lips and he kissed it. “We can keep practicing anyway, right?”

“Oh, definitely,” Remus confirmed.

“Wasn’t weird with the ring?” Sirius flicked at the piercing in question with his tongue. Remus’ eyes were caught on it.

“No. Weird is not the word I would use. ‘Hot’, maybe.”

Sirius smiled. Remus leaned in for a second kiss.

Unfortunately, Sirius misjudged the space between them and closed the distance with a bit more zeal than was called for. Sirius wound up kissing the spot just below Remus’s bottom lip. Their chins bumped together. They both pulled away sharply to nurse them.

“Ow,” Sirius winced.

“Okay, that was less successful. Maybe we really do need to practice.”

In spite of himself, Sirius burst into giggles. Remus pressed his forehead to Sirius’ cheek and Sirius felt his body shaking with laughter as well.

They were still laughing when Alice came in with the tea.

They settled back into their little pile of cuddles with ridiculous grins on their faces. Sirius kept touching his own lips, imagining he could still feel Remus on them.

It was another quarter of an hour before James and Lily came home and marked the lateness of the hour. They were both ecstatic to be surprised by their friends on the sofa of their sitting room when they walked in the door. Lily demanded hugs and James threw his body over the coffee table onto Remus - and subsequently onto Sirius.

But their arrival meant it was later than any of the three of them had noticed.

The goodbyes came soon after.

Remus didn’t try for a third kiss before he left. He kissed Sirius’ cheek and winked. He knew exactly what he was doing. Sirius was dizzy with it.

Alice apparated him away before Sirius even had time to work himself into sadness about the goodbye.

---

*Home, safely in bed*

*Comfortable?*

*Not as comfortable as I was earlier*

*Well that would be difficult*

*Impossible to achieve by myself*
I can't believe you came

Believe it

Because I was lonely

Yes

And you care about me

I do.

And you came all the way here for that reason

Well it's not allll the way there when Alice can just apparate me

It still means a lot

To me

You'd do the same

If I could

That means a lot too

Questions?

Yes

You first?

What did you think of our kiss?

Mhm

Mhm.

Mhm

Okay, your turn

Did I really smell like your tea?

Better

Can I call?

Yes

"Hi."

"Hello again."

"Sleep?"
"Probably should."

"It's late."

"It is."

"Mhm."

"I can't stop thinking about it."

"Me neither. It was so-"

"Mhm."

"Yes."

"We can do it again?"

"I'd really like to."

"Okay."

"Okay."

"I'm... Hang on."

"Hanging."

"...Okay. I'm good."

"Okay."

"I'm very happy about this."

"Me too."

"Okay okay. Sleep."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Moony."

"Moony?"

"..."

"Still thinking about it. Goodnight, boyfriend."
Good morning, date friend

Good morning, boyfriend (from your also boyfriend)

Slept well, boyfriend?

Very, actually

Good

You, boyfriend?

Also good

Good

Yes. Tea, boyfriend?

Lady grey, please

Mm okay

Remuuuuuuus

Yes, boyfriend?

Will you tell James you came to see ME last night?????

Yes, can do

Good thank you because he's walking around here talking about how his ‘best friend was waiting for him after he got home from a rough training day, isn't that so nice?’

Incorrect

Well I know that! I keep saying ‘he definitely came for cuddles with me’ and he just gives me this LOOK

Rude

He really is, he's the worst

Clearly

Hmph

Hand me over

Oh
Okay

Best Friend, hi

Hello, Not Who I Came To See Last Night

Well that's a weird lie of a greeting

Can you give a huge hug to my boyfriend from me?

Oh yes, yes I can

Thank you

In what style would you like the hug? Abrasively thrown onto the sofa? Casual bro-hug? Grossly romantic? Attempting to cop a feel?

Really tight, with your arms around his waist and his around your neck

Got it

Thank you. And then hand me back to him, because he has to leave soon and I want to call him my boyfriend at least three times before that

Cuuuuuuute

Bye, Friend who is the Best

Awww that was nice

Good.

Was the arse grab after from you, or from him?

From him

Thought it might be but he wasn't specific

I'd ask before

Because you're the best, most amazing

True

Or, you know, just a decent human being, like everyone should be

Well

Kinda human

Entirely human. The most decent human.

That's up for debate

It's really not
Not for anyone who has ever met you

So beasts can't be good and decent?

Yes they can be, but you're not one of them

Well

No, you're a full, real person

A person who is my boyfriend

And normally I would never argue with how someone identifies themself but I think this is something you've been told you are, not something you identify as

I don't, but it doesn't change the fact that I am. Maybe not a beast, but still a werewolf

You are, yes. But that doesn't make you less of a person

Okay. Just need you to accept that I am that, too.

Oh I do

I know that, it's not like I dismiss that fact about you

Then okay.

<3

I like how we talk about things right away.

Merlin, me too

No anxious waiting

Exactly. And I always feel like I can.

You can, always

Really like that

Me too

You're gonna be late, boyfriend

Oh yeah

Oops

Have fun, boyfriend

Thank you, boyfriend

Talk to you later, boyfriend
Boyfriend?

Person who I just kiss sometimes?

Moony?

Yes I am here, hello, my kissing friend

Hi

Seeeee I would start sending you little lists of things I checked out today so you could make stories, but they'd probably all end in ‘and then they took a bath’

Ohh, you were working the till?

Yessss

They never let me do it because I'm really slow with it but we were understaffed today

Well you'll get a hold of it and get better. Money confusing?

Yes

Yes! I can tell you

Muggle money is the worst

It makes much more sense than wizard

Not to me

Muuuuch more sense

Well I can't get the hang of it.

You will, it will click and then make sense, I promise

Sorry, just frustrated by it

But I handled okay all day

Good, I'm glad. How many compliments?

Oh
A few
Felt nice?
Nah
Well some
Sorry
I can't explain the difference
Like "that shirt is cute" is fine but "that shirt makes you look cute" is less fine and "you look cute with that shirt on" is even less
There shouldn't be a difference, they all mean the same thing, and it's not like any of the language is offensive
They don't mean the same thing, there is a difference. Even if the person thinks they're the same, how they word things matter. And even if it's not offensive and they mean well, it doesn't mean you're not allowed to not feel great about it.
Thank you
You're welcome
And it's also possible that the same thing feels different when heard from different people. And that's okay too.
That's definitely a thing that happens
And is okay.
Thank you
I mean it
Thank you
You're welcome.
Like
[ If James or Pete had said any of it
If you had said any of it
It would sound different, it would feel good no matter how it was worded
Or almost no matter
I dunno
I know. It's different because we know you, and you know that we know you, and that next to noticing something that we compliment, we like other things about you as well.
Yes

Exactly yes

I know.

Thanks

No problem

How was yours???

Oh, work? It was good, not boring, but not too busy

No compliments

Well they're wrong about not complimenting you

You are funny and cute and you have great hair

High praise coming from you

I know what I'm talking about

Thank you

;)

Are you home now?

Yes

Busy?

Only busy contemplating your hair

Mm

Hungry?

Soooo hungry

Okay, what do you have, what can we cook?

I haaaaave

I have lots, what do you have?

Ummm

Potatoes

Well looks like we're making potatoes

Nice
How?

_Hmm with onions?_

Mmm yes

_Yessss_

Can I call?

_Yes_

"_Hi._" 

"_Hello t-ow!""

"_Sirius??_

"_Sorry! I'm fine, was reaching for a pan._"

"_Okay._"

"_Hi how are you?_"

"_I'm good. Hungry._"

"_Then shall we?_"

"_Yesss._"

"_I'm doing onions first. And putting potatoes up to boil._"

"_Yes, obviously._"

"_Just making sure._"

"_I love the smell of onions._"

"_I like the smell once they're cooking._"

"_That's what I meant._"

"_Ohhh okay._"

"_Don't love the crying when I chop them._"

"_Breathe through your mouth._"

"_They're still too strong._"

"_Poor Moony._"

"_I really am._"

"_Is there pouting_"
"Nu uh."

"Ohhhh there is."

"Not pouting."

"Sure. Bet you look very cute anyway."

"Always look cute according to you."

"And I'm not wrong."

"Mhm."

"Are you cutting with magic?"

"No."

"Me neither."

"Never onions, always potatoes."

"Why?"

"No real reason."

"Hmmm okay."

"Dunno."

"Mine are going into the oil."

"Mine too."

"Mmm I hear them."

"Stirring with magic?"

"Not yet."

"Okay."

"When it's more than onions maybe."

"Hmm."

"You?"

"Yes, I'm lazy."

"Yeah but it makes you great at cuddling."

"Mm, I'm a pro."

"And I'm very lucky."
"That you're dating me, yes."

"Yes. That my boyfriend is a professional cuddler."

"Mmm."

"And weirdly handy in the spice cabinet."

"Hey! I'm not 'weirdly handy', I know what I'm about."

"Shockingly."

"You're just jealous that my palate is better than your fancy posh one."

"Oi, my palate is not posh!"

"Suuure it's not."

"It's not! It's sensible."

"It is. Not saying it's your fault that it is, but it is."

"Hmph."

"Win for me."

"Oh hardly!"

"Moony 3, Padfoot 1."

"Noooo. Moony one, Padfoot nil."

"No?"

"Yes. Yeah, you definitely got at least eight points for last night."

"Mmm, okay."

"Five alone for the kiss."

"It was really good."

"The first, yes."

"The second would've been, too."

"It will be."

"Mmm, yeah."

"Next time."

"Next time."

"Mhm."
"On our date."

"If we want."

"Yes, only if we'll both want."

"Mhm."

"Always only then."

"I really like you."

"I've noticed."

"Really really."

"I really really like you too."

"I've noticed."

"Oh, I'm doing it right, then."

"Definitely."

"Potatoessss."

"Yes yes yes, I'm cutting mine."

"Oh, are they already cooked? I think mine still need a minute."

"Oh, I'll wait."

"If you're peeling and cutting by hand, I'll catch up."

"I am."

"Don't burn your fingers."

"I won't if you don't."

"Well I can't promise that."

"Moonyyyyy."

"I'll be f- ow ow ow."

"Remus?"

"I'm fine, I'm fine! Sorry, just steam burning."

"Thank you. Sure you're okay?"

"Positive."

"Okay."
"Sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Dunno."

"I'm okay if you're okay, Moony."

"Okay."

"Just scared."

"I'm okay."

"Okay."

"I hate peeling cooked potatoes, even with magic."

"Because they're hot?"

"And sticky."

"True, true."

"Why did we decide to do this again?"

"We don't have to. We can stop."

"What, no, I want potatoes."

"Then that's why."

"Ugh."

"Yes."

"Let's not listen to me next time."

"Okay, I'll pick next time."

"I really like how we have lots of next times all the time."

"So do I. I love believing them."

"Me too."

"I don't even wonder anymore, I just really mean it when I say 'next time'."

"I do too."

"That's perfect."

"Agreed."

"Oh! Wait here, my persons are home."
"Waiting."

"..."

"Potatoes going in. Waiting, waiting, stirring, waiting."

"Oh oh oh I'm back, I'm coming, I'll put mine in now too!"

"Hello again, boyfriend."

"He says it, see?! Does that mean I can say it again?"

"Sure, you can."

"Hmmmm, nah, my best friendship with him is most important, it outweighs the boyfriend title. Hey, Best Friend! Don't worry, you can get back to your date, I'm just grabbing a banana."

"Not a date."

"Awww why not? This could be a date."

"We're pretty sure we want more kissing on the next date, and we can't do that over the phone."

"Ohhhhhhh, okay. Rough luck on that second kiss, mate. I have been kiss-blocked by Alice more times than I care to admit, I think she does it on purpose."

"Oh, you're acquainted with the story, okay."

"Hah! Am I acquainted with the story? Sirius, am I acquainted?"

"I may have conveyed it to him. Once or twice."

"Aha."

"We maybe have discussed the evening from every possible angle. Whatever. Next real live date is on Saturday."

"Saturday, oh."

"That sounds like a bad oh."

"No no, it's good, it is! You two have great dates and I will never forgive you if you miss one for me, I'm too excited about it."

"Oh. Game days."

"It's just been a few. But I'm serious, it's really really okay."

"Sirius, do you have work on Friday?"

"I do. I can see if I can switch shifts?"

"And I'll see if I can work morning instead, and we can have the date on Friday?"

"What, no? You can't just both disrupt work on account of Quidditch?"
"Did those words just come out of YOUR mouth?"

"It's not on account of quidditch, it's on account of you."

"Hmmm... Moony, did you definitely want to do that one this week? Because there's an alternative. Going to a match is on our list."

"Oh. Um. Okay."

"Not if it's not. It's just an option."

"Going to a match is on your list?? My Best Friend is gonna come watch me play??"

"I just... Thought maybe we could do both."

"Both. Like. You'd stay?"

"I mean, that was the plan anyway. Now I'd just stay for the match as well."

"You're sure?"

"My best friend is going to come watch me play!"

"I'm sure. I want to see James play, and I don't want you to miss any more games because of me. I'd still like to see practice once though."

"We can do that! It just won't be first, is that still okay?"

"Hey, if my game is the next date will there still be all the promised kissing?"

"That's still okay. The promised kissing has been rescheduled for Friday now, so it all depends on how that goes."

"Depends on how that goes?! What like if it's not good you'll just stop and never do it again?! You can't just stop kissing, kissing is the best."

"No, like if it's not good, we'll have to skip your game Saturday to practice, don't you have somewhere else to be, Prongs? In the world outside this kitchen?"

"Hmm salt, salt, salt, where's the salt."

"Summon it?"

"Goodbye Prongs!"

"The last time I did that I caught it clumsy and it went everywhere."

"Of course you did."

"Excuse me, what's that supposed to mean?"

"That you're Moony."

"You're the clumsy one."

"Oh am I? Because I'm not the one with the willowy tree limbs and the steam burns."
"You fell of a table."

"It happens!"

"If you're clumsy, yes."

"Hmph."

"Also you tripped when I winked at you."

"That doesn't count."

"It so does."

"Nuh uh, you WINKED at me."

"Mmhm."

"That is so not my fault."

"Clumsy."

"Winked."

"Well you called me a kissarse."

"And then you winked! And I have learned my lesson where that term is concerned."

"You were very cute."

"Yeah, yeah."

"So my potatoes are delicious."

"You tried?"

"They're done."

I'm giving mine a few more seconds."

"Mmm."

"Want to go eat?"

"Oh, we have to hang up?"

"We don't?"

"I don't mind if we don't."

"I definitely don't mind."

"Okay then."

"Turning mine off."
"Did you season it well?"

"Well I didn't drop a salt shaker in it. But yes, I think I did just fine."

"Har har."

"Mmm."

"Not sharing?"

"I am, just testing first."

"Okay."

"Is this really dinner? Potatoes with onions?"

"Um. Yeah?"

"Okay then."

"Sorry if it's not fancy enough."

"Hah hah."

"Well I don't know."

"I love it. I like making things with you."

"Okay."

"Hang on, let me bring some to the others."

"You can go eat with them if you want."

"Nah."

"Okay."

"They can have time together and I'll have time with my boyfriend."

"Oh, that's me."

"It is."

"Say it again."

"I'm having dinner with my boyfriend."

"What a coincidence, I am too."

"Mmm."

"..."

"Think you'll be busy after this?"
"Nope."

"Movie?"

"Ohhh, yes."

"Something new? Well, new for me. I think you've probably seen all the ones worth seeing."

"Whatever you want."

"Well I dunno."

"Well what do you have?"

"Next on our list says 'Ferris Bueller's Day Off'."

"Okay, I can do that."

"Is it good? It's Lily's list."

"It is."

"Okay."

"..."

"Quiet?"

"Eating."

"Oh! Food, right."

"You forgot?"

"Um, a bit."

"Siriuuuus."

"Whaaat?"

"You can't just forget food!"

"No, YOU can't just forget food."

"Well."

"Clearly I can."

"Probably because it's not that good."

"Um, yours maybe, mine is glorious."

"Is it though? Would you really just forget about GLORIOUS food?"

"Yes, if I was talking to you."
"Aww."

"Mmhm."

"Sweet."

"I am!!"

"Clearly."

"Uh huh."

"The sweetest."

"Well."

"Well?"

"As the person I've most recently kissed, you'd know."

"Oh, then no, you're not the sweetest."

"Wow."

"You were salty!"

"You're salty!"

"Well, yes, I'm eating salty potatoes as we speak."

"Mhm."

"Sirius, you're very sweet."

"Oh no, no. I'm salty."

"Well you were! I didn't say I didn't like it!"

"Yeah yeah yeah."

"The sweetest of my boyfriends."

"Oi!!"

"Sorry, you're fun to tease."

"So rude!!"

"Remember that you really like me."

"Can't really forget."

"Mm that's good."

"It is."
"What should we have for dessert?"

"Mmmm something."

"Ice cream it is."

"Ohhh, yes."

"I have chocolate brownie and pistachio."

"I have regular chocolate, strawberry, and mint."

"Mm acceptable."

"Chocolate in your honor then."

"Aww thank you."

"You're having both, aren't you?"

"Oh, obviously."

"Obviously."

"It's a good combination."

"Actually doesn't sound half bad."

"I know what I'm about."

"You sure do."

"Mhmm."

"Enjoy."

"Oh I will."

"Before or during movie?"

"Mmm during."

"Excellent."

"Just gonna move upstairs."

"And I'm flopping onto the sofa."

"Mmm."

"Much less comfy without you on it."

"So's my bed."

"Mmm miss that."
"Me too. Do-"

"Yes?"

"Will you come here again?"

"I want to. Can I?"

"Yes. Yes, anytime."

"Next date?"

"Yeah?"

"I would like it."

"Even though you'd have to be on the train for forever?"

"I like the train."

"You get bored on the train."

"I'll like the train when you're waiting at the other station."

"Okay."

"Yeah?"

"I really want you here, I'm not going to fight you on it."

"Good, okay."

"Okay."

"My movie is ready when you are."

"Mhm, just a sec."

"Take as many as you need."

"..."

"Hmmmmmm hmm hmm hm."

"..."

"..."

"Okay, all set."

"Nice!"

"Yesss."

"Count please."
"Five, four, three, two, one, play."

"Playing."

"..."

"..."

"Thoughts?"

"I feel really good right now, I don't even know. Everything was so ridiculous but I feel so good."

"Mm that's a good feeling."

"Yesss. I liked it."

"Where would you rank it compared to the others you've seen?"

"Hmmm. Well it's no Princess Bride, but I really did like it."

"M'sleepy."

"Oh, it's getting late."

"A bit."

"Hmmm, questions?"

"Mhm."

"What's your favourite way to eat potatoes?"

"Hmm. Jacket."

"Hmmm okay."

"You?"

"Baked with shallots and rosemary."

"Mmm that sounds good."

"It is so good."

"You can cook them once for me."

"Only once?"

"Or more."
"We'll start with once and see if you like them."

"Bet I will."

"Bet you'll season them."

"If they'll need it."

"Mhm. Your turn."

"I have one, but I don't want to ruin the good mood."

"We're good at good moods, we'll get it back."

"What did they teach you about werewolves at Hogwarts?"

"Oh. Just that... Nothing worth learning, Moony."

"Yeah."

"I'm disregarding all of it. And everyone else will too. If you haven't told it to me, it's not a real fact."

"Did they tell you we're allergic to silver? That one's true."

"Oh. Okay, they did. And aconite?"

"Is ever worse, yeah. Silver is more just...uncomfortable to touch, and itches, maybe gives you a rash. Aconite is...yeah. Wouldn't want to drink tea made from it."

"I'll throw out my entire vast collection of aconite tea then."

"Oh how kind of you."

"Anything for you."

"Can I speak to James?"

"Oh. Sure? Sure."

"Thanks. Please don't fall asleep."

"I won't. PRONGS! PHONE!"

"Thank you."

"What? Hello?"

"Hi."

"Oh, Moony, hey. Everything okay?"

"Mhm. Just, uh. Wanted to talk."

"Yeah, let me get somewhere quieter. Okay, what's on your mind?"
"Remus?"

"I'm a werewolf."

"You... What?"

"Werewolf."

"You are. For real? This is you telling me the thing Sirius can't say yet?"

"M-mhm."

"Werewolf. Okay. Thank you, Moony."

"Th-thank me?"

"Yeah, for trusting me with this. So what can we do to help? I mean, you're always welcome to be here like you were last time. And you can have the bed and whatever else you need. And it'll be so much better now that we know and we can understand what's going on. Sorry, I'm still talking, aren't I? How can we make it easier?"

"Just you existing helps. Thank you, James. So much."

"Anything we can do. I mean, anything I can do, but I know Sirius wants to help too. But we've got you, Moony."

"How are you bloody real?"

"Um. Dunno. I feel real."

"People aren't- They don't- No one reacts this way."

"What, why?"

"James."

"Yeah?"


"Hah! But you're Remus."

"Yes, that too."

"You're like the least monstrous person I've ever met."

"Are you're one of the most amazing."

"Awww thank you."

"Sorry for doing this over the phone."

"Oh, no worries. However it needed to happen, it's okay."

"See, amazing."
"True enough."

"Is Lily home?"

"Yes, she's in our room. Did you want to talk to her?"

"Yeah, I think so. I know it's not like that, but I don't want there to be secrets between you two, it was bad enough with Sirius."

"Oh no, it's definitely not like that. But if you're comfortable with it, do you want me to get her?"

"Yes, please."

"Hang on, here she is."

"Hey, Remus!"

"Hi, Lily."

"Everything alright?"

"Yeah, our boyfriends are amazing."

"Ohhh they are, they really are."

"So, um. I have lycanthropy."

"You have- oh! Okay."

"Yeah."

"I'm sorry. That can't be easy. Is this a new development or something you've had a long time?"

"Since I was five. Just took me a while to tell you. And I forgot to say to this to James, so it goes for him as well, if you've got any questions, I'm here."

"Oh, okay, Remus thank you fo- what, James, what?... Merlin's sake, yes, he knows we're here for him! Remus, you know we're here for you, right? That goes without saying? I'll say it anyway, though, we are. I only know as far as we learned in school so I may have questions at some point. But it's really good you're being open about it, I really appreciate that."

"Okay."

"The potatoes were delicious, thank you."

"All Sirius."

"He cooks better with you."

"Thank you, Lily."

"You do know, right? The thing James said?"

"Trying to wrap my mind around it, yeah."
"You don't tell this to many people?"

"No."

"Do you have a decent support net for it? Your parents, friends?"

"Mum and Al."

"Okay. That's good. Al is the best and I've heard great things about your mum. You've got us too now."

"Yeah."

"Want Sirius back?"

"Please?"

"Here you are, then. Thanks for talking."

"Hello, my boyfriend."

"Hi."

"Okay, Moony?"

"Mhm."

"Going into my room, now. Just us. You okay?"

"Mhm."

"You can cry if you need."

"Just never...thought people could be...this way."

"What way? Did someone say something? I promise they didn't mean anything harmful. If there's language we should or shouldn't be using just tell us, or direct us to the information, we'll learn."

"No! No, they were great."

"Oh, okay."

"Shouldn't be so surprised, I know they're good people."

"You're not upset?"

"No, this is all just...relief."

"Good. Relief is good. They're not going anywhere same as I'm not, Moony. And Pete won't when you tell him if you want to. We're your friends."

"I want to, please tell me when he'll be around."

"You always know."
"Thank you. Thank you."

"You're very welcome."

"Do you think-"

"Hmm?"

"Sorry. Do you think more people would react okay if I gave them the chance, or are you just amazing people and I got extremely lucky?"

"Hmm, I don't know. I can't think of any reason anyone should react poorly at all. But I know you. Really well, I think. So there was never room for doubt for me."

"Yeah."

"Have you ever tried before?"

"Not with people who'd really know me. No one really knew me, no one stuck around to get that far."

"Their mistake. Their very big mistake and their very big loss."

"Thank you."

"I mean it."

"I know."

"Good."

"Thanks for staying up."

"Anytime."

"Sleep now?"

"Are you okay?"

"Mhm."

"Then yes."

"Sirius?"

"Mhm?"

"I really- I'm really glad you're my friends."

"We're just as glad you're ours. I am. I'm so glad."

"Care about you a lot."

"I care about you a lot too."
"Goodnight."

"Sweet dreams, Remus."

"Sirius, you up?"

"Hmm? Yeah, alright?"

"Just came to see if you wanted to talk."

"I can talk."

"If you need to, about Remus."

"Oh. Dunno, not much to say. I'm worried."

"I already told him we'll help however we can."

"Yeah. I keep thinking about that cut on his arm last time. It was so deep and... I dunno."

"Was it... I mean, was it from him?"

"I've no idea."

"...The scars?"

"I don't know."

"He goes to Mungo's, right?"

"Yeah."

"How do they not, I don't know, take better care of him?!"

"I don't know, I don't know. He's so- he's- and it's like we're some of the first people to notice he's SO- thank Merlin Al had the sense to see him like we do."

"He's got all of us now too, it's gonna be better."

"Yeah but...he was so nervous about telling us."

"But he did. He trusts us."

"I know but it means he's got a reason to be nervous. How could anybody do that too him?"

"You know what they teach us about werewolves."

"Yes but he's Remus. He's just Remus."
"I know that."

"Not fair."

"I know. Let me under this."

"Mhm."

"Love you."

"Love you too. Arm."

"Mhm."

"Can you stay?"

"M'not going anywhere."

"Thankyou."

"We'll talk more in the morning, okay?"

"Okay."

"Goodnight, Pads."

"Night, Prongs."

Chapter End Notes

"Do you have a decent support net for it? Your parents, friends?"

"You're my friends."
Morning

Good morning

It's too early

How can you go work at this hour

Easy, you get up several hours earlier

Nothing easy about that

For YOU maybe

Ughhh I don't even have time for tea this is torture

I'll make it up to you

You better

;

Ohh

Hm?

Nothing, nothing, keep on winking

Padfoot 1???

You wish

Hmph

Ughhh it's not warm enough yet

Oh that I can definitely make up for

Yes please

Will do

What if I jog

Don't hurt yourself

Hey!

There's so much leg to worry about

Don't act like you know anything about a tall body, shorty
Oi

No you're right, I don't know anything about a tall body

Tell me about it

Hmm, nah

I'll let you learn it ;)

Oh

Huh

That backfired

Wish me a good day at work, pretty

Have a good day at work

I'll see you soon

Hey.

I really like you.

I really like you too

Google some galleries and decide which one we should go to

Uh

Okay

Or maybe let me handle that and you go walk around and find us a restaurant for the maybe dinner?

Oh oh okay

<3

Yeah yeah, go work

:(

<3

:)

Milk (low fat, why), oranges (ew), and three kilos of spaghetti (I approve)
Very fancy spaghetti dinner. The milk is for a cream sauce, the oranges are for decorative garnish.

Decoration are the only thing they're good for

That's why

Someone said I have a nice smile

They're right!

You'd know

I would

Found a nice place yet?

I found a few and we'll pick based on where the gallery you pick is

Excellent

Yesss

Done done done done

I never want to do a morning shift ever again

But I will if there's a date with you after it, obviously

I'll try to plan so that you don't have to

You'll wait for me at the station?

Yes

Okay

Gonna try to find something to eat before my train

Ohh good

I'm trying on clothes

Good luck <3
Thank you

*Getting on the train, goodnight*

**Goodnight?**

*Yes*

**Goodnight**

*You okay?*

*I am*

*I'm nervous*

*I know I shouldn't be, it's very very unnecessary, but I am*

*Which part is making you nervous?*

**Maybe the formality?**

*Of the dinner?*

*Yeah*

*I still want to*

**Just nervous**

*Are you sure? Because I really really don't mind if we just have take-out at yours*

*Or if we make something, or if we just have crisps, or if*

*No, I'm not okay with having nothing at all, I need food, but anything is okay, really*

*I like you*

*I like you too, Sirius.*

**I'll be better when you're here**

*Try not to stress about it, we'll do whatever will be comfortable*

**Thank you Remus**

<3 *Now goodnight for real*

**Sleep well**
O

Remus should have been used to seeing Sirius’ face by now. It probably shouldn’t startle him every time that Sirius was always more impossibly beautiful than he’d been remembering him to be. But it always took him by surprise.

He came up beside him before Sirius had a chance to look up and said his name. Sirius leaped about a foot in the air, “Moony! Trying to kill me!”

“Am not, why would I kill you before the date?” Remus asked. Sirius scowled, but held his arms open. Sirius asked to be hugged like a child asked to be held. Quiet and trusting. Remus pulled him as close as humanly possible. When Sirius’ arms came to land around his middle, he thought he might just want to forgo the rest of the date and spend the day hugging on this platform.

They did not, however. They made a detour back to Sirius’ flat so that Remus could toss his bag onto Sirius’ bed and so that Sirius could pick up a sketchbook and a set of pencils. “Just in case.”

Understanding it to be a quick stop there before the actual date, Remus made haste back to the door.

“Hey, wait,” Sirius was still standing sort of near the entrance to the kitchen, half way between his room and the front door.

“You alright?” Remus turned to him.

Sirius nodded. “I’ve just been thinking.”

When he offered no further explanation, Remus made his way back over to him. “Thinking about what?”

“Practicing?” He was nervous. His tongue traced the arc of the lip ring beneath it. It dawned on Remus what he meant.

“You’ve been thinking about kissing me again?” He asked.

Sirius nodded. “I have been.”

“Are they good thoughts?”

The nodding continued.

Remus took both of Sirius’ hands in his. “May I?”

“Yes.”

Remus laced their fingers together and brought their faces very close. He took a fraction of a second to just admire his boyfriend. His skin was so smooth. Normally when Remus encountered skin this smooth he was annoyed by it. Possibly a little bitter that his was pocked and raised with too many scars to ever resemble smoothness. Not Sirius. Sirius’ skin was satin. Even his pores were cooperatively small. Rather than annoy him, it just made Remus want to touch it. He wanted to put his lips against it. To see if they could measure its soft evenness. So he did.

He first kissed Sirius’s left cheek. Sirius’ eyes closed slowly, bringing dark lashes down against yet more smooth skin. Then he kissed his right cheek. Then his nose. Then one temple after the other.
Then the side of his jaw and the middle of his brow and everywhere he could think to until Sirius was smiling and laughing away all of the nervousness that had made him stand there tense, as if Remus wouldn’t want to kiss him.

Their lips met naturally. Remus had been aiming for the very corner of Sirius’ mouth, but Sirius had laughed extra hard at exactly the right moment and before either of them had time for needless anticipation they were kissing. Fingers still tangled together, laughter still tickling the inside of both of their chests.

~

“Where are we off to?” Sirius asked when they finally left the flat, two kisses later.

“Trafalgar Square. The National Gallery.” Remus had had lots of reasons for choosing this place when he’d been given the responsibility of finding a desirable gallery.

Sirius smiled, delighted.

It was nothing compared with the raw excitement he displayed upon seeing the lions. “Moony, Moony, Moony. Take my picture.”

“You know you’re not a tourist, right?” Remus snorted but took his phone out.

“They’re lions, Moony, I can’t just not!” Sirius argued as if this should have been evident to Remus without explanation. “Oh, on your phone?”

“Well certainly not on yours,” Remus teased, “I think your camera still takes pictures in black and white. Honestly, though, when is Lily going to let you get a new one of those?”

Sirius shrugged. “Perhaps when I stop taking it into the bath with me. Or perhaps when I learn to successfully change the channel of the television without first turning the thing off by accident.”

“Oh, good, so never.”

“Just let me get on the lion and take a picture!” Sirius stuck his tongue out at Remus. Without the deterring public nature of the place, Remus would have been tempted to lick it.

He did not take a picture. He took probably three hundred pictures. His thumb hit the “capture” button every time Sirius smiled, every time he got a slightly different angle with slightly different light, every time he remembered that that beautiful human lying out on a lion statue like he’d been born to drape himself over it was his boyfriend. It was a lot. They went around to each of the four lions for photos. Sirius even convinced Remus to stand in one of them. He took it on his dinosaur-mobile with the terribly sketchy camera, but that suited Remus just as fine as it suited Sirius.

When they finally began making their way into the actual building, Remus took the stairs two at a time without thinking much of it. That was until he looked around to nod at something to Sirius and he was four steps behind Remus, running to catch up. Remus laughed and apologized. Sirius was out of breath when he asked him: “You’ve never looked less sorry in your life, have you?”
He was silenced and Remus was spared the trouble of self defense by awe.

“Whoa,” Sirius muttered, looking around. Remus watched his eyes go everywhere. They occasionally landed and widened, but not for terribly long. There was too much to take in.

When he still hadn’t moved a moment later, Remus touched their fingertips together. Sirius’ fingers laced with his apparently instinctually. “Which way would you like to begin?”

Sirius looked positively overwhelmed by the idea of having to choose, so Remus led them to the right.

The first room they entered was full of Degas displays. Remus was nearly as interested as Sirius to go up to everything and learn and take in. It took them forever to get only to the second room, which was dedicated to the work of Van Gogh. That room led right into the next few and they followed the people milling through to the end room, to look at the paintings of Manet and Monet.

The third person to bump into Sirius was sort of the last straw for both of them. Remus had been growing increasingly uncomfortable with the proximity of the crowd and Sirius was looking like he’d had enough of it. They took refuge in one of the larger rooms.

The paintings in this room were boring and thusly more fun. Remus leaned low into Sirius’ ear to poke fun at the disturbing nature of the fat babies and other portrait occupants. Sirius found an area he liked and suggested they take a seat. Remus stretched out over a decently comfortable sofa bench and Sirius curled up next to him with his sketchbook in his lap.

People continued to ebb and flow around them, everyone looking at the paintings. Remus was looking at Sirius.

If Remus had thought watching Sirius cook had been pleasant and relaxing, then watching him sketch was like a deep meditation.

He liked watching Sirius’ pencil glide over the page in spurts - smooth, smooth, smooth, stop, so that Sirius could deliberate and find the next best place to smooth. Sirius’ face changed with every stroke. His eyebrows dipped and raised in patterns that made no actual sense to Remus, and occasionally he appeared to mutter silently to himself, but Remus wasn’t entirely certain his lips were forming any real words at all.

He watched the side of Sirius’ hand grow dark from accidental smudging, and the tips of three of his fingers grow black from intentional shading.

Sometimes Sirius would frown and Remus would almost ask if he was okay, but just before he did a look of determination would come over Sirius’ face and he’d set about doing something else, eyes gleaming.

Remus’ favourite moments were when Sirius was clearly pleased with himself over something. Something had gone very well, or he’d gotten a sudden burst of inspiration from looking up around him at the art and the people.

Well, maybe those were his second favourite moments. His favourites came frequently, when Sirius wasn’t moving his mouth in potential speech and his teeth were digging lightly into his bottom lip. Or his tongue was flicking back and fourth over the purple ring there. Remus had to restrain himself from making genuine, out-loud noises during those moments.

Sirius was content sketching for what felt like moments but had evidently dragged on into nearly two hours. Remus had been just as content to watch and took exactly no notice of the passage of time.
When they finally did get up to walk around some more, Sirius requested they play the people game, as they’d done in Diagon Alley. Instead of pointing out the interesting people around them, this time they took turns pointing to paintings.

“My darling, when I look at you I feel positively dizzy.” Sirius mimed swooning, nodding to a portrait of a woman who looked like she was about to be ill.

Remus put on his burliest voice to respond, “My dear, I do believe that is the corset speaking. If you’d just loosen it I’m sure the oxygen in your body would be able to move from your lungs to your brain properly.”

They passed ridiculous dialog and over-worked stories back and forth for ages.

~

When Sirius pulled out his phone to send one of his regular “All is well” texts to James, he gasped. “You know it’s eight-forty-three? What time do they close?” He asked.

Remus checked the time on his own mobile. Sirius wasn’t wrong. “Nine on Fridays,” he informed him.

They came to the conclusion that neither of them were feeling particularly tired by the day’s events.

“Dinner?” Remus asked. Sirius agreed on the condition that they not eat anywhere around there. That they instead should go back to the flat and change into proper date attire as they’d discussed.

They held hands the entire way home. And all the way up to the flat. And into Sirius’ room. They didn’t let go until Sirius needed both hands to go find the outfit he’d set aside in his closet earlier in the week. Well, one of them anyway. Remus knew there must be a series of them to choose from based on mood.

While Sirius was preoccupied with that, Remus set about changing in the main part of the bedroom. His suit was two different shades of black and didn’t fit him as well as he’d been hoping it would, not having had the will to actually try it on. He plucked at the side of his binder, which was starting to dig into him uncomfortably at the sides. It would have to be a sports bra that evening. He sighed.

Sirius changed in the closet as he often did. There was enough space in there for it and he hadn’t heard Remus leave his room to change in the loo, and wanted to give him all the privacy he needed.

He tugged the ends of his cuffs around his arms smartly. He glanced at himself in the mirror on the back wall of the closet. He felt good. He felt attractive enough. But even as he tucked his shirttails into his trousers he recognized the displacement of the boy feeling in him. He wasn’t feeling particularly feminine at the moment, but even the ‘he’ pronoun felt like it was slipping through his fingers. He stepped out of his trousers and traded his boxers for a comfortable set of cotton panties. It made no outward difference, he knew, but to Sirius it changed everything.

He opened the closet door slowly to ensure Remus’ awareness, feeling ninety times better.

Remus looked unbelievable. Maybe he was a bit lost in the shoulders of his suit jacket. And maybe his white socks were visible at the ends of his trouser legs. But he looked like he’d put thought into it. And the too-tight-for-church shirt wasn’t lessening Sirius’ attraction to him. “Wow,” he choked.
out.

When Remus shook his head to dismiss Sirius’ clear approval, he didn’t turn away to hide a coy
smile or blush. Sirius walked over and put his arms around his boyfriend and reached up to kiss him.

~

“When Padfoot, I can’t. I think I can’t. I think it’s too much.” They’d agreed on a little French place not
terribly far from the house, for dinner. But they hadn’t gotten past the end of the street before Remus
had stopped walking. His fingers grasped Sirius’ tighter.

“Okay. Think you can’t what, exactly?” Sirius asked for clarification.

“I can’t be out right now, I can’t be wearing this, I can’t pretend I’m okay and feeling normal.” There
was a shimmer in his eyes that Sirius wanted to kiss away.

“Okay. Let’s go back, then. We’ll order something that can be delivered. Sirius spun around on the
sidewalk and began leading them back in the direction from which they’d come without another
moment’s hesitation.

~

“I’m sorry.” Remus attempted as Sirius let them back into the flat and immediately began shedding
his clothes. “I really am. I owe you a nice dinner. I wanted to so badly. I’m sorry—”

Sirius rounded on Remus, already down to an undershirt and belt-less trousers. “No you’re not. No
‘sorrys’ from you tonight, okay? This was the plan, remember? If things didn’t feel right to either one
of us, we’d stay in. Remember?” Remus nodded. “Then no apologies. We’re still following the plan.
And who in Merlin’s name suggested that it wouldn’t be a nice dinner, just because it’s not fancy?”

He picked up his clothes off the floor and headed back into his bedroom to change into pjs, Remus
trailing close behind him.

“Okay, but I do still want a fancy date with you sometime. Okay?” He requested and waited to be
handed his own night clothes for the evening. Sirius quickly obliged in the form of a pair of
Holyhead Harpies bottoms and a The Who shirt that hung loose on his frame.

“That’s definitely okay with me.” Remus could hear the smile in Sirius’ voice even with his back
turned.

They ordered Thai food and sprawled out on the sofa together to kiss and cuddle and wait for it to
arrive.

~
By the time they made it to the bed, all discomfort seemed to have dissipated. Remus no longer looked like he wanted to crawl out of his skin, and even Sirius’ momentary pronoun panic had faded into a dull, annoying twinge in the back of his mind. It was easy not to be overwhelmed by other things when one was being carried, piggy-back style, to their own bed.

Remus dropped him down onto the mattress and Sirius’ consequent fit of laughter lasted well over four minutes.

“Questions, Boyfriend,” Sirius insisted, pulling Remus down with him.

Remus burrowed under the covers. “Would you like me to begin?” He waited for Sirius to nod and snuggle up next to him before asking, “Would you like to go back to The National Galltoucery on our next gallery date? Or would you prefer to go to another place you haven’t seen yet?”

Sirius deliberated. “Hmmm, I think a new one. There’s too much to see in the world. I want to see as much of it as possible.”

Remus touched their noses together. “Even if the paintings aren’t as high-brow in another gallery?”

Sirius nodded against Remus’ nose. “I loved everything today. And I also want to see more. Less well known doesn’t mean less beautiful.”

Remus paused here to kiss Sirius’ lips very lightly. “I like that. Your turn.”

Sirius chewed on his lip. “Did I bore you, spending so much time sketching?” He asked, finally.

Remus seemed surprised by the question. “No. No, not in the slightest. I could have watched you for hours.”

“Do you think maybe you’d still like to watch me paint sometimes? Like we’ve talked about?”

Remus leaned back so that Sirius could clearly see him nod his head ‘yes’. “I would really love that, Sirius.”

Sirius smiled. “Okay. Then we could try that soon.”

They didn’t go straight to sleep after questions. There was an interim of six or seven minutes of careful, slow, lovely kisses, first.

~

“GAME DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!” The bedroom door slammed open but the sound of it crashing against the wall next to it was lost in James’ barely-articulate yelling. Remus pried one eye open to see him standing, fully dressed, just inside the doorway. His arms were up above his head and he was jumping up and down rather higher than Remus would have thought he could.

There was a groan from behind him. He heaved himself over so that his back was to the door in time to catch Sirius’ heavily dramatic eye-roll.

“Shouldn’t he save his energy or something?” Remus grumbled.
“James derives energy from the energy he already has. It just reproduces exponentially.” Sirius closed his eyes and scooted into Remus’ chest comfortably. Remus almost didn’t care that there was still a screaming human just behind him.

“GAME DAY, GAME DAY, GAME DAY-” His hollers were cut short, and for a moment, Remus thought that being ignored had silenced him. Then came the sound of heavy hooves coming down hard on wood floor. It wasn’t a sound Remus had ever given thought to before. But now he definitely knew what it sounded like.

Without considering how tired he still was, or how warm and comfortable Sirius was, or how he was intending to tune James out, Remus sat up to watch a great, majestic stag leap around the room, which suddenly seemed very small and fragile.

Sirius sat up beside him. Remus practically felt his eyes roll. “Can you believe this guy?” He scoffed, “Thinks he’s impressive.”

Remus looked from his sleepy boyfriend to the fully grown male deer prancing around the bedroom. “Ummm, no. Sorry, that’s actually pretty damn impressive.”

Sirius looked scorned. “No?! I’ll show you impressive!”

Even looking directly at him, Remus didn’t quite catch the transformation. He blinked, and in the space of the hundredth of a second it took for his eyes to open and readjust, there was a big black dog where Sirius had been. It licked the entire side of his face.

Remus felt cool air on the inside of his lip and realized that his jaw had dropped.

Sirius climbed into his lap, long, shaggy tail wagging in delight, and rubbed his whole body against Remus, demanding to be pet. Remus put a cautious hand behind his ear and scratched through the fur. Padfoot leaned into the contact.

There weren’t words for how Remus felt at that moment. Apart from the surprise and the awe, even. His heart swelled in his chest. He knew that these were his friends. He did. He could understand that it was his boyfriend resting on his legs and his self-proclaimed best friend finally calming down enough to walk over to them. He did know these things. But he still couldn’t shake the notion that he was presently so very close to animals. He hadn’t been nearly this close to an animal without it trying desperately to get away from him since he was small. Dogs never allowed him to pet them, deer never even stayed still enough for him to get a good look at them on the side of the road.

Prongs butted his head against Remus’ shoulder, inadvertently sticking Padfoot in the side with an antler. Padfoot yelped and growled until Remus rubbed the offended spot along his rib cage. Padfoot shed intensely, but Remus loved how it looked on his pyjamas. Dog hair. From a real dog that didn’t fear him.

James changed back first.

“Alright, Moony?” He asked, still smiling exuberantly, adjusting his glasses on his face. “We didn’t alarm you, did we? Lily nearly killed us both the first time we did that to her without notice.”

Remus nodded. “I’m good. Just thinking.”

The next lick across his face came from a human tongue. Sirius was curled up in his lap. “Thinking about what?”

Remus pulled a face. “You know you could give human kisses now that you have proper lips again,
right?!” He asked, outraged.

Sirius shrugged and slid off of him back onto his side of the bed, picking fur off of Remus’ t-shirt. James shoved at Remus’ shoulder until he moved over and the three of them laid back on the bed together.

“So something on your mind?” James asked, chin resting on Remus’ upper-arm. Sirius resumed one of their normal sleeping habits of spidering all of his limbs over Remus’. Remus realized that in a much less obvious way, he never really thought he’d experience closeness of this sort with humans either. He was grateful for all of it.

“Just how much I love this,” he said. Sirius stretched up to kiss his cheek and James hugged his arm tight. “And about how many more hours of sleep I would have enjoyed getting,” he added for good measure.

~

Remus had almost drifted back to unconsciousness when Peter arrived with breakfast. He’d stopped by a bakery on his way over and the smell jarred Remus into reality before the shut of the door and his yell of “‘MORNING!’” did.

James rolled out of bed first. “Excuse me, I have to go yell about game day to the newcomer.”

The next instance of noise was the familiar howl of “GAME DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY”. Remus covered his ears with a pillow.

Warm hands came up around his face and pried it away. “Smells like breakfast.” Sirius muttered and kissed his nose. Even with the screaming stag one room over, it was one of the most pleasant ways Remus had ever been coaxed out of bed.

Remus and Sirius both changed into their clothes for the day before they left the room for food. Which in reality meant that Remus changed and sprawled back onto the bed while he watched Sirius sort through sixteen shirts he thought might go with the shorts he’d picked. He landed on acid washed skin tight denim and a shirt with James’ team logo on it. It must once have been a generic shirt, but Sirius had cut the collar and cinched the sides. Remus felt as plain as he’d ever felt in his simple t-shirt and jeans that fit him precisely nowhere.

“No Lily? I figured she was just sleeping like a normal person,” Remus asked, peering through the open door of James and Lily’s bedroom.

James was just putting the dishes out while Peter placed assorted baked goods on them. “Nah, she’s with her parents for the morning. She’ll meet up with you all at the match.”

“How will we find her?” Remus wondered aloud, sitting down and splitting a muffin in half for buttering.

Peter snorted. “Oh, she’ll find us.”

Remus looked around when James and Sirius snickered. “What am I missing?”

“We have a banner,” Sirius explained, nodding in the direction of something huge and red and
folded, leaning up against the wall next to the door. It definitely hadn’t been there the previous night. Peter must have brought it with him.

“You’re sure she’ll see one banner in a crowd of fans?” He asked suspiciously.

“Don’t worry about it,” Peter beamed, “She’ll see the banner.”

Talking to Peter felt just a little less comfortable than talking to the others and for a moment Remus couldn’t pinpoint why. It wasn’t until he seemed about to make a reference to their animagi forms and stopped himself. He skirted around the word “stag” quite awkwardly. Remus thought it was a wonder none of them had let this secret slip to absolutely everyone they talked to. Together the three of them possessed all the subtlety of a fireworks display. But Remus remembered then that Peter didn’t know that Remus knew this. Because Peter didn’t know his half of the secrecy. His stomach twisted.

He did it as they were finishing breakfast. Sirius and Peter were still picking at crumbs on their plates, but Remus and James had been finished for awhile. Remus attributed his lack of appetite to nerves about what he was about to do.

“Hey, Pete?” His voice felt different. It must have sounded different. James and Sirius both looked up as well. “I just wanted to mention… I haven’t told you yet… I don’t want it to be a secret anymore, not from all of you… so… I’m a werewolf.”

Peter didn’t break eye contact. He frowned, but not in a way that conveyed upset, and nodded.

“Yeah, alright. Makes sense. Pads, do you have one of those seat covers I can borrow? The stands at home pitch are a literal pain in the arse.”

Remus felt his mouth open in surprise.

“I don’t but you could borrow a pillow, does the same thing. Or you know? Just take mine and I’ll sit on Moony all night.”

“If we’re done, mind if I clear?” James hardly waited before whipping out his wand to perform the necessary charms.

Remus still had a ‘wait, stop- react to this, please!” on the tip of his tongue, but the others had moved right on from it.

“Moony?” Peter said after Remus had finally reconciled it as shock.

His head sprang up, he searched Peter’s eyes for fear or loathing. “Yes?”

“Are you still hungry? I want about half this croissant, if I take half will you have the other?” He held out the pastry in front of him.

~

Peter did acknowledge the news out loud eventually. The three of them, Peter, Sirius, and Remus, were walking across the lawn to the stands that looked to be carpeted in red. The official red of
James’ team was a different shade than the scarlet splashed throughout Sirius, Lily, and James’ flat by all the Gryffindor paraphernalia. That didn’t stop people from wearing Gryffindor shirts and hats, displaying their old house colours in support of their team.

“Do you change at the sight of the full moon, or does it just have to be in the sky for it to happen?” He asked.

Remus answered rather quieter. “It happens when the moon has risen to completion, which changes month to month.”

“There’s a joke in there somewhere about ‘rising to completion’, but I haven’t landed on it yet,” Sirius announced.

Remus turned to remark, “Alright, you let me know when that’s fully formed.”

Sirius’ eyes widened and he grinned at the innuendo.

“Okay, and is your wolf more wolf or more man? Or neither?” Peter continued.

“Wolf. Definitely more wolf.”

Peter continued asking questions - blessedly quieter once they were in the stands - nearly until the game was starting. It became apparent about ten minutes in that he was asking the questions, not really for his own assessment of danger, but for reference to how his experience compared to the sci-fi/fantasy stories of muggles. Remus found himself wondering again if his friends were even real.

The banner was, apparently, a staple at these events. Several people who saw Peter walking with it, still furled over his shoulder, called out greetings and cheers. When they finally got situated in their seats and unrolled the massive thing, it immediately rained glitter. Remus was momentarily worried that it had gotten damaged and all of the sparkles had fallen off like a muggle school project, but he quickly realized that no, the cloth was in fact producing the stuff. Peter held one end and Sirius held the other. When they waved it in preordained patterns, sparks flew out of it and dissipated in the air before them. It was a crafty bit of magic for something so trivial.

Lily found them presumably from the display of pyrotechnics and dazzle, startlingly quickly. She kissed Peter and Sirius and hugged Remus tightly around the middle.

“How were mum and dad?” Sirius asked, just completing a more intricate pattern with Pete that made the banner shoot flakes of red sparks high above them.

“Dreadful. Well, they were fine. Petunia was there. With her fiance.”

“Fiancé.” Peter repeated with rather more spite than Lily had. “This the bloke she’s been with since Christmas?”

She sagged onto the bench beneath their banner and Remus joined her. “Yes, that one. He’s dreadful. And he makes her dreadful. Or maybe he just encourages the parts of her I’d always hoped she’d grow out of. I don’t know.” She pressed her face to Remus’ shoulder and he wrapped an arm around her, vaguely amazed at how comfortable she could be with him and how comfortable he was with her. “It’s so exhausting still loving her when she just…hates me. She hates me so much and I never did anything. Not on purpose. Except…not pretend to be somebody I wasn’t.”

Remus rubbed her shoulder. “I’m really grateful for that.”

She looked up at him. “For what?”
“You not pretending. I can’t picture you ever pretending to be someone other than yourself and I don’t want to.”

She put both of her arms around him and squeezed.

Sirius leaned down to kiss his cheek. It would have been very sweet if it hadn’t caused a shower of glitter to drench Remus and Lily.

“Alright, new plan. Sirius, you sit. Or dance or cheer or something, but you’re officially off banner duty.” Sirius looked indignant and on the verge of protest. “I’m sorry, you’re just so short. It is impossible for anyone to sit under the banner if you’re the one holding it up. Now how do you do the twirly things?”

Sirius and Peter spent the next ten minutes teaching Remus some of the waving combinations to cue the sparks while the few fans that had gotten there as early as they had watched the team do their warm-ups. It was an enthusiastic group, and they commiserated and cheered even during practice. Remus kept surprising himself with his own excitement and giddiness. It kept bubbling in his chest and coming out in screams whenever everyone else screamed.

Sirius gave up pretending to be upset about losing his place as banner-waver fairly quickly. Remus very frequently felt his eyes on him and looked over to see Sirius smiling. More than once he stood on the bench to reach Remus - even tower over him by a few inches - and kiss his cheek. Remus didn’t care there were people around in those moments.

~

The match itself was fantastic. Remus hadn’t been to a Quidditch game since he was little and his dad had taken him twice. Once on his birthday and once because the Wasps were playing nearby and Lyall had really wanted to go. This was far better than those times.

He was able to follow the game well enough. And had his own reactions to eventful happenings without needing to be guided by the oohs and aahs of the crowd.

In the stands, he and Peter waved sparks and glitter onto anyone within a forty foot radius of them. Exactly nobody protested. Peter didn’t use the seat cushion Sirius had loaned him even once, too preoccupied with banner responsibilities. Sirius took turns screaming encouragement and instruction to their team and quietly clinging to Remus’ arm, giving occasional very welcome kisses. Lily and Peter talked more about the situation with her sister in between cheering, themselves.

James’ team won by a landslide. Remus would have made a sarcastic comment about the unbelievable level of enthusiasm from the crowd, but he was too busy contributing to it to do so.

Sirius climbed onto the bench and hung his arms around Remus’ neck. “Victory means celebration back at the flat with everybody. You up for it?”

Remus agreed immediately.

~
Sirius somehow managed to carry James on his shoulders all the way across the field. Remus didn’t see them cast any charms for assistance. He was baffled. But James looked very at home there, so that could not have been the first time it had happened.

When they - and everybody, which turned out to mean all of the friends Remus had met at that first party, the entire Quidditch team, and all of the friends of the teammates - reached the flat, Alice was already there setting things up with Frank. Remus shook Frank’s hand a bit awkwardly but he smiled and asked if he could try a second first impression with a hug. “I’m so much better at those, I promise.” He was right. After that it was immediately obvious why he was with Alice and why she’d spent so much time talking about him even before they’d been dating. Frank was kind in every inch of himself. His smile made it impossible not to want to smile back and he seemed to regard every word Remus - and anyone Remus saw him talking to - said with the utmost of importance. Even making small talk was so genuine and easy with him. It took Remus only three minutes to decide he and Alice would balance each other perfectly.

As more and more people filled the flat, Remus began to worry that Sirius was going to make the rounds with him as he had done at the last party. But he didn’t even bother. Remus concluded that, while these people were well trusted, enough to be let into their home, they weren’t important on the first-name level. Remus much preferred this.

He was, however, feeling vibrant enough from the game, and friendly enough with the people he did know, to seek conversation with them. He messed with Kingsley, a bit.

“I’m so sorry I couldn’t make it, but it was a good football match, right? Tell me all about it,” he requested.

Kingsley, who, like most of the friends, had not yet been made aware that Remus was a wizard, spluttered and searched for some deeply buried well of knowledge about football. “Oh, so good, Remus, you should’ve seen how we… we… kicked that thing so hard. Knocked the other team’s socks off. Really… really scored some good goals -goals?- goals, yeah. Scored some great goals against them.”

After this tremendously amusing conversation, Remus decided he’d try it on a few others.

“What’s this drink?” He’d ask, “Butterbeer, did you say? Where can I get this? I’ve never heard of it before, it’s marvelous.” Or “Oh, you went to school with Lily? What was that called again? She did tell me once before.”

He let each of them flounder for only a few moments before he came clean with them, but each one was the most entertaining thing he thought he’d ever experienced.

He was approaching Marlene to try it out on her when he was derailed. She was talking to a girl, one of the teammates. Or rather she was being spoken to. Loudly and exuberantly. Marlene looked supremely uncomfortable.

“…I told her, if I ever do transfer it’ll be to anywhere but the Sparrows! What about you, do you like the Sparrows? You seem like a Harpies girl to me, if you know what I-“

“Marls, I’m so sorry to cut in, but could I have your help in the kitchen?” Remus asked politely, hovering at Marlene’s elbow.

She excused herself curtly from the conversation and followed Remus into the quiet of the kitchen.
She stood at the sink for a moment with her hands over her face, just breathing, before turning back around to him. “Okay, look. Thank you for getting me out of there, Morgana knows I needed it, but I do not need your help. I can take care of myself.”

Remus did his best to hide his smirk at her slip of wizard terminology. “I know you can, but you don’t always have to. It’s something I’ve learned recently myself.”

She looked at him for a long moment. “Don’t leave me in here, okay?”

They sat together on the floor and talked for a long time.

Sirius eventually came looking for him and found them in there. He sat down and crossed his legs on Remus’ other side, all three of them leaning against the cabinets under the sink and counter.

“How, this okay?” He asked.

“We’re good, just chatting. It’s loud as fuck out there, I can’t hear myself sigh heavily at the monotonous sports conversation.” Marl explained.

Sirius wrapped both of his arms around one of Remus’. “Fair enough. I think you’re just talking to the wrong ones, though, some of them are really nice.”

“I hate when it’s not just us.” She admitted and slipped off her shoe to play with the heel against the kitchen floor.

“I know. I like those much better, too. This is a one night thing and we’ll do one that’s just us soon. I’m annoyed at the general lack of ridiculous dancing.”

It was another several minutes of comfortable conversation before they all decided to get up and move back into the party area. Marlene was going to find Alice or Mary and spend time with people she actually wanted to be with before it was time to pack it in. Sirius was on a dedicated mission to rectify the no-ridiculous-dancing situation with one of the Prewett brothers. Remus was sidetracked by Lily. She was standing off to the side just observing, practically beaming at her boyfriend, who was doubled over in laughter, leaning what looked like all of his weight on Peter while they talked to a few of the teammates.

“Alright there?” Remus asked her.

“I just…” She looked astounded. “I just love him so much, you know?”

Remus couldn’t help but smile. “I do know.”

“So much. I’m so proud of him. Not just for this, for everything. For doing so well at this while doing so well in Auror training, while doing so well at being the best boyfriend to me. He amazes me always and I love him.”

“He’s amazing. His whole heart goes into every single thing he does,” Remus agreed.

Eventually Marlene got her wish, at least for a little while. The crowd dwindled through the evening, down to the main group. The ones that had been at the first party. Remus made his home at the table where the pizzas they’d ordered were stationed. Mary fell asleep on the sofa until her girlfriends decided they should get her to her own bed and everyone trickled out slowly after that.
Soon everyone had gone and it was just the five of them again. Pete took Mary’s previous spot on the sofa. Remus - and one pizza box - joined him. Sirius came to sit in his lap and steal his food. Lily sat on the usually abandoned chair beside them and James perched on the arm.

“Thank you guys so much,” he sighed happily and kissed the side of Lily’s head.

“Congratulations on another great game,” she smiled up at him and they dissolved into words of love and affection while Remus swatted Sirius away from his pizza. He pouted until Remus gave in.

James was, of the five of them, clearly the most sober. He’d been too busy talking and dancing all night to have much time for drinking. Remus himself only felt vaguely fuzzy, but Peter was on the verge of passing out and Sirius was swaying lightly in his lap.

“I am knackered,” James stood and announced. “I think I’ll head to bed in a bit. Remus? Do you need a lift home?”

Remus looked at Sirius, but his eyes weren’t available for contact in a very obvious sort of way.

“Yeah, alright. Thanks, Prongs.”

Remus was only a bit worried about the averted eyes. It didn’t last long. Sirius pulled him into the kitchen for proper goodbyes which included their usual perfect hugs and several light kisses.

Hey.

Home okay?

Yeah

Okay good

Mhm

Miss you

I miss you too. Questions?

Okay

Why didn’t you ask me to stay?

Because

I’m trying to remember I can’t be selfish every time

That’s all?

Sundays are your days with your mum and I keep

Not remembering that

Sundays with mum start at breakfast

Well

Yes
So

It's still not fair of me

Just asking isn't hurting anyone

No but hearing 'no' might sting and you should be able to say no

So really, not asking was more selfish of you

I know that I can say no, and I'm capable of saying no. You just didn't want to potentially be hurt, so you made the decision for me

I'm sorry

Your turn

Are you angry with me?

No

Okay

Just really miss you

Me too

I am sorry

I know it's selfish.

Why is asking me to stay selfish? Do you think I don't want to?

No but

It's what I want, and I want it so bad I don't think I can see past that to things like you getting enough time with your mum and having enough time at home to unwind before work

It's just too much thinking about me

That's for me to worry about

You don't like people making decisions for you and thinking they know better what you need or what's good for you

I don't either

I wasn't trying to make decisions for you I was just making poor ones for me

Is Prongs anywhere near?

No, he hasn't come back yet

Give me a minute
Okay?

Found him

He was debating tomatoes with my mum

Oh

Oh that's strange

Even stranger seeing it live

Oh I bet

May I come in?

What?

I'm outside your door, I came back

You came back

James said he can apparate me again in the morning and finish his vegetable discussion

Come in come in come in

Sirius changed into the same pyjamas he’d worn the previous night with lightning speed. Or at least at normal speed. Which felt remarkable to him. Moony was coming back. To spend the night. After he’d prepared for sleeping alone. Sirius could sing.

He opened the door to Remus and James before either of them could get to the knob.

He hugged Remus so tight around the waist that one might think they hadn’t seen each other in years. Remus’ arms came around him and it didn’t matter that it had only been minutes, they felt warm, and safe, and good.

“Cute pjs, can I have some?” Remus asked.

“One more minute,” Sirius requested, tightening his grip. Remus didn’t protest.

They made their way to Sirius’ room to grab pyjamas for Remus and get into bed. Together. Sirius smiled every time the thought occurred to him. He settled into his pillow and waited for Remus to finish changing.

Once he too had slid under the covers, Sirius scooted as close as physics would allow him to and kissed Remus’ chin. “I’m really glad you came back.” He whispered.

Remus tucked his head down to kiss Sirius on the lips. “Mmm, me too.”
“Hey, I never asked you a question.” Sirius remembered.

Remus wrapped an arm around him. “Oh, you didn’t. Alright. Your turn.”

“What was your favourite part of this date-weekend?” He asked.

“Hmm,” Remus deliberated. “This. Every time it’s this. This is always my favourite.”

“This?”

“Just lying with you. Being with you. Kissing you.” He brought their lips together to prove the point. “I love all of it.”

Sirius closed his eyes with those words.
James woke them the next morning much more peacefully than he’d done the previous day. He sat on the edge of the bed and prodded their legs until they responded.

“Hey, Pete’s still asleep on the sofa in there, so I figured I could apparate you home from in here, is that alright?” He asked Remus.

“Oh, that’s fine,” Remus mumbled sleepily and sat up. “Thank you for doing it, Prongs.”

James smiled. “Of course, Moony. We always want you here. Any way I can make that happen I want to.”

Sirius tugged on Remus’ arm to draw his attention to her. “I’ll see you soon?” She asked.

“Soon. Promise. Not goodbye, just see you soon.” He bent back down to kiss her a few times before he got out of bed and James apparated him away, still wearing her pyjamas.

Not even a hello to me, just right away dragging James to her garden

Rude, Hope!

I thought so too

Has he found a new produce supplier, then?

Looks like it

I may actually eat that

It's still vegetables

Yeah but it's your vegetables

Aha you can have those, I'm gonna enjoy these scones instead

Noooooo she made scones????

Mmmmmhm

What kind?

Same as you had last time

I'm drooling

Dog

Woof

I'll send some via deer
Yessssss
You're the best
I know
<3
Will they eeeeeever be done
Probably not
Hmph
Good luck with that
Thank you
My pillow smells like Remus
Oh
I love it
I'm really glad I came back last night
Me too
So glad
I'm sorry I was a mess
I'm sorry I caused the mess
What
You didn't
Did
I don't think you did
And we're okay?
I think we're more than okay.
Okay
Right?
Yes.
Good
I really really like you

I really really like you too

And waking up with you, even if you drooled all over me

Oi

My shirt is still wet

I'm sorry!

I'm sure I'll repay you sometime

You have my permission

Why thank you

You're welcome

Mhm

Oh they seem to be done

Yaaaay

You know this means I'll stop texting, right?

Oh

Yeah that's true

I'll be okay

You get James back

With scones

Yessssss true

Enjdskaljdks

Enjoy

?????

Prongs hug?

Yes

Aww

Talk to you later?

Yes, have fun, tell Hope I miss her
Do I haaaaaave to

Yes

Have a good day

Thank you

<3

<3

Tell Remus I miss him too

I'm saving a scone for Reg

Because they're coming

Here

To live here

With me

When??

Hi, good evening

Tomorrow tomorrow tomorrow tomorrow tomorrow

We're picking them up from 9 3/4 in the evening

Ahhh!!!

Yes!

I'm happy for you

For you both

Me too

And excited and nervous and scared

They probably are too

Yes
But it's gonna be okay, you'll be alright

We will

Can't wait to meet them

They're going to love you

And you them

It's going to be good

Well yes, they actually like chess, unlike some people

Normal people. The word you're looking for is 'normal'.

Oh ooooh, are you saying you're normal?

What happened to 'I don't like normal, normal is boring'??

Hmmm true

Ha!

Hmph

Moony 10

Ten????

Yes

When did that happen???

When I lost count and ran out of chocolate

I'm on it

Or James will be

Thank you you're the best

Very true

How was your day, date friend?

It was nice

Getting things ready for tomorrow

Good, nice. I missed you.

I miss you like a lot

Here now
We were moving all my things and everything smells like you and I just miss you

I miss you too

I like having you

That's good

Especially because I plan to stick around for quite a while

Promise?

I promise.

Thank you

<3

What colour for their sheets, do you think?

Hmm

Light blue

Okay

Yes

Good

Don't overthink things

Can't help it

Maybe try to go to sleep?

I can try

You should call

Yes please

"Hi."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"Questions?"

"Mhm, you go."

"What's one really nice thing that happened with your mum today?"
"When we had tea outside in the garden and talked about all of you."

"Oooh, what did you say?"

"Just how comfortable I am with you, and how it's nice to have people I feel like I can trust."

"I love those things, yes!"

"Mmm. She's really happy for me."

"That's really good."

"Yeah."

"Your turn."

"What's the platform like?"

"Like every other platform, but secluded and more people are wearing robes and cloaks."

"And the train?"

"It's... Do you want to see it?"

"Always wanted to, yeah."

"I mean do you want to? Tomorrow?"

"What, come with you?"

"Yeah. Jamie could pick you up."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"You wouldn't mind, it wouldn't be me interfering? This is about Reg."

"It wouldn't be interfering. It's still about picking Reg up, but it doesn't have to be all about them. They don't love attention in that amount anyway, I don't think."

"And you'd be okay with me there?"

"I want you there."

"Okay. Okay, then yes."

"I will never not be completely thrilled that I get to see you, will I?"

"I hope not."

"It always feels like it did the first time. My toes are tingling."
"Cute."

"Mmm. I get to see you tomorrow."

"You do."

"And you're going to meet Reg. Is that part okay?"

"I- Yeah."

"You can still say no."

"I really want to meet them. Just... Will they be okay with me?"

"Of course they will, you're both nerds, you'll get along fine. They've... Heard a fair bit about you from James and me."

"Right, yeah, but what about the half-blood half-breed thing?"

"They're coming home with us to escape the values of people who think that's a problem."

"It can be hard to unlearn some things."

"But they will."

"Okay."

"They're used to unlearning."

"They could still not agree with this."

"Why?"

"There's plenty of good people on the wrong side of the werewolf debate."

"There's no debate, though. You're Remus. Indisputably. They'll see that."

"Okay, but... I don't know."

"There's nothing to disagree on."

"...Is the fact that I'm Remus the only reason why you accept this?"

"Well that depends on how you mean that. If you think I'd be any less accepting of anyone else then you're wrong. I just mean, you are the person you are."

"I don't think anything, I'm just asking. Is the opinion werewolves are bad, but I know one and that one specific one is okay, so we can overlook that in him?"

"No. The opinion is that this thing that happens to you doesn't define you."

"Right."
"What did I say? I want to understand."

"I don't know. I don't know, it just still feels like... Look, I don't like being a werewolf. It sucks, I wish I wasn't. But I am. There's no twisting that fact."

"I would never say you aren't."

"But your reaction to, say, 'werewolves are dangerous' is 'you're Remus, you're not dangerous', not 'no, they aren't'."

"Oh. Okay. Okay, you're right. I want to know more."

"I'm here with answers."

"I don't have any danger feelings about you. Is that wrong for any reason? Should I think otherwise? Are you dangerous when it's not the full moon?"

"No."

"Okay. And what kind of dangerous are you when that is happening?"

"The murder kind."

"Like the murder for fun kind or the murder for food kind?"

"Well I wouldn't say for fun. But yeah, mostly that."

"Okay, so not like an actual, non-magical creature wolf."

"No, not the same. Werewolf, not wolf. Will eat squirrels, though."

"Oh, I did that! I ate a squirrel when I was still learning how to control Padfoot's instincts and I had all the regrets. Indigestion for two days and I swore there was fur in my throat for a week."

"I did when dad didn't make the spells strong enough, so I got out. Luckily just went for the forest, not the village. It was one of the better transformations for me physically, but I never hated myself more. After that I had to spend the moons at Mungo's. And I didn't eat meat for maybe half a year, I think I mentioned that once? When mum's vegetable stew became my favourite."

"Ohhh, that explains that. Is that the only thing you've ever eaten?"

"Yeah. I put more effort in the protective spells than dad ever did."

"Where do you go for it, then?"

"There's an abandoned shack about a mile into the woods."

"You change in an old shack? Alone?"

"Yeah."

"But you're in a lot of pain before, aren't you?"
"Quite a bit, yeah."

"But you’re not dangerous until the actual transformation takes place, right? Why do you go alone?"

"I don’t like mum seeing me in pain."

"But... Okay. But is there a reason why not someone else?"

"I don’t want to bother Alice. And I don’t want dad."

"You don’t want to bother Alice. Moony, you’re in pain and alone once a month and you don’t want to BOTHER Alice?"

"She already helps at Mungo’s. And the moon rises at different times, sometimes it’s still day, sometimes it’s middle of the night, sometimes it’s early morning."

"I need you to know- and I don’t think you do know, and I don’t want you to get upset, but I need you to know how worth effort you are. Nudging a schedule aside here and there is the least of everything you deserve, Remus."

"I’m used to doing it alone. I’m just happy I don’t have to go to Mungo’s anymore."

"You used to go before, too?"

"From when I got out that one time til I was of age and could decide for myself. Dad couldn’t be bothered anymore, so he took me there for the transformations."

"Oh. And that was a bad experience?"

"They put me in a completely empty room. Nothing to break but myself."

"Oh."

"Yeah. And next day they came to check on me whenever someone would remember. And gave me wrong potions, and just...were not very nice."

"I’m...really glad it’s not like that anymore."

"Hey. I’m okay."

"You are. I know you are. So much more than okay."

"Mhm."

"Too many questions for one night?"

"I’m okay, but if you don’t want to hear about it I understand."

"No, I like this. I like understanding."

"Okay then."

"Your scars?"
"There's one on my knee from when I fell when I was four, and didn't let my dad heal me with magic, because all my friends had bruises and scratches from playing except for me. And the rest are all from me."

"From you? Not like you cut yourself on things around you?"

"I get those too, but those wounds can be healed. The ones that stay are from me."

"Okay."

"..."

"Can you remember after?"

"No."

"Is it like being asleep?"

"Not quite."

"Can you describe it?"

"It's like I'm sort of there, but not in control. And there are parts when I'm completely gone. I heard dad say once that if you submit to it, you can have more control. That it's like you're one, and you share the mind. That's why Greyback can remember everything he did, and could remember what he wanted to do while he was transformed."

"Greyback."

"Yeah."

"Greyback the... Fenrir Greyback?"

"Wh- You know him, why do you know him?"

"You do? He's... I've never met him but he's an old Black family friend."

"He's..."

"Did he...?"

"Yeah."

"Oh."

"..."

"I'm... I'm really s-orry."

"No, hey, I'm okay, remember?"

"Mhm, mhm."

"You should go find a hug."
"Ookay."

"This is the part where I'd send you a heart if we were texting."

"Can I hug you extra tomorrow?"

"Please."

"Okay."

"Hi, what are you- what's wrong?"

"Nothing, just hug."

"Hi, James."

"Hey, Moony. You two okay?"

"Yeah, just a bit...overwhelmed with some information."

"Oh? Okay. I'm here."

"Werewolf trivia."

"Ahh, got it. Love, do you want to talk?"

"I'm okay."

"..."

"Moony, do you want to talk?"

"Yes, would you be okay with coming to get me tomorrow? It's sort of been decided that I'm coming with you to get Reg."

"Oh you're coming! Yes! I'll be there after training tomorrow anyway, your mum has some greens for me."

"My- of course, of course she does."

"Speaking of which, what can I do in return? She won't let me pay her."

"Good."

"Moony!"

"Friends don't pay for vegetables from our garden."

"But I'm just taking your delicious food!"

"We have enough."

"Well... Fine. Okay, so I'll just take you with me when I come?"

"Works for me."
"Excellent. Oh it’s gonna be such a great day."

"It is."

"You really think?"

"Absolutely. We get Reg AND Remus tomorrow, all in one day, it's going to be so good."

"Lots of hugs."

"So many hugs!"

"I like hugs."

"We know."

"Think you're okay now?"

"Mmm."

"Want to stay here anyway?"

"Nah, last night in my bed."

"Okay. Sweet dreams, then. And you too, Best Friend."

"Night night. You too. Moony, we're going back to my room."

"Night, James."

"Thanks for asking him, I was going to once I could talk properly again."

"No problem."

"Sorry I broke down like that."

"It's a lot."

"I don't want you to not tell me things."

"Because I'd think it'd be too much? I won't do that, if you'll ask, I'll answer."

"Thank you."

"Don't want to keep things to myself."

"You don't have to. And if there's something on your mind I want you to talk to me about it if you're comfortable."

"I will."

"Thank you."

"I think I'm gonna fall asleep in the next ten seconds."
"Sleep well, my Moony."

"Oh."

"..."

"Sounded nice, say it again."

"Mmm my Moony."

"G'night."

"Night night."
Good morning, sunshine

Good morning!

Slept okay?

Not particularly but there's too much energy in my anyway

Okay, acceptable then

You?

Didn't sleep too well, but then I woke up and remembered I get to see you today. So I'm happy.

I'm very happy

A bit because of me?

A lot because of you

Tea?

Something sweet

Maybe plum

Mm okay

Yesss

Work today?

Yes and it's one of those very rare occasions where I don't actually want to

<3 Hope it goes by quickly

Thank you

Have fun with yours <3

Will try

Did you?

Ish
Hmmm

Kept busy

Okay then

You?

I got to play with the colours

Oh that's good!

Yesss

When can I come see?

He usually comes home a bit after I do when he doesn't stop anywhere else first

What

Oh, no, not that

I meant when can I come see you at work?

Oh!

Well the only problem is how neatly you arranged your work schedule to fit inside mine

I can survive another morning shift

Then whenever you want to do that

Okay!

:)

I'm really excited, I can't wait

I am too

I'm excited for

All of it

Me too me too!

Do I have to take off the gold before I kiss you?

Nope, gold is fine

Okay

I really like when you do that
Hmm?

Kiss me

I like when I do that too

You like kissing your boyfriend and your boyfriend is me

Yes, yes that is true

I'm smiling

Grinning

Good

Because the gold is called Happiness

That works amazingly well, because I'm incredibly happy right now

It's an apt name

I get to see you in a few hours and I get to meet Reg and I get to see the platform, which is probably gonna be underwhelming and therefore perfect

It's just a train. You've seen trains. I'm far more interesting.

Exactly.

And Reg will be interesting and blah blah blah

I get to see you soon

So soon!

Really really soon

Yessss

I have to change

Oh, good luck! <3

Thank you!

Prongs is here

Tell him I say hey ;)

He didn't trip when I winked, so this confirms that you're just clumsy

He got a Remus-wink?!
Just giving him your message

Not fair

It was technically your wink

Yes but it came from your winky face

You have a really great face for that

James agrees

How did he not trip????

Well he was sitting down at the time

I guarantee that is the only reason

Sure, sure

Guarantee

Suuure

I'm thinking about it too much, I had to sit down

Loser

Yeah but you're dating me, so what does that say about you, really?

That I really like you

Awww

Hey hey hey

Yes?

We're coming

Yessss!

If you want to come open the door and kiss me I'd be okay with that

The door opened and Remus was immediately under siege of kisses.

“Thank you… Thank you… Thank you… For coming… This is going to be so good!” Sirius’ lips were all over his face. He couldn’t help but smile.

“Hello to you, too, can I come in, please?” Sirius pulled him in and James walked in after them.

“Oi, pardon, Miss, only Moony gets kisses?” James huffed indignantly. “I just got home, too, you know.”
Sirius didn’t let go of Remus’ shirt, but leaned over to kiss James on the cheek. He beamed happily and Remus caught the shimmering gold of Sirius’ lipstick imprinted on his dark cheek. He looked down to Sirius and the only word he could think of to describe her was glowing. The promised lipstick lit up her whole face. She seemed to have used that same colour and also a light, shimmering green in careful, thin lines over her eyelids along her lashes. Remus was struck by the fact that this gorgeous person chose - and continued to choose - him. He kissed her properly on her gilded lips.

She hummed happily and pulled him over to the sofa. “Come, welcome to my new bedroom!” she announced.

He sat on the sofa with her and for several minutes they just cuddled and chatted about their work days in more depth than they had. Then Sirius looked over at the digital clock on the tv and fidgeted.

Remus sensed the dip in mood and pulled her close. “Alright, Buttercup?”

Sirius smiled at the name, but still looked scared. Her tongue traced the ring on her lip while she considered how to phrase her concerns. “What if something goes wrong?”

Remus took her hand in his and pressed the tips of their fingers together. “Nothing is going to go wrong. You know where we’re going, we know where to find them, we know where we’re coming after. Nothing bad is going to happen between here and there and here again.”

Sirius shifted uneasily and focused her attention on their fingertips. “But what if they’ve changed their mind.”

“They haven’t changed their mind. They know what they want, they’re making the right decisions for themself now. They want to be here with you, with us.”

Sirius dropped her hand and her eyes. “But what if they meet someone at the station who convinces them otherwise. What if one of our cousins intervenes. Oh, Merlin, what if one of them is suspicious and has tipped off my parents and they’re there waiting for us? What if-”

James came around the corner into the sitting area to see what was wrong just as the first tears hit her cheeks. He sat on the sofa with them, crossing his legs to face Sirius as Remus pulled her into his lap and put comforting arms around her middle.

“Listen, Sirius, you know that won’t happen. Walburga and Orion would never want a scene like that. If they’ve found out Reg is leaving the family they’ll want to handle it with as much distance and dignity as possible, that’s how they operate. Not ambushes and public airing of family laundry.” James assured her while Remus rocked her lightly back and forth. She’d stopped crying but her muscles were still tense.

“What if they realized they don’t want… this?” She asked, voice strained.

Remus kissed her cheek. James put a hand on her knee. Remus let him continue the verbal reassurance as he knew more about Sirius’ family and had at least met Reg. “You mean what if they don’t want you. They’re choosing you, Sirius. They’ve chosen you. They do not hate, dislike, or resent you in any way like you used to think they did.

They’re choosing a life with you in it. This is good. They’re turning their life around and they came to you for help doing it.

It was a few more minutes before Sirius was completely calm again. A few minutes of James saying just the right words in just the right gentle tone; a few minutes of Remus muttering “Just breath, Pads. It’s gonna be okay.” She sagged into Remus’ arms when she was finally comfortable enough.
Unfortunately, taking the extra time to relax Sirius meant that they were running just behind schedule. It was decided that, rather than risk being late, they would take the tube. None of them were normally very keen on it, but with Remus there, James and Sirius weren’t very worried about messing up. He knew how to work all the necessary machines. And with Sirius and James there, Remus could survive the crowd. And anyway it was only a few stations on the Northern Line - which Sirius found hilarious. “It’s the black one, it’s very fitting.”

Remus had passed the wall that led to Platform 9 3/4 many times before, both on purpose and by accident. Standing in front of it with the very real intent to pass through it was an entirely surreal experience. He’d wished so many times to go through, just to see what it was like. Standing before it, unknowing for the last time, he had a brief moment of clarity. It was a little sad, in a way, that the mystery was about to come to an end. Right now, what was on the other side of the barrier was anything. Magical in a way he’d never understood. But as Sirius had said, the Hogwarts Express was just a train.

He passed through like passing through a doorway. He expected to feel at least a surface tension of magic, if not the cold brick of the wall. But then he was on the platform and everything was there before him.

There were definitely more witches and wizards here than he’d seen in any place outside of Diagon Alley. Many of them must have apparated right onto the platform, because he couldn’t imagine all of their brightly colored cloaks and hats blending with the crowds of the station he’d just left behind. But this was the only thing that separated the two worlds.

The Hogwarts Express had already pulled into the station, most people waiting around excitedly in anticipation of seeing their loved ones again. It felt older and brighter than the trains he was used to, but even with that in mind, Sirius wasn’t wrong. The Express was just a train. And Platform 9 3/4 was just a platform. And after the very first moment of observation, Remus realized that he was more excited about meeting Sirius’ sibling than anything else.

~

Reg was the very first one off of the train. James had said before that there shouldn’t be too many people around because this trip would be made by the students exiting their final year alone, but even so, they were off long before anyone else. They held their trunk close to themself and looked around with eyes that widened with every second. By the time their eyes reached the spot where James, Sirius, and Remus were standing, Remus recognized it as panic. But Sirius waved and Reg’s eyes finally found hers. The panic dissipated immediately and they picked up their trunk to run over to the trio.

They stood in front of Sirius for a moment - just long enough to make it awkward - before they moved in for a hug. James allowed for no such discomfort, bringing his own hug to Reg before they had to make the decision. Remus wasn’t sure what to do. Reg approached him and held out a hand. Remus swallowed hard to avoid laughing at the absurdity.

“You must be Remus. It’s a pleasure to meet you,” they smiled. Their hands were soft like Sirius’ but
the handshake was surprisingly firm. Remus needed to be granted sainthood or something for not laughing at all of this.

“It’s very good to meet you as well, Reg.” He managed, somehow, without cracking up.

Reg turned back to Sirius. “We need to go. Now.” The fear wasn’t back in their eyes but it was definitely in their voice.

Sirius nodded. “They should be taking their time getting off, but all the same, we should—”

“She was already on her way to grab her trunk when I was stepping off. They won’t be long at all.”

Remus didn’t see Sirius move, but there were suddenly fingers wrapped around his, squeezing.

James looked at her. “Think you’ll be alright to apparate since it’s only a bit away?” He asked.

She nodded. “It’ll only suck for a bit. Can you take Moony, though?”

James looked at Remus, who nodded his consent.

Then the hand was gone, replaced by James’. His was larger and not quite as warm. Nowhere near as soft. It felt safe and strong.

“Ready?” James asked. Sirius smiled at him before she spun and vanished.

“Ready.”

~

When Remus and James landed outside the door to the flat, Sirius and Reg were already there. Reg looked sympathetic and vaguely concerned. Sirius was leaning up against the floral wallpaper next to the door, palms pressing into her closed eyes. Remus put his arm around her waist to lead her inside.

After a few minutes and a glass of chilled water, Sirius was up and about, though Remus caught her putting pressure on her forehead and wincing occasionally through the evening. She showed Reg their new room, where she made space for them and all of their stuff. Reg thanked her relentlessly.

“If you’d rather I move the rest of my things out, I can move it all out, it’s not a probl—”

“No, no. You could leave your stuff here. And maybe sometimes I could just sit while you paint? Or we can talk while we get dressed like we…” Reg trailed off, but nobody doubted that the next words were going to be something to the effect of ‘used to’.

Remus thought Sirius might cry for a moment. She held Reg’s eyes and asked them, “Remember when we asked if we could share a room?”

“Mum shouted and called us all sorts of…”

“Yeah, she didn’t want me to influence you too much.”

“I did.” Remus and James hung in the doorway, unable to look away from the siblings long enough to give them the privacy they probably should have. “I wanted you to and you still did. I always looked up to you, even later in school.”

Sirius frowned. Of all the many beautiful expressions Remus had seen on that face, he’d never witnessed the lines around her mouth creased quite so far down. It aged her face several years. “You
ignored me in school.”

“I was stupid and scared, but I always wished I could be more like you. Whenever I had to make a decision that actually mattered, I always asked myself what you would tell me to do. It helped me be braver.”

“Reg, look what you did. Look where you are. You’re plenty brave all on your own.”

Remus felt a hand on his arm and he and James backed quietly out of the room to re-confer in the kitchen.

James set about making dinner - mostly heating up leftover soup on the stove-top and cutting vegetables for a salad. Remus sliced bread while he did so and they talked. James asked him what he thought of the platform and Remus was completely honest about his feelings.

“That’s really the most logical thing. It feels special to me because we made it special. It’s where I met Sirius and Peter and where I saw Lily the very first time. But those memories are the magical things, not the place and not the train. Just like someday when we’re moving on from this place it’ll be magical, because we stood in this kitchen and talked like this.”

Remus didn’t trust his voice to work at that moment, but he was saved the trouble by the arrival of Lily, who immediately came in to help get things ready for dinner.

All in all, Sirius and Reg didn’t spend a terribly long time alone. It seemed they still needed a bit of a buffer for conversation. Remus knew they’d get better at it over time.

They sat at the table to eat. Remus was tempted to laugh at the formality, but if it made Reg more comfortable, then it was worth it and he resisted temptation.

Sirius had no such consideration. About halfway through the meal she kicked her sibling under the table. “Reggie, I dare you to say something with food in your mouth.”

Reg, who was just placing their napkin back in their lap, looked horrified. “What? No! I couldn’t.”

Sirius took a rather large fork full of salad. “I’s fiiiine.”

James followed her lead with a mouth full of soup. Remus and Lily joined them so that everyone was garbling words over mouthfuls of dinner. Reg was in a nervous fit of giggles by the time they picked up a slice of bread and nibbled off the end before saying “I can’t believe this is the influence you have over me.”

James swallowed his soup just in time to not spit it everywhere. They all found laughing with food in their mouths infinitely more trying than speaking.

“Oh, Merlin, oh wow.” Reg laughed into their napkin.

~

After dinner, Reg excused themself to go unpack in their new room, leaving the rest behind to talk amongst themselves. Remus asked Lily about her day while Sirius put the gold colour she’d gotten from work on James’ lips. There was much scuffling. Apparently James was notoriously bad at
sitting still for makeovers.

Lily told Remus, “Sometime when I’m sufficiently drunk enough to discuss the pain, ask me about The Great Contour Disaster of seventh year. I still have scars. Emotional ones.” Both Lily and Sirius looked disturbingly somber as she spoke.

Remus silently vowed to try to never bring up The Great Contour Disaster of seventh year.

Eventually, James and Lily retired to their room as well. They gave a round of hugs and left Sirius and Remus to start strategizing how best to arrange Sirius’ new “bedroom”.

“Move the coffee table against the wall next to the television, scoot the chair over, and just expand the sofa to a reasonable bed size?” Remus suggested, looking at the alcove of space they had to work with.

“Yes, do that. I’m going back in for one more round of hugs because I need them.” Sirius stretched to kiss Remus’ cheek before disappearing across the room, into James and Lily’s room. Remus set about rearranging the furniture.

By the time Sirius returned - and ducked into Reg’s room to get herself and Remus both some pyjamas - Remus was setting out the pillows. He’d covered the vast cushions with a bed sheet to make it feel more authentic.

They changed, Sirius into a knee-length night Kinks shirt and Remus into a plain red shirt and flannel bottoms, with one light still on. Even after everything, Remus still found himself a little amazed that he was so comfortable in Sirius’ presence.

“It went well, right?” Sirius asked, hopping onto the bed and arranging the pillows as she pleased.

Remus climbed on more carefully and didn’t stop until his body was tucked behind hers. He pulled her backwards between his legs so that she could lie against his chest. She’d been rubbing her head all evening, still visibly disturbed by the apparition earlier. Presently, Remus placed very gentle fingertips to her temples and massaged very light, very slow circles. She relaxed a bit in his arms. “It was brilliant, Pads. They’re gonna be okay. They’re here now. You don’t have to worry so much anymore. They’re with you. They’re safe.” he assured her, interchanging some of his soothing circles with small kisses.

“But what if-”

“They like it here.” Remus continued. “They’re staying. They don’t want to go back, you heard them. Trust them and trust me.”

“I do trust you both.” Sirius nodded and melted a bit further into his chest.

She was quiet for a few moments and Remus didn’t break the silence with anything but the sound of his occasional kisses on various parts of her head.

“Moony?”

“Mhm?”

“Thank you.”

This time he placed the kiss on her cheek. “You’re very very welcome. Want to get under the covers and do questions before sleep?”
She nodded and they spread out the blanket in order to tuck themselves into it. She immediately climbed nearly on top of him, half of her limbs and most of her torso draped over him so comfortably. “You first,” she requested.

Remus brushed her hair back over her forehead. “Okay. What was it like your first time on The Express?”

Sirius’ face hardened for a moment while she thought. “Oh. Well, Mum and Dad both went. It’s tradition and all. And a bunch of the aunts and uncles and cousins were there, too. So… Not good. It wasn’t nice or magical at all to me my first time. Not at first, anyway. Dad gave me a talking to before I got on the train. He said that when the hat was put on my head, I needed to think of them. Of him and mum and of the entire Black family, think of their names and of the stupid tapestry, and think of family and tradition. That… He said I’d been bad. Or at least that’s how I remember it. He said I’d been bad, but that Slytherin House would turn me around in no time, and by the time I got back home for the summer, I’d be a part of the family like nothing had ever been wrong. And I didn’t want to go. I didn’t want to go to school at all. I had to keep telling myself that it meant I didn’t have to be home anymore and I didn’t have to see the tutors anymore, but… Reg tried to hug me goodbye and Mum hit them in the head. And the thought of leaving them behind alone was…

“So by the time I got on the train I was miserable. I sat in a compartment with a few other people who didn’t seem to know each other. We were all just quiet the whole time. I sat up straight and looked out the window and watched the hills roll by, and imagined interesting things were happening on them. It was only ever grass, but I always did that. And toward the end of the ride, James came into the compartment and asked if someone had died. Everyone else seemed pretty annoyed at him, but the silence was killing me, so I followed him out when he left and we roamed around the train together instead of sitting still in one compartment.

“We met Wormy at the Gryffindor Table later on that night at the feast after the sorting ceremony and were ecstatic when we got the room together. I was so happy with them both, I forgot completely until I laid down that I wasn’t supposed to be there. I mean, I remembered during the sorting itself, I was half relieved half scared out of my mind. The whole first few weeks were rough, like that. Figuring out where I belonged and not feeling like I should belong anywhere. But Pete and James always made that go away just by being around.”

She shook herself out of the memory. “Oh, sorry. That was a bit beyond the question.”

Remus snorted. “Oh, yeah, like I mind you talking so much. Thank you for telling me.”

Sirius kissed his nose. “My turn?”

“Yes.”

“I want to write it.”

Remus raised an eyebrow, but began looking around for a quill or a pen.

“No, no, no. I want to write it.” She said, as if this should clarify.

She took her wand out and held her palm open to Remus. “Arm please?”

“Oh,” he understood. He held out the arm with the tattoo on it to her.

She placed her wand gently against his skin. He didn’t look while she wrote, but it only took a second to do anyway. When she’d pulled away, Remus finally looked down.
Kiss me?

It was right there on his arm. In Sirius’ tidy handwriting.

“Yes, please,” he smiled and waited for her to bring her lips to his.

It was quite a while before either of them was feeling sleepy enough to stop.

Remus woke up to the sound of the front door closing, much nearer than he was expecting it to be. It took a moment for him to remember where he was sleeping.

His head was about to hit the pillow again when Lily swam into his vision. “Hey, love. That was James heading to training. I’m going out now, too, going to try to find a summer job, but I’ll be back with plenty of time to take you to work, I promise.” Her voice was soft, which Remus appreciated greatly. His ears weren’t ready for anything above a whisper this early in the morning.

“Thank you,” he managed before unconsciousness overcame him again.

~

The next time Remus woke, it was to a soft, warm hand on his arm, alternating between pushing his shoulder and tugging on his pyjama shirt. “Moony,” Sirius sounded seconds away from a whimper.

Remus sat up at once. “’S wrong?” he asked.

“I’m sorry, I- I was worried Reg was going to wake up and then you’d be asleep and it would be just us. So if they come out, what do I do? Do I say something? Do I invite them out now? Should I offer them breakfast, or just make breakfast and see if they want some? I should have said yes when Prongs offered to take the day off, I don’t know what I’m doing. Moony what if they realize they don’t want to b-”

Remus moved the pillows around to get comfortable with his back against the wall and pulled her into his arms. “I’m here. You’re doing perfectly fine. When they come out, we’ll see how it goes. They’ve been here before, remember? They’ll come out when they feel like coming out, and we’ll all have a good day from there.”

Sirius nodded. “What time do you have to leave?”

Remus didn’t even need to think about it. “I don’t.” She looked rightfully confused. “I’m suddenly feeling very ill. So ill. Far too ill to go to work.”

Sirius did not protest much. She didn’t actually protest at all, except to ask if Remus was sure this was okay. She sat between his legs, playing with a thread in the seam of his bottoms while he texted Lily to tell her she doesn’t have to hurry, and called the shop and said he couldn’t possibly come into work today, and that he’d almost certainly be better by tomorrow.

~
As it happened, Remus was wrong. Hours passed and Reg’s door remained closed. Remus and Sirius transfigured the bed back into a sofa, made breakfast, ate breakfast, rearranged all of the furniture in Lily and James’ room, and laid out on the floor together talking and talking and talking. Reg finally emerged at around half past noon.

They ran past them, through the kitchen, and to the loo so fast neither Sirius nor Remus had time to greet them. Sirius, who was lying fully on top of Remus’s body, looked down at him, eyes full of questions. They came out a few moments later.

“I do believe I’ve missed breakfast, but are there provisions for lunch?” They asked upon return. Sirius sat up quickly, leaving Remus’ chest awfully cold with the loss of body heat.

“‘Provisions’? Great Merlin, Reggie, where do you think you are?” Remus felt the moment when all of the tension left Sirius’ body. She felt about a hundred times lighter and her laughter filled his ears. He delighted in it. Reg’s ridiculousness seemed to put her own absurdity into perspective for her.

There were no ‘provisions’ that met whatever Sirius’ criteria for lunch were. They left the house with no particular destination besides food.

While they walked, Sirius left her hand in Remus’ and kept up an ongoing spewing of muggle facts about the places they passed. Remus kept up a steady spewing of corrections to her ‘facts’. Reg didn’t seem to mind either of these things, even though they’d been down this street enough times to navigate it on their own at this point.

They debated - amongst themselves - bringing Reg to a McDonald’s for lunch, but eventually they decided to take pity on them. There was enough new for one day, they’d save eating-without-cutlery for another time.

They found a nice cozy restaurant Sirius had only eaten at once before but had enjoyed and took seats outside. Remus took Sirius’ jacket off of the back of her chair and shrugged into it. Sirius didn’t stop speaking to protest, but she smiled and moved her leg closer to his under the table.

Eventually it stopped being all about Sirius talking and Reg listening and Remus occasionally butting in. Remus found that, once Reg relaxed a bit, they were quite good company. He found himself talking directly to them more and more throughout the afternoon, and they began speaking specifically to him as well. He felt a little thrill whenever they made eye contact - not like when he felt immediately warm and adored when that happened with Sirius - but there was a certain amount of trust in Reg’s eyes. Remus was certain they didn’t offer eyes and smiles very readily and there was something very special about receiving them.

They walked around after the restaurant until Peter called Sirius to say he was at the flat.

It was even easier with Peter there. He engaged topics that he knew Reg was interested in and gave Remus time to pull Sirius closer and play with the ends of her hair while they talked.

When Lily came home to join them, she brought Marlene and dinner with her. Remus felt another moment of blessed pride when Marlene made a bee-line for him, taking the spot on the floor beside Remus without a word. He swore she almost smiled at him.

Once James arrived, they all ate sitting around either on the sofa or on the floor, the television on at a low volume in the background, playing some show nobody was watching. Reg was the first to get
up and leave, excusing themself to their room.

“Should I go after them, do you think something’s wrong?” Sirius asked, playing with his (pronouns having changed midway through dinner) lip ring.

Everyone assured him that no, this was good, it was normal.

James scooted over to sit next to Sirius now that Reg had gone. “It’s a positive that they feel comfortable enough to know they can walk away, right? There were a lot of times when they were here before that they didn’t do that and they should have been able to. It’s good.”

“They just got back from school,” Mar pointed out, “I slept for three days before I showed my face after our last day. Let them be.”

She and Pete left about awhile later when Lily decided it was time for bed, and everyone filtered out of the living room area. Remus expanded - and cast a quick Scourgify on - the sofa while Sirius retrieved last night’s pyjamas from the cupboard in the bathroom where he’d left them that morning.

“Questions, me first.” Sirius insisted.

“Go right ahead,” Remus kneeled on the bed to climb over to his side and get comfortable.

“What do you think of Reg now that you’ve had some time with them.”

Remus could have seen that question coming from three leagues away. “I think they’re wonderful. Clever and witty when they don’t mean to be. And I think that if this is what they’re like on an anxious day-one, I can’t wait for weeks and months from now when they’ll be fully themself with me.”

Sirius beamed. “Thank you. They seemed to really like you. And you’re right, it’ll only get better from here.”

Remus kissed his forehead. “My turn?”

“Oh, yes.”

“What are you most worried about?”

Sirius didn’t answer for a long moment. “I’m worried this place… I’m worried I won’t be enough to keep them from going back. It’s giving up a lot to be here, not just material things. They’ve lived with only Mum and Dad’s approval as motivation for so long, and old habits die hard. And I know they’ve made it this far, and they haven’t wavered and all, but it’s real now. I’m worried they’re going to miss their old life and I won’t be enough to stop them from staying here.”

Remus pulled Sirius right up against him. “That was a lot of honesty. Thank you.”

“You don’t think it’s stupid?” he asked.

“I think it’s not going to happen,” Remus admitted, “But I don’t think the fear is stupid. I think that’s very natural, and it’s okay to be worried. But you’ll see in the long run, they’re committed to this. They’re not going anywhere. I really believe that.”

They didn’t use a lot of words after that. Sirius clung onto Remus’ waist for comfort until he fell asleep. Remus didn’t let go, even when he did, too.
“PADFOOT.” Sirius was startled awake by James, or rather, James’ face just a wand’s length from the end of his nose.

“Yes, Prongs?” Sirius stretched himself awake. He heard a soft “fucking hell” muffled by a pillow beside him.

“You have to try this smoothie. I made it entirely out of vegetables grown by Hope! It’s so good, it’s a masterpiece, it’s the best I’ve ever accomplished, try it, try it, try it!” At some point, James had managed to climb up on the bed and had both knees practically under Sirius’ thigh, waving the disturbingly green glass in front of Sirius. Most of James’ smoothies were green in colour, but this one still appeared to be growing out of the ground.

“If I try it, will you let my boyfriend sleep?” Sirius asked. He felt a nose nudge his shoulder. James paused a moment to look at Remus’ not-quite-sleeping form. “I can make no promises.”

Sirius sighed and sat up. “Gimme.”

“Yessss.” James handed him the drink and he sipped it cautiously. He couldn’t say it was good per se. But it tasted fresh and alive. It certainly had more character than most of James’ other concoctions.

“I’m not kissing that,” Remus warned, face finally free of pillow.

Sirius thrust the glass back to James quickly. “Gross as ever, Prongs.”

“Is not! This is a work of art, Moony, try this.”

“Not on my life,” he scoffed, “But enjoy it, I’m sure it’s great.”

James stuck his tongue out at Sirius. “At least someone loves me.”

It took another fifteen minutes to shoosh James from the room, but that was on account of nobody trying very hard. Remus made dramatic gagging noises every time he sipped the smoothie in their presence. But it was Tuesday, and eventually he had to go to training. It was becoming more and more grueling as time went on. Lily and Sirius were generally horrified by the amount of physical energy James was putting into his work, but he never complained about it.

James offered to take Remus home during his lunch break so that he could sleep in and spend some more time with Reg. Remus eagerly took him up on this. Sirius said his reluctant goodbyes when he had to leave for work, trying and failing to not get caught up in goodbye-kisses. He was nearly late, running out of the house, but he managed to remember to tell Remus, “If you’re looking for something to do, there’s an old wizard-chess set in the hutch behind the table,” and steal just one more kiss before he had to go.
Work is boring

I wish I was still back at your flat beating your sibling at chess

They are still bitter

Hi!

Ha, good

How was work?

Boring

Yours?

:(

Nice!

Lucky youuu

I was thinking about all the things I want to show you when you’re here

Aww

I’ve decided on everything

Sounds like a long tour

Mhm mhm

Looking forward to it

Me too

Really like seeing you excited

That’s a relief

What do you mean?

Just that it could have gone either way

With what?

Either I could have been annoying or, dunno, not

Nope, definitely not annoying

<3

I’ve never once found you annoying
I don't understand how

_You're just not annoying??_

Even with how much you've seen me lately?

_Still not enough, I want to see you all the time_

I like you

_I like you too._

_You're a really good boyfriend_

_You really think?_

Yes

_You are too_

Thank you!

_Like really really_

Didn't think I would be

_You are._

When is next?

_Saturday? Friday afternoon?_

Yes any of

Oh

_Friday afternoon, we could go to James's practice in the evening?_

Yes

Yes, I'd like that

Yesss

Aaaand

And?

_And I can stay over?_

Oh no, I suddenly don't like sleeping with your arms around me all close and warm. Getting a really good night’s sleep with nice dreams and a Moony to wake up to is a hardship
Oi!

I'm supposed to be the sarcastic one in this relationship!

Oh, my apologies

I like that though

This relationship

Well that's what it is

Yes

I like it

Me too

:)

Remus Lupin. In a relationship.

Mhmmm

With you.

Sirius Black: someone's important person

You're lots of people's important person

Yes but this is different

Well in that case I should let you know that you're not just important to me, you're very important to me

Can I call?

Yes!!

"Hi, boyfriend!"

"Hi, pumpkin!"

"Whyyyy why do I like that?"

"Because you're saaaaaaappy."

"You're both pretty gross."

"Oh, hello, they who lost one million games."

"Oh, please! You lost a few!"

"Did I? I don't recall that."
"Selective memory, better look out for that."

"So bitter."

"Hmph."

"Ohh they pout like me!"

"Awww!"

"It's very cute, you're right."

"You're both pretty much the worst."

"Just pretty much!"

"I think we've scored well, don't you, Moony?"

"I most definitely do, Padfoot."

"I'm leaving."

"Nooooo come baaaack. They're gone."

"Oh no, we scared them away! Oh well."

"Oops."

"How are they?"

"Really good."

"Yeah? That's great."

"They've been in pyjamas all day after you told them it was an option."

"They asked like three times if I'm sure."

"They've been walking around the flat so pleased with themself for it. They're carrying a mug but I think it's for aesthetic, I haven't seen them take a sip yet."

"Oh wow."

"Yeah there's nothing in there."

"Beautiful."

"They fit so well."

"Ridiculous just like all of you."

"Um? Us. You are included in this mess."

"It's a freaking good mess."
"I love this mess."

"Me too."

"Mmm."

"And I just get to keep living in it."

"And contributing to it."

"Yes."

"What are you up to now?"

"Guess."

"Ummmm are you eating or lying down?"

"That is not all I do!"

"No, I'm just listing things I enjoy doing with you. I like picturing them."

"Hmph, okay. No, that's not what I'm doing, I'm actually being very productive."

"Ooooh, with what?"

"Cleaning."

"Oh. Fun?"

"It's cleaning."

"Okay."

"I don't mind."

"I like organizing but not cleaning."

"Nah, neither."

"Oh I know."

"Hmph."

"Cute."

"Yes, you are."

"Think how cute we must be together?"

"Oh I think about that quite often."

"Yeah?"
"I thought about it when we first held hands and walked around London."

"We're so great."

"We are."

"I should start dinner."

"What's it gonna be?"

"I have no idea."

"Sounds fun."

"Yesss let's look."

"..."

"Could do chicken and potatoes the way I like them."

"What way is that?"

"With the shallots and things."

"Mmm."

"I'll make them Friday too."

"Oooh yes please."

"As you wish."

"Mmm."

"What would you like with it?"

"Things."

"Your decisiveness is probably the most attractive thing about you."

"Aww, thank you!"

"It's a really long list though."

"Not as long as mine."

"Dunno about that."

"Trust me."

"Well, I do."

"Good."
"I'm putting you on the counter."

"Hello counter, my old friend."

"It says it loves you too."

"How sweet."

"It's a nice counter."

"I know, we're well acquainted."

"Mmm."

"Well. It and my arse are."

"That... That's very true."

"Mmmhm."

"Lucky counter."

"Do you want me to sit on you next time instead?"

"Y-ow fuck, l-"

"Alright there, boyfriend?"

"Slipped."

"Clumsy."

"Your fault!"

"Oops."

"Uh huh. Oops."

"Hihih."

"Are you giggling at me?!"

"Nooo, I would never!"

"Moony!"

"Yes, clumsy?"

"Mean."

"Am not!"

"A bit!"
"Naaaah."

"Sirius?"

"Oh. Yes?"

"Are you okay?"

"No, no, I am not! I am wounded. Deeply."

"Are you breaking up?"

"Wow wow wow, no!!"

"Your brother's just being dramatic, Reg."

"Oh. Okay, sorry. There was a noise and then shouting."

"Only because Moony was laughing at me. We're not breaking up."

"My fault, I made him fall. Sorry."

"He's perched on the counter like a gargoyle, so you know. How'd he make you fall?"

"Never mind, not important, I'm getting down now."

"I don't think you really want to know."

"That's ominous."

"Trust him."

"You'd just call us gross again."

"Right, but you ARE gross."

"We are not."

"Sure, sure."

"Oh are you actually going to put tea in that now?"

"There was tea in there before. At some point today."

"Uh huh. Pour me some too."

"What are we having, I'll make some too."

"Black tea."

"It's mint, but it's made by a Black and the Blacks are drinking it, so it's Black tea."

"Losers."
"Mint, mint, mint."

"But he has to call it Black!"

"I will do no such thing."

"Moonyyyyyy."

"Yeah, Moonyyyyy."

"Oh Merlin, there’s two of them."

"There’ll be three if James comes home soon."

"He’ll take my side."

"Will he though?"

"I'm his Best Friend."

"Yes but whining 'Moony' is a lot of fun."

"Hmph."

"Ohhhhh I bet he's being cute!"

"I'm always cute."

"He is. He's not lying."

"Are you going to be gross again?"

"Please assume that if we’re talking about Remus, I am always mere seconds away from being really gross."

"Ughhh."

"At least we're not Lily-James gross!"

"Yet."

"Oh."

"Grooooooooss."

"My Black tea is done."

"Did he-"

"He did!"

"Yes, I said my mint tea is done."

"No you didn't, you did not."
"You said Black tea! Because you're having tea with the Black siblings!"

"Mint."

"That's not what you saaaaaid."

"Mm so tasty."

"Ours is weak. This is vaguely minty hot water."

"Hey!"

"They'll learn. You'll learn, Reg. Also not to take Sirius too seriously."

"That seems like good advice."

"Hmph."

"He also pouts incredibly often."

"I'm seeing that."

"Drink your mint water and hush."

"..."

"He never means the hushing either."

"They'll learn."

"HONEY, I'M HOOOOME!"

"My honey is home!"

"Annd he's gone. Does this happen every day?"

"I think so."

"My tea is fine, by the way. It's delicate."

"Is that how you like it?"

"Well, not really, but that's how it came out."

"So much to learn."

"Just a little bit overwhelming."

"Oh, hey, it's gonna be okay."

"I know, I know. I'm trying to take it in little bits. But when I think about how much there is to learn and unlearn it compounds."

"Little bits is good. You have time, loads of it."
"I still can't believe I'm out."

"You are."

"I am."

"What are you?"

"I beg pardon?"

"Moony said you are, you said you are, what are you?"

"Oh, I'm... Here. I'm happy."

"How does a hug sound right about now?"

"Very okay."

"So what do you wa- oh, hugs, me too!"

"Can't believe I'm hugging James Potter. Can't believe I live with James Potter."

"Why are you saying his whole name like that, it's creeping me out."

"James Potter, James Potter, James Potter."

"James Potter, James Potter, James Potter."

"Me, me, me."

"It's weird when you say it like that!"

"My name isn't weird!"

"It is! It is when they say it like a title."

"He just called your name weird, are you going to take that?"

"I most certainly am not!"

"A-"

"Uh huh. Okay. So are all fights resolved in tickling in this home, or is this a new thing?"

"Many, but they find more ridiculous ways all the time."

"They're the most ridiculous people I've ever spent any measure of time with."

"I know how you feel."

"Peeves!"

"Okay, okay. Up?"
"Yes, please, thank you."

"Oh Merlin, is ‘Peeves’ your safe word?"

"What's peeves?"

"Yes!"

"Peeves is the name of the resident poltergeist of Hogwarts."

"Ooh, suiting then."

"We think so."

"To be used in cases of uncomfortable conversation topics, unwanted physical touching, and basically requesting the relenting of any action without having to be explicit about why."

"That's really good."

"You can have it too."

"Is this one just yours, do I have to pick a different one?"

"Can if you want to, but we both use 'Peeves' and so does Pete."

"Okay, 'Peeves' it is."

"Um. Can I...as well?"

"Absolutely!"

"Lily and I have a different one."

"We don't want to know, Prongs."

"Grooooss."

"Suit yourself."

"Oh, I want to know!"

"It's 'Bubotuber'."

"Prongs!"

"Oh wow."

"Gross."

"He wanted to know!"

"ANYWAY. What do you want for dinner?"

"Weren't you cooking something when I came in?"
"Oh, shit!"

"Wow."

"Can I help with anything?"

"Halve these shallots."

"Okay, I'm going to quarter these shallots."

"Do not quarter them they'll burn!"

"I'm gonna quarter them."

"But they'll be all charcoaly."

"Yes, exactly."

"And bitter!"

"Sounds like you'll be the bitter one."

"Ooooh."

"I am feeling so attacked."

"Give me the potatoes, I'll wash them, you can start the chicken."

"It's so weird seeing you do work."

"I can do work!"

"Yes, I know, but I've never seen you."

"Rude."

"Look, shallots, beautifully quartered just like you asked."

"Hmph. Thank you."

"Pouting."

"All he ever does. Well, sometimes he also kisses me."

"He does do that! He's basically made of pouts and kisses. With some really cute smiles thrown in."

"So cute."

"Oh so you're just both going to be gross about him? That's a thing?"

"Yes because besides making me pout they're also wonderful."

"We can be gross about you too, if you want."
"You have pretty eyes!"

"We have the same eyes."

"Exactly!"

"I second that."

"These are done, what do I do?"

"Give them to Prongs to cut up, Pretty Eyes."

"Hey, Moony, are you busy?"

"Not terribly, I'm done with cleaning."

"Then why aren't you helping with dinner?!"

"Um. Because I'm here? And it's difficult to cut potatoes in London from here?"

"Well!"

"Did he- Hi, Prongs."

"The knife, Prongs!"

"Okay, bye?"

"Oops. Bye, Reggie, hi Reggie in a second."

Sirius was standing at the stove when Remus peered around the corner into the kitchen. He made a bee-line for him and caught him around the waist before he even had time to yell “MOONY!”

Sirius’ head turned around for a kiss, which Remus granted briefly. He settled his chin into the crook of Sirius’ shoulder to watch him toss the chicken in with the shallots.

“Hello, tell me to back up if you want to do something else and let magic stir. Or if you’d like me to assist with something,” Remus muttered in his ear.

“No, I’m good right here.” Sirius shook his head, inadvertently flicking hair into Remus’ eyes. Remus was not complaining. “And there’s not much else to do, so your job is to just keep being right here.”

“Have I mentioned that you’re gross?” Reg asked without looking directly at them, leaving the room to set the table, which they decided they would be eating at that evening.

They were no safer there, however. Lily happened to walk through the door just a moment later and James bounded out of the kitchen to greet her in some certainly sappy way. Remus waited but didn’t hear Reg make any verbal complaints.

“Oi. How about a proper ‘hello’?” Sirius leaned back to rest his head against Remus’ shoulder.

Remus scoffed with mock affront. “My earlier ‘hello’ wasn’t proper enough?”
Sirius spun around in his arms, back to the stove, and pressed his fingers to Remus’ chest, stabilizing himself to reach up to kiss Remus on the lips. He was not wrong. This felt much more like a sufficient greeting. “Mmm, hello, Pumpkin.” He turned back to the pan on the stove before he was quite ready to let him go.

“What?”

Dinner was more than pleasant. Everyone chatted; everyone. Reg was far more vocal than they’d been before. Lily spent a long time explaining to the group what on earth it was she would be doing if she got one of the jobs she’d applied for. James was having trouble wrapping his head around working in a hospital and not doing medical things.

“It is medical, it’s just not dealing with patients, that’s all.”

“You want to work in the basement, doing filing?”

“Well it’s not my dream job, but it’s something and it’s related to what I’m studying. It’d be interesting.”

She offered to clear the table, when they were through, as she had not helped make dinner. Remus hadn’t done that either, so he set about making desert while Lily flicked the dishes clean with her wand. He grabbed five spoons and a tub of ice cream and never made it into the next room. Reg’s horrified face halted his progress and he backtracked to get bowls.

“Stop this, please, please, stop this. This is all wrong, move” Reg whined and took the teaspoon he’d been using to scoop the ice cream from him. He was happy to let them take over.

Reg took a soup spoon out of the drawer and warmed it with magic. Remus leaned up against the counter.

“Moony, boyfriend!” Sirius hollered from the sofa. “What movie should I pick to watch? Which will get me the most kisses?”

Reg muttered something under their breath that Remus couldn’t hear.

“Whatever!” He called back to Sirius quickly before lowering his voice to Reg. “Hey, does that really make you uncomfortable? Because it’ll stop if it does. Even if it’s only because it’s Sirius and he’s your sibling so it’s weird.”

“Oh… It’s not all that uncomfortable, it’s…” They deliberated, spoon stuck in the tub of ice cream. “It seems gross, but I’m not uncomfortable with it, not to the point where I’d like you to stop. It’s really nice to see how well you get along. I think I just don’t really understand it?” It was posed as a question.

“Because it’s people you know, or because the idea is unappealing?” Lily asked, stepping over to join them.

“All of it,” they shrugged, “Everyone is always talking about how much they want that and I can’t imagine anything I want to do less.”

Lily smiled. Remus was positive that a person could lay in critical condition on their death bed and be completely at peace if Lily smiled at them. “You know that’s not abnormal, right? It’s like that for lots of people.”
Reg frowned. "Is it? I only ever hear people talking about wanting things like that, everyone at school is- was always saying it. And you and James are like that, and you and Sirius. Everyone."

"Not everyone. I’ve known lots of people and you do, too now. Pete, for one,” Lily took the spoon from the tub and licked it clean.

"Peter?” Reg asked.

Lily nodded. “He’s dated a few people, he enjoys that, but the idea of being physical with someone has always been completely uninteresting to him. Just unnecessary. Sirius was the same way, until recently.” She glanced at Remus and the corner of her mouth quirked up past comforting smile into jest.

“Sirius didn’t like kissing? I cannot even imagine.” Reg laughed.

“Well, no, he’s always been a fan of affection, but only the platonic kind. Maybe it’s like that for you and maybe it’s like with Pete. Or maybe it’s your own thing. The point is, it’s not just you, and it’s completely okay to feel like that. If you’d like us to stop, or even just to tone it down when we’re in company, there are going to be precisely zero objections.”

“No, I don’t think I object to being present for it, within reason. And if I feel differently, I can just use the safe word they were talking about earlier.”

“Which one, ‘Peeves’ or ‘Bubotuber’?” Remus quipped before he could stop himself.

Lily’s head snapped to him and she sighed, “Oh, James, why?”

“‘Peeves’, definitely ‘Peeves’!”

The three of them talked for so long the ice cream had nearly melted by the time they remembered they were supposed to be eating it. Reg charmed it cold again and they brought them out to the sitting area, where James and Sirius had not managed to select a movie. Remus suspected they had selected one but were still struggling with how to put it in, but he didn’t say anything.

They watched whatever was on television. Reruns of an old sitcom Remus wasn’t familiar with. He paid little attention to anything but the warm body curled comfortably in his lap, anyway. They left it on while they fluctuated between watching it and chatting about nothing in particular until it was considerably late, by Reg-James-and-Sirius standards. Remus knew Sirius was getting tired when his conversations turned mostly into “mmm”s and his cheek spent more time on Remus’ chest than anywhere else.

“What do you say, Moony, are you about ready to head back home?” James yawned.

Remus’ grip around Sirius’ arms tightened, but he nodded. “Yeah, I guess so.”

“Friday,” Sirius murmured and kissed Remus’ cheek.

The two of them made their way to the door for ‘proper’ goodnight kisses. Remus didn’t want to leave.

“I’m going to miss you,” Sirius flicked at his lip ring with his tongue, likely unaware.

“I’ll talk to you in two minutes. And I’ll see you in just a few days.”

It was still another five minutes before they were okay enough for James to apparate Remus home.
Welcome home

Hi

This is good, right?

What's good?

Not staying together?

It's okay

Okay

Wouldn't say good

Don't much care for it

Me neither

Can we not next time?

Not not stay?

Yes

Yes

Thank you

You too

Thank you for coming to dinner!

Thank you for having me

Even though James decided both those things for us

I'll thank him too

I'm really glad I came

Me too

Food was good and the company was even better

Mmm

That's me
Oh I meant James, Lily, and Reg

But sure, you too

No me

Me me me

Yes, you

:)

Questions please, before sleep takes me

Me first?

Yes

What should I make on Friday, since you had what I was going to make you then tonight

Hmmm

Pie

Kind?

Shepherd's?

Can do

Excellent

Your turn

How do you feel about pda?

Pda?

Public display of affection

Ooh

I dunno, never done it with like a romantic person, but I don't think I have any problems with it. I do with James all the time

Okay. I think I'm alright with it around friends, but sometimes I might not be in public.

Oh

Okay that's really really okay and I can't believe I didn't ask before

No, it's alright. I mean I'm always okay with holding hands, and nothing more has been happening
so far when we were outside, except at the game, and you asked before, and it was okay.

Was it not okay when I kissed you in the kitchen earlier? The first time, when Reg and James were still there? I wasn't thinking, I just

You were there, and I wasn't expecting to get to see you for a while

Kitchen earlier was completely okay. More than okay.

Okay

Thank you for telling me before I did something uncomfortable

I think I'd ask anyway if I was going to, but knowing is better

Agreed.

I really like kissing you

I really like kissing you too

That's a very good thing

The best

Call?

"Hey."

"Hi again."

"Shh, sleep."

"Oh okay."

"S'late."

"Is a bit."

"Mhm."

"Sleepy Moony."

"S'me."

"Goodnight."

"..."

"Asleep?"

"'leep."

"Okay. I'm just going to lie here and think about kissing you."
"'kay."

"Okay."

"..."

***

"Um...Sirius?"

"Mhm?"

"Hi. Good morning. You usually hang up by the time I wake up."

"Yeah, but I hate hitting the end call button so today you're painting with me."

"Mmm okay. What are we painting?"

"We're working on your hair."

"The curls?"

"No, I thought for this piece I'd just flatten them out. Yes the curls. Beautiful curls."

"I'll let you focus, then."

"Will you stay on, though?"

"Oh, yeah, of course."

"Okay, thank you."

"My pleasure."

"..."

"Okay, I'm stopping this for now. I need more tea."

"Yesss, which?"

"Earl Grey?"

"Mhm, mhm, okay, can do."

"Yesss."

"..."
"Moony?"

"There's an owl at the kitchen window."

"Oh!"

"Yours?"

"Yes! Well, Lily's, but from me, yes!"

"Right. Okay. Let's see if it's one of the nice ones."

"Well, usually she is, but I dunno."

"Owl. Animal. Werewolf."

"Yes, that's why I said I dunno."

"Okay. Name?"

"Athena."

"Okay."

"Good luck. Making the little heart with my fingers."

"This is not the time to be cute!"

"Sorry!"

"Hey Athena...I'm Remus...okay, okay, slow. Is that? I think that's for me? ...Just gonna...very...carefully...."

"..."

"...Thank y- oh, you're off, okay. Bye."

"That sounded painless."

"That. Was amazing."

"Yeah?"

"She was barely shaking at all!"

"Wow."

"Yes, yes, wow is right."

"Cute."

"Oh, package!"

"Yes, there's that part of it."
"Thank youuuuuuu!"

"You're very welcome."

"Perfect for breakfast."

"Sure. Enjoy."

"Put it in the middle of a scone."

"Sure, sure."

"Yummm."

"Amazing."

"Mhm."

"I don't want to stay inside all day today."

"Go out."

"I think I'm going to ask people if they're busy."

"I'm sure someone won't be."

"Chances are one of them won't be, right?"

"Definitely."

"Okay. I'm going to do that then."

"Good luck."

"Thank you! I'll talk to you in a minute?"

"Oh, yes please."

"Okay."

"O-"

Okay

Hey hi hi

Hi

Fabian is coming over and we're going to do I don't know what yet

Sounds like my kind of plan
I'm learning from you

Have fun

Thank you!

<3

<3

Oh! There's a letter too!

Isn't there usually?

Yes, well, I was distracted by chocolate

And animals not being afraid of you

Can't believe that happened

I think she's possibly used to your scent. It's kind of all over this place

Oh, true

She's never seemed to mind it though

Well, she's smart, there's no reason to, I'm not even dangerous to animals

Not at all?

The bite doesn't turn them, and there's no instinct to attack them other than for food

Oh okay

So animals just don't like you because 'predator' then?

Yeah

Okay

Oh

Fabian

Hi Fabian. I'll leave you to it?

Okay

Have fun

<3
You around?

:(

*Sorry, work*

*How are things?*

*Oh, of course*

*I'm sorry*

*Fun!*

Reg came back from their walk and they'd never been formally introduced and they’re getting along really well

*That's great!*

*We painted the refrigerator*

*Sure, sure*

*It's pretty now*

*Colour?*

*Well*

A lot greener than we intended

*Fabian does flora like I do*

*What do I do?*

*Colourful messes?*

*Pretty colourful messes*

Yesssss

Well today I mostly did green things

*Sounds nice*
Oh wow

Pretty, right????

So so pretty

I like it

Not what I imagined when you said you painted the fridge, but I should've known

You didn't think we'd just do solid colours, did you?

No, that's what normal people do

Exactly

It's really pretty

Thank youuuuu

Miss you

Sorry. Got home and dad was here and

Yeah

Oh sorry
It's fine

Okay

It's not fine

Talk to me?

Nothing I ever do is right to him

Nothing I am

I was having an okay day and I just wanted to go to my room and keep talking to you, and I was smiling, and he needed to make comments about it

When I'm in a bad mood he gets annoyed by it, but it seems like me being happy annoys him even more

If he can't be supportive and a good dad, why can't he at least just let me be

I'm sorry

Me too

I wish he would

I'm really happy you were smiling

All your doing

I will very willingly take all credit

Tell me a good thing?

I'm going to kiss your smile tomorrow

That is so much more than just good

I think so, too

I'm gonna kiss you back

Oh yeah?

Yeah

Good

And then some more

Okay

Only if it's going to be, yes.

It should be
Merlin: I hope it is.

Me too, I really like it.

So do I.

Way way more than I thought I would.

You weren't sure about the kissing part or the me part?

The kissing part.

I've never doubted the you part.

Okay, just making sure.

I really like the you part and I have for quite a while.

How long a while?

A while while.

Me too.

By the time I first saw you at the train station maybe.

Yeah that sounds about right.

Really?

You too?

Really.

:)

:)

Fab is leaving now.

Okay. Bye Fab.

How was work?

Busy.

Really??

Strangely so.

Yikes.

Yep.

Any fun orders?
Nah

Oh, one grandma wanted to buy tea and couldn't decide which one to get, so I told her to come back tomorrow and I'll bring her a variety of proper tea.

Oh wow

Tea nerd

What!

So cute

Oh

Well yes, that I am

I knowwwww

As you should

What should we have for dinner?

Hmmmm pancakes

Ooooh

That's going to ruin Reg

I'm gonna do it

What, why

Breakfast for dinner

Ohhh

Definitely do it.

Yessss

What with?

James's berries and I'll make eggs with it

What

What else can I do that feels like breakfast?

Oh, I meant what are you gonna put in them. Hmmm well definitely tea.

Oh okay, yes, that's the berries part. And definitely breakfast tea

I'm fancy like that

Clearly

I'm just gonna do lemon and sugar

Oh oh we're doing this together??

Yes, you asked what we're having

<3<3<3

I like doing the same things at the same time

Me too really really a lot

:)

Can I call?

Yes!

"Hi!"

"Hey, pumpkin!"

"Oh, hi."

"I'm trying to get the flour down but it's... Up there."

"Are you jumping?"

"Yes."

"Where's your wand, love?"

"In my... Oh."

"'Accio flour' should do the trick."

"Yes I know the spell, thank you!"

"If you say sooo."

"Hmph. Accio flour. O-"

"..."

"Got it, I'm good! Ow. But I'm good!"

"Did it fall on you?"

"A bit."

"You okay?"
"Yes, yes, I am."

"Okay, won't kiss it better tomorrow then."

"I'm wounded!"

"Oh no! Maybe you should go see a doctor."

"Nope, I'll just wait for kisses."

"Works for me."

"It's my right shoulder."

"Okay, I'll remember."

"Yes please."

"Mhm."

"Are you getting things ready?"

"Yep."

"Good, good. Tell me when to start measuring things."

"Uh. Whenever? I'm not doing that."

"Oh, Moonyyyy."

"What's there to measure!"

"Like... All of it?"

"Once, the first time you make pancakes. And then you know how much ish."

"Ish."

"Yes."

"I like you so much. Why do I like you so much?"

"Because I'm cute?"

"Well I like that ABOUT you, but it's not WHY I like you."

"Then I don't know."

"But you are very cute."

"Oh I know."

"Good, you should. I'm measuring things."
"Egg, flooour, miiiilk, egg."

"You add the eggs separately?"

"Yeah."

"Sure."

"Dunno."

"You're a lovely mess."

"Hmph."

"Hey, no pouting when I'm not there to see."

"Deepest apologies, I'll stop right away."

"Okay, good."

"Ridiculous."

"True!"

"Pan pan pan pan."

"Don't summon that, that might hurt."

"I tend to catch things when I summon them."

"Hmph."

"Hey, the no pouting goes for you too!"

"Hmph!"

"Oi!"

"I'm rebellious."

"What are you doing?"

"Oh hi. Making dinner."

"No."

"Yup. You like pancakes."

"For breakfast."

"It's the same pancakes."

"Pancakes are breakfast food."
"Food is food."

"No."

"It'll be yuuuuuummy."

"Fine, fine, okay. New things, et cetera."

"That’s the spirit. Want to stay and help?"

"Yes."

"What do you want with your pancakes, I'm as yet undecided."

"...Do you have any cereal?"

"Cereal... I don't know that we do? You eat cereal?"

"Always wanted to try it."

"I have cereal."

"You do?"

"Yes but..."

"Right. Um. I can bring it tomorrow?"

"...Okay."

"Merlin's love, you two know I have a license to apparate same as James, right?"

"Yeah, but if Sirius doesn't want..."

"What? No?! No. I want. I always want."

"If you get gross, I'm going to take back the offer."

"The offer to get yourself cereal?"

"7 Willow Road."

"Oooookay. I might need to try a few times, give me a minute."

"No rush."

"They're gone."

"Are you sure you want me to come over?"

"Moony. Always. I mean always."

"Not what the 'but' was about?"

"No. The but was 'but we can't just intrude on Moony every night, can we?'"
"You can. You definitely can."

"Bring your batter?"

"Oh, oh I plan to. You'll see how better my pancakes are."

"If you can call them that."

"You'll see."

"Mmmhm."

"I promise you that th- I didn't know we had a doorbell."

"Don't forget the cereal."

"I won't. Hi, Reg."

"Hello, you have a beautiful home."

"Hi Reggie!"

"Thanks, you can just apparate straight in next time."

"Oh no, I don't think I can do that. Sirius, your voice sounds weird."

"Yours does, this is always weird, every time. Sometimes I call James just to tell him his voice sounds funny."

"Of course you do. Come pick your cereal."

"There are more kinds?"

"...Quite a few."

"Pick the little circles!"

"Pick the chocolate balls."

"What? They've never had cereal before and you want them to go straight to chocolate balls?"

"Yes."

"You're impossible, Moony."

"Thank you, Pads."

"Come here! Pick a cereal and come here! I miss you."

"What are those?"

"Take them too, take whichever look good."

"Really?"
“Yeah, I'll bring whatever's left back with me.”

"Wow, thank you. What are these?"

"Cornflakes? They're... Flakes...made from corn."

"Oh wow."

"Oh, should probably take the pan off the heat."

"Probably. Reeeeeeg hurry up, you're killing me."

"Don't rush me."

"We probably should hurry a bit though, before dad sees you."

"Oh. I'll just take the corn ones and the chocolate ones and that's it."

"All of them it is."

"What?! That's not what I-"

"Just roll with it, it's Remus."

"Okay, sure. So do you want to take my elbow and we'll go?"

"Isn't it safer if I take your hand?"

"...

"No, okay, elbow."

"Thanks."

"Absolutely no worries. Ready when you- wait, lemme just write a note for mum."

"Send her my love in it!"

"Pronouns?"

"He, please."

"'At Sirius', back later tonight, wait with the movie and the pie. Asked Sirius if he wanted to send his love, and he said no. Love, Remus."

"What? That's not what you wrote!"

"Oh thank goodness. MOONY!"

"Reg!"

"He wrote 'Sirius is gross and sends his love.'"

"Well that's... Slightly better."
"I wrote 'Sirius sends his love', and I drew a little heart."

"Aww, best."

"Yes, I am. See you in a sec."

"Yesss."

“You know this kid apparates onto the street outside your flat? Made me walk up here? I mean, James apparates outside the front door, but that’s a little extreme,” Remus complained upon finally entering the flat.

“It’s polite!” Reg protested.

Sirius waited in the kitchen for Remus to find him. He didn’t have very long to wait. No sooner was Remus in the doorway than his arms were around Sirius. Warm and long and safe. He kissed the spot on Sirius’ right shoulder like he knew exactly where the jar of flour had hit him. Several times.

“Hmm, nah, still hurts, Moony. Definitely needs more.” And several more.

“Your lips look a bit sore as well,” Remus suggested.

“Mhm, mhm, excellent observation skills.”

Reg cleared their throat after a long and dizzying moment of Remus’ lips on Sirius’. “Gross. You’re both gross.”

It was decided that they would each be making exactly nine pancakes. Three different fillings, one pancake each for taste testing and eventual eating. The fillings would be: Round 1- berries, stolen from James’ stash of fruit, with whipped cream; Round 2- lemon and sugar; and Round 3- Nutella. Reg was hesitant about the final round, never having tried it before. Though they would be judged in rounds, they made all of the actual pancakes together.

Round one went to Sirius.

Remus and Sirius both voted for themselves, making Reg the qualifier. “Sirius got the crunchy bit on the edge just right on mine,” wound up being the deciding factor.

Round two went to Remus on similar turns. He and Sirius both stubbornly voted for their own lemon/sugar concoction, leaving Reg to the final vote. “Because Sirius cooked his better but Remus’ batter is tastier and that mattered more in this one.”

The final round had Remus and Sirius staring daggers at each other, knee-deep in the competition.

“This is it, Lupin, you’re going down,” Sirius tried for his most dangerous smirk.

“Am I?” Remus winked. Sirius’ mouth went dry and he coughed and needed a few sips of water before he could compose himself.

Remus, predictably, voted for himself, maintaining his better-batter point. Sirius deliberated on his mouthful of pancake and Nutella. “Remus.”
“Hm?”

“My vote goes to Remus. I’m just as shocked as you are, but somehow, just this once, your batter is, in fact, better than mine. Surprising, I know.”

“Yes! Of course it is, hah!”

“You’re such a gracious winner.” Sirius looked at his gloating boyfriend with what he hoped was an expression of disdain, but he felt the affection creeping into it.

“Just for laughs, Reg, who would you have voted for?” Remus asked. Then looked around. “Reg?”

Reg had abandoned the pancakes and was attacking the jar of Nutella with a spoon.

“Enjoying dinner, are you?” Sirius asked. Reg would not be goaded, they just gave a thumbs up and licked the spoon clean.

“Movie?” Remus asked once all of the plates - and most of the jar of hazelnut spread - were empty.

“Ohhh yes please. Can we do one I’ve seen already?” Sirius asked. His head was too full of excitement that he had his boyfriend really and actually there with him to concentrate on a new movie.

“Sure thing.” Remus abandoned the kitchen to find a movie Sirius had seen already. Sirius moved to follow him.

“Wait, aren’t we going to clean up?” Reg gripped Sirius’ sleeve. The combination of that and the almost panicked look on his little siblings face was horribly reminiscent of another life time.

He might as well have been nine, standing in the doorway of Reg’s bedroom, Reg pleading with him to stay away like mother had said.

That wasn’t his life anymore. He hadn’t let himself consider that a part of his life in a long time. “Everything is okay where it is, Reggie. The mess isn’t going anywhere. It makes no difference whether we wash up now or in an hour.”

“But…”

The building panic in their eyes brought back a slew of unwanted memories.

“Reg, I promise. It’s really, really okay. We can clean up now if you want to, but it’s not bad to put it off for just a bit.”

Reg paused and finally let out a breath they had been holding. “Okay. Okay, we’ll just… do it after the movie?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“Okay.”

They joined Remus, who had put on Dirty Dancing, much to Sirius’ delight, by the time they got there.

Reg curled into a tight ball on the chair that normally no one used, while Sirius and Remus sprawled out on the sofa together. Reg made it a whole twenty minutes into the movie before excusing themself to go do the dishes. Sirius was impressed with their will power.
He turned over in Remus’ arms, Remus having been the big spoon. “Thank you for being here.”

“Thank you for wanting me here,” Remus kissed Sirius’ nose, the closest thing to his lips.

“I meant it, I always want you here.”

The kisses made their way from brief and sweet to soft and long, drawn out and luxurious.

When they tapered, Sirius simply rolled back over and lost himself back in the movie, Remus’ arm tighter now around his waist, holding him closer.

Reg came back into the room sometime later carrying three mugs of “tea”. It was, once again, bland hot water, but neither Remus nor Sirius complained. Sirius sat up and took small sips. Remus selected the other route and swallowed the entire mug in six seconds flat.

“You wolfed that down!” Reg said astounded. Sirius choked on his tea, spluttering. He could practically feel how painful it was for Remus not to be making a pun at that moment.

James arrived home positively ecstatic to find his best friend in the flat again. The door opened and the joyous cry of “MOONY!” and subsequent fully grown adult jumping onto them on the sofa happened all in the very same instant.

He was almost immediately disappointed by the information that Remus had to return home very shortly in order to spend time with Hope, but he didn’t let it bring him down very far. “Oh! But I’ll get to see Hope!”

“You will?” Remus asked, confused.

“Yes, I will take you home, this is settled, excellent plan.”

Sirius was in a state of calm so deep from the soft kisses and warm cuddles, that his anxiety couldn’t be bothered to tell him Remus was never coming back if he let him go, now. Goodbyes were almost easy.

“I’ll see you soon, and I’ll talk to you even sooner.” Remus assured him. He kissed him one last time before he left.

Questions?

Yes

Does Reg like me?

Yes

They adore you

That's not my real question, my real question is do you think they'd react okay if I told them?

If you
Oh

I think they would

You trust them. And I want to be completely myself in your home.

I want that too

It's not that it's making me particularly uncomfortable or anything

It'd just be nice to not have to watch my words even a bit

And not miss out on obvious puns

Ahhh there's the real reason

It was right there! And I couldn't say it!

I think you could tell them

You wouldn't mind?

Why would I mind?

Dunno

Because I waited so long to tell you

No, Moony, I wouldn't be offended

You were the hardest because

You matter the most.

And now I feel that even if someone doesn't take it well, it's okay, because you did.

I have you

And they're your sibling and you trust them, it's not like telling a stranger

I'm here

And James and Lily

We're here to support you whatever happens, whoever you tell, whenever

Thank you.

<3

Your turn

Is it disruptive to keep pulling you here every night?

Disruptive?
Is your dad upset, does your mum miss you, do you feel extra tired from the back and forth?

I don't feel tired. Mum misses me sometimes, but mostly she's happy to see me so happy. And we talked about it, and she'll tell me if she'll feel she doesn't see me enough. And I'll do the same, like how I went home tonight to watch a movie with her. And what my dad thinks doesn't matter.

I really like coming over there.

I really like you being here

I like all of you. And I like the place, it feels

Right.

Most of all, being next to you a lot feels right.

I know what you mean

Okay, so

As far as I'm concerned, keep disrupting me

Okay

I can do that

Say, tomorrow night

Yes

It's going to be fun

Hope so

It's us, we'll make it fun

True

Can I call?

Yes please

"Boyfriend."

"Hello, boyfriend."

"That's me, we're boyfriends."

"We are."

"It's just really hard not to say it, because it sounds so nice."

"Why on earth are you trying not to in the first place?"
"To not sound annoying?"

"To whom?"

"You."

"Please say it every time you think it, because every time you say it my heart does this thing."

"This thing?"

"Like flutters."

"Your heart flutters."

"Mhm."

"You're the cutest person I know."

"I'm definitely your cutest boyfriend."

"Mmm, but also my least cute boyfriend."

"Oi!"

"Well it's true."

"Hmph."

"Cute pouty boyfriend."

"Moonyyyyy."

"No, he's Padfoot."

"Hah hah."

"I'm so funny, I know."

"So funny."

"Hilarious."

"I like you."

"I like me too sometimes."

"That's a very very good thing."

"And you always."

"Mmm."

"..."
"Still there?"

"Mm."

"Sleepy Moony?"

"Mhmm."

"Cute Moony."

"...

"Lovely Moony."

"...

"...

"Night."

"G'Night, Moony."

"Mm again."

"Night night, my Moony."
Good morning

Good morning good morning good morning

Dog

Adgjaatww

Djjjjjawtg0110

Jaawma

.....did you

Well you said!

Oh my god

You said 'dog'

Amazing

;)

Have I mentioned how cute your dog form is?

You have! But you could tell me again

So cute

So cute and fluffy

I'm smiling a lot

When you do that as a dog and your tongue sticks out that's cute too

Also can clearly see it's you

James says my tongue sticks out when I'm human too

Yeah?

It's the same

My smile?

How your eyes shine when you do

That's

Specific
I, uh

Look at you a lot

I like it

I like you

I like you too

I like that

I like that I get to see you again soon

Today today today

Yes!

Can't wait

Me neither

Tea?

Hibiscus

Mm okay

What time?

Right after work?

Yessss

James said he can apparate me

Okay

Don't let him take too long with Hope

Won't, he'll pick me up from work

Oh good!

Don't let him take too long with your boss

Like how you did?

James is a magnet for kind people

Oui

Ugh

Don't worry, we'll be home before you
You'll be here when I get home????

That's the plan

That's going to be the best!

Yeah, you're okay with it?

That would be an understatement

Not weird?

No

Very very very good

Okay

I'm going to be way too excited to work

Oops

Ahhhhhh

:)

Okay okay, I'm off, but I'll see you soon!

Have fun!

You tooooooo

I am here

Yessss

I'll see you soon

Got off a bit early. Enjoying your bed/sofa

Take your time

I'm tempted to suffer the headaches and apparate home, I'm so excited you're there

Then how will you cheer James on?

Really, take your time, I'm not going anywhere.
Remus was lying on the sofa texting back and forth with Alice when he heard the door open. He swore he could smell Sirius before it even closed - light florals and deep earthy, like he’d brought the entirety of Lush home with him.

“Hmph,” Sirius stood in the doorway, doing a terrible job of pretending to pout, “you’re not asleep.”

“What are you talking about? Of course I am.” Remus quickly dropped his phone onto the cushion beside him and shut his eyes. He was probably doing just as poor of a job pretending to sleep as Sirius had been doing, pretending to be disappointed. He, too, was smiling far too uncontrollably, braced for what he knew would come.

Which it did. There were delicate footsteps and the scent grew stronger, particularly the jasmine Sirius used in the shower intentionally, rather than just being rubbed by it in work, and then everything was soft soft soft, warm warm warm as Sirius’ lips landed right on Remus’.

Without opening his eyes, Remus reached around Sirius and pulled him down onto the sofa with him.

James interrupted them too soon. “Do you guys want some quinoa salad- oh! Sorry, my apologies!” He quickly skittered back into the kitchen but the damage to the mood had already been done. Sirius’ fingers slid out of Remus’ hair slowly and he sat up.

“What did he offer us?” Remus asked, gathering himself.

“Quinoa. Don’t be fooled, it sounds like food, but the way he makes it it’s really not.”

Once Remus had full use of his legs - which he’d effectively forgotten the function of while Sirius was kissing him - he followed the sound of James’ humming into the kitchen.
“How you manage to *hum* off key is a real mystery,” he commented.

James scowled playfully. “Can’t ruin my mood today, Moony, not possible. Practice is in an hour. Here, try,” he held up a spoon full of something to Remus.

Remus chewed thoughtfully, aware of Sirius stepping into the room behind him. “Huh,” he noted after a moment of assessment, “sort of like… couscous. If couscous were made of dirt and disappointment.”

“Told you,” Sirius reminded him. “Should have been here this morning when he tried to make me eat yoghurt with chia seeds in it.

They were, thankfully, saved by Lily. She arrived home only moments later with a little white box full of cupcakes. Well, mostly full.

Reg had opted to stay in the flat for the night. The idea of being around people - even just the amount of people who would be expected to be at a practice session - felt a bit much. They were going to practice doing nothing again instead.

So the four of them made their way to the pitch on their own. Pete was already there with saved seats for Lily, Remus, and Sirius. Friday practices were, evidently, popular. Between two and three dozen other spectators were scattered throughout the stands.

At least they were. The weather had been barely holding up all day, and at seven fifteen, it simply let go. Visibility was so poor, the captain called the practice. Remus had been having a very enjoyable time hollering along with Sirius and Peter, encouraging James and all of his teammates. Remus had tried, for a bit, to remember some of their names, but he had given that up pretty quickly.

They were trudging back across the field, away from the pitch, when Sirius tugged at Remus’ arm.

“Alright?” he asked.

“Mhm, hang back,” Sirius led him back toward the stands, behind the broom shed where the team housed spare equipment. Remus had no idea how they had managed to stay in flight for so long in the torrential downpour, just walking was difficult. Remus made a visor over his eyes with the hand that wasn’t being pulled by Sirius.

“Am I going to be murdered out here, is that the plan?” He asked, voice raised over the falling rain.

When they were finally out of sight of the others, Sirius stopped and turned to him. “Is this secluded enough?”

“Enough for that murder?” Remus asked. “Yeah, probably.”

“Moonyyy,” Sirius whined, “Enough for you to kiss me comfortably.”

Remus took a brief moment just to enjoy the thought. The idea. The beautiful little notion that his boyfriend had wanted to kiss him so much, he had dragged him behind an old broom shed in the pouring rain. “Yes, it’s enough.”

Rain kisses were different than Remus thought they would be.

Movies had always made them seem spontaneous and passionate, filled with want and love. He was
prepared for those things.

He wasn’t prepared for the wet slip of Sirius’ lips on his own - the film of cold rain water on both of their skin that made direct contact difficult. He wasn’t prepared for the warm, vibrant heat radiating from Sirius beneath layers of wet clothing, or how his hair gathered in silky sheets when Remus brushed it back. He definitely wasn’t prepared for a drenched sleeve made contact with the side of his neck, Sirius’ arms coming up around him. Most of all he wasn’t prepared for all of it to melt away gradually as the kiss deepened. All of the cold, and the wet lost its importance in the warmth of Sirius’ embrace and the smart flick of his tongue.

This kiss lasted much longer than their first of the day, with no James to interrupt them. It wasn’t until Remus felt Sirius’ body shiver that he finally broke away.

Lily, James, and Pete had been waiting for them at the entrance to the field. Remus was, for a pleasant change, too content to apologize. They made it very clear that they didn’t mind, in any case.

When they arrived home, it was to open the door and find Reg, with all of the theatrics of an entire troupe, pacing the main area and dramatically reading what sounded like six different parts of the same play, something Remus did not recognize. Each presumed character had a different tone of voice and everything.

Lily cleared her throat after about three minutes. Everyone else was too entranced to draw attention. Remus was certain they would run back to their room and hide for the next five hours minimum in embarrassment. They did not. They raised a haughty eyebrow and opened their arms wide as if to ask what they were all waiting for. “Well don’t just stand there, I need five of you.”

In under a minute, parts were given and the book from which they’d been reading was being passed around as everyone read their roles to the absolute best of their theatrical abilities.

The gloom of a canceled Quidditch practice dissipated completely through the evening. Peter eventually had the presence of mind to order takeout. Everything flowed together so seamlessly. Performance into dinner, dinner into conversation, conversation into pajamas, pajamas into quiet, quiet into sleep. Reg was the first one out. They fell asleep on the sofa in the early hours of the morning. One by one everyone else followed their lead, scattered around the sitting area.

Sirius woke up a few hours after calm and quiet had turned into eyelids and silence. He was startled, not by any loud noise or sudden light, but by how cold he was. He lifted his head and looked around for Remus.

Remus was curled up in the chair that, well he couldn’t really call it the chair that no one used anymore, it had seen more use in the last few weeks than all of its life previously. His whole body was a comfortable ball of long limbs draped over it.

It should have been okay. Sirius really wanted it to be okay. He wanted to just lay his head back down on the pillow on the floor and fall back asleep, knowing Remus was close and comfortable and safe. He tried. He laid his head down and closed his eyes, but he couldn’t fight the feeling of cold that went deeper than the temperature of the air against his skin.

He got up quietly and padded over to Remus to tug on his arm.

“Wh-” Remus stirred awake. It took a moment for him to focus on Sirius in the confusion and the dark. “Pads? Alright?”

Sirius opened his mouth to say ‘yes’, but it got caught in his throat. “Can we go sleep in the other
room?” he requested instead.

With exactly no further inquisition, Sirius led the way to Lily and James’ room. They got comfortable under the sheets, Sirius tucked contently in Remus’ arms.

“How did that kiss compare to how you thought a romantic kiss in the rain would be?” Sirius smiled and closed his eyes, recalling every sensation he’d forcibly committed to memory from earlier that day. “That kiss was everything. Blew any expectation out of the water,” he admitted.

“Mmm,” Remus hummed sleepily. “Mine too.”

“My turn?”

“Yes.”

“Would you want to come to another practice, since you barely got to come to this one?” Sirius asked.

“Definitely. I was enjoying it before the rain almost as much… as after.” Sleep was slowing Remus’ speech.

“Then we’ll do that, Pumpkin. Goodnight.”

“G’night, Little Star.”

Sirius kissed Remus’ hand one more time before they drifted back into a much more comfortable sleep.

~

Remus had become accustomed to waking up to James being loud and vivacious on mornings he woke up with Sirius. That morning, however, James was subdued. The match had been canceled on account of the weather, which had not let up in the slightest since its violent beginning the previous evening. He moped on the couch while Peter went out to get breakfast.

The four remaining sat around and talked while they waited. Remus tried occasionally joking with James to get him to come out of himself, but he just seemed to get grumpier the longer he sat there.

James not being the sun at the center of the solar system of a room was entirely new to Remus. He’d never experienced a gloomy James.

His mood lasted through the morning and into the beginning of the afternoon. It finally began to dissipate when it was decided that Alice and Frank would be meeting them for lunch. They braved the weather to go to a little wizard cafe - in the basement of a muggle, which one Sirius assured
Remus they could buy pastries from after because they were some of his favourites.

Remus did like little wizard-nooks like this. Places where magic was first-nature and carefree. Teapots drifted around lazily, pouring into emptying teacups at the merest gestures. Two witches took the food orders and it seemed very much like they wore the hats of hostesses, waitresses, and cooks. Remus didn’t see any sign of anyone else working there, though it was much busier down there than in the muggle shop just above them.

James had offered to apparate him home, as usual, but Remus had declined, citing that he could use the extra time on the train for an excuse to nap. Goodbyes, Remus decided, were slightly easier outside of the flat. It was easier to pretend they would see each other again very soon when they weren’t comfortably snuggled in Sirius’ home. Though he didn’t care for his own inability to give Sirius a proper kiss goodbye before getting on the train home.

Once again no elephants on the train ride

I'm disappointed every time

And I really tried to stay awake to see them

And yet

Real shame

Oh well

What have you been doing?

About to start playing a game with James, Lily, and Peter

Oh, which?

A card game?

I think the object is to destroy humanity?

Take over humanity?

I'm going to find out

That is not

Yeah, you figure it out

Oh oh oh Reg too, Reg is home now

James says he doesn't know if they'll enjoy it but they want in anyway

I think they might
Yesssss okay

Moony

What

What?

What

Am I playing

Ohhhhhhhhhhhmerlin

This is offensive

I can't say that, do I have to say that?

You're playing cards against humanity

You don't have to say anything you don't want to

Oooooookay

Oh wow

I believe you have options?

Yes

I like this one

This one just says cuddling

But this one

Who is Pac Man and why is he doing this.

Oh sweet Merlin

This is horrific

I bet you're a genius at this

Never played

But you know what it is?

Yes

Okay

Okay I'm going to do this now

Good luck
Oi
That's not good luck
<3
Yes thank you
You're gonna lose
Rude!
Well you are
Am not, watch me
Wanna bet?
Yes
Painting and socks?
Yes
I'll make space on my wall
I'll
Wait for socks?
There's no good comeback for that
And that's why you'll lose this game
Damn
:)
:P
What
Oh, oops
It's a smiley that has hearts for eyes
Awwwwww
Hmph
Lost a round?
Only one
So far

Hmph!

:)  

HAH

I WON ONE

I lost two more, but I won one!

Congratulations!

Thank youuuuuuu

Aha

What are you up to, pumpkin?

Climbing into bed

Ohh lovely

Yess

Comfy?

Very

Mmm

Warm and soft

I want that

Well then you should come here again sometime soon

Can I?

I'd reeeeeeally like that

Me too

Well then

When?

When can you?

Whenever whenever whenever

Which days do you work this week?

Tuesday Wednesday and Friday
And how busy are you tomorrow?

Not??????

I was thinking I'd work on the bike but I can do that any time

Well then.

<3 yes okay

Train and floo?

Has to be floo?

Wait

Waiting?

Okay, I'll pick you up with the car

What

Mum said she won't need it, so I'll come pick you up at the train station

You're going to drive

Yes?

I drive fine, it's safe

And it's only an hour

Ooookay

Is it?

Yes

I trust you

Okay

I'm excited again

Me too. Just tell me what time

Moony

Padfoot

As early as you'll have me

Well check the trains
I could get to you by eight, ten, or twelve?
Ten
Okay
Means I have to leave at 9 so I should be rested enough
Are you sure?
Yes, positive.
Okay then
I get to see you again
Tomorrow
And I just saw you today
And I'm not
It's not too much?
Sirius, I love it
Okay
Okay okay
<3
Yeah you too
A lot
A lot
:)
What will we do?
Well we can go to that meadow if the weather will be nice
Ooooh okay
I don't really care as long as we're close
Me too
I only need to know because I like imagining
Imagine lots of cuddling and lots of kissing
I can do that
Yes
Okay
Okay
Questions?
Okay

I'm really comfy and I don't want to accidentally fall asleep before them

Good point, you go first
What are you going to paint me for losing the game?
I haven't lost yet!
Whatever you want
Right, but when you do
I want you to pick
Sure sure
Something that you think I'd like
Oooookay

A life size nude portrait of Prongs
With antlers
Perfect
I'll but it in the bathroom I think

Body draped luxuriously over a red chaise
Good idea
Nice view while I shower

Moonyyyyyyyyyy

Padfoot

Hmph
Don't worry, I only ever think about you

M o o n y y y y y y y y

Padfoot
Same

Hm?

Oh

Oh.

Okay

ANYWAY my turn?

Yes mhm

Which is your favourite?

Which what?

Painting

Of mine

From the ones I have, the eye

Okay

But the fruit holds a special place in my heart, and the roses are just really really pretty and remind me of you a lot

<3

I expect naked Prongs to overshadow all of them though

It will be in the greatest realistic detail

Do you have really good memory or will you make him pose for it?

Yes both

Excellent

It will be my finest work

It's what you'll be known for

I hope so

Moony?

Fall asleep?
Or was the thought of Prongs naked very effective?

Are you sure you want to start that conversation again?

I fell asleep

But you're awake!

It worked

Can I call?

Yes

"Hi. I don't hear anything, are you done with the game?"

"Yeah, yeah, I lost a bit."

"A bit, sure."

"Hmph."

"What did Reg end up thinking of it?"

"Reg is horrifying and we're never speaking to them again."

"Oh wow."

"Yes."

"That bad?"

"So bad. But you know what I like?"

"Hm?"

"Being able to joke that I'm never going to talk to them again."

"That's really good."

"It is. It's good."

"..."

"Sleep?"

"Mm."

"Sweet dreams, Moony."

"Mm you too."
goodmorning im sorry isleptin im coming illbetwentyminutelatesorry

Moony, drive safe, I'm okay

i will i promise

hope you see elephants

Me too!

<3 see you soon

I'll see you soon

And I'll be happy about it even though you're not an elephant

:D <3

I see you!

And you're really cute!

Are you in pyjamas?

All cars looked the same to Sirius. There were basically three categories- big, small, and trucks meant for making deliveries. The car with his boyfriend’s face poking out the window fell into the ‘small’ column. Remus’s hair was scraggily from sleep and his pyjama shirt was hanging nearly all the way off of one shoulder.

“Of course I’m in pyjamas,” he smiled as Sirius approached, “I had to get to you as quickly as possible.” The grin on Remus’ face became more evident the closer Sirius moved until he was right up against the car, fingers folded over the window frame. “Hi, hi, kiss, hi.”

Sirius didn’t wait to be asked a second time, he leaned through and pressed a quick kiss to Remus’s lips. One that was so brief it had no business being nearly as satisfying as it was. He ran around the other side of the car and slid in onto the bench seat beside Remus.

“How was the train ride?” Remus asked as they pulled off onto the road.

“Tragically devoid of elephants, this time.”

Remus snorted. “This time.”
“You’ll all see. It’ll happen.”

They drove for only a few minutes before Remus turned off of the main road into a side street and the car came to a stop.

“What are we doing here?” Sirius looked around at the shops outside his window.

“I’m starving. I’m running in there for a moment,” he nodded to the nearby bakery.

“Excuse? You’re in your pyjamas, Moony. Want me to run in?”

Remus scoffed, “I’m hungry today. You’ll take three years with the money alone- don’t pout, you know it’s true.” Sirius crossed his arms and huffed anyway.

He pouted in the car until Remus came back with a white paper bag full of assorted scones and rolls. After that there was less pouting, more munching. Sirius slipped his shoes off to pull his feet up onto the seat with him and fiddled with the dials on the radio while they talked and sang along with the bits of songs they caught.

“Oh, Pads, that’s awful.”

“What!? I sing beautifully!” Sirius protested.

“You do lots of things beautifully. Yelling the lyrics to Bohemian Rhapsody is not one of them.”

“Then help me.”

Remus smiled at the road before them for a few more moments before giving in and joining him in singing.

They ate slowly, gradually emptying the white bag in Sirius’ lap. Every few moments, Remus would open his mouth for a bite and Sirius would tear off a bit and hold it out for him, careful with crumbs.

“Don’t worry so much,” Remus reasoned.

“Won’t your mum be upset if there’s tiny pieces of cranberry scone in her seats?” Sirius picked a crumb off his own knee and flicked it out the open window.

“If I didn’t have to keep my eyes on the road right now, I’d give you one of those long looks until you realize what you’re saying.”

It took Sirius a moment to arrive at Remus’s line of thinking. “Oh! We’re wizards, right, right. But even so…” He tried, he did, but he couldn’t quite manage leaving a crumb where it landed.

They were well into the country roads, other sightings of cars few and far between, when Remus pulled over for a second time. Sirius was even more bewildered at this stop. There was nothing around them but rolling green hills and a grey sky trying its damndest to be blue, rays of sun straining through with effort. He looked to Remus for clarification. He was undoing his seatbelt and turning to face Sirius.

“What are we doing here?” Sirius asked.

“I’m sorry, but you’re awfully cute. I can hear you being awfully cute, and I can’t look at you properly while I’m driving. I just need a few moments to look at you, is that okay?”
The softness in Remus’s eyes made Sirius’s cheeks warm. “Yes, that’s very okay.” He unclasped his own seat belt, humming along with Breathe on the radio while he scooted closer to Remus on the seat.

“And also maybe kiss you a lot because we’re not far from home now and mum is going to hog all your attention when we get there,” Remus added.

Sirius gasped in exaggerated shock. “Parking in a muggle car to snog a boy, Mr. Lupin, what kind of wizard do you think I am?!”

“Um, the kind that likes kissing and being kissed?” Remus paused.

“Well, maybe that’s true, but really…”

“Oh, so then we won’t kiss. Can I hug you?”

“Nooo, kiss me- I mean yes to the hug thing, that too, but also kisses!” Sirius whined.

Remus crawled toward him on the seat, wincing and readjusting when his knee pressed down a seatbelt lock. “But that’s not what you said, you were all offended.”

“Not really, really I want that.”

Remus was very close, hovering over Sirius. “Hmmm, but that’s not what you said.”

Sirius’s heart was racing. He was positive Remus could hear it over the airy sound of Pink Floyd through the speakers. Remus bent very low, until one arm was under Sirius, between his lower back and the seat, and Sirius’ head rested on the car door, untied hair spilling out the window. Sirius swallowed. “I do.”

“What, now?” Remus smirked. His breath on Sirius’ neck sent Sirius shivering.

“Moonyyy, please kiss me.”

He did.

Soft and slow and without ever letting go of the hold he had on Sirius’ back. Sirius felt surrounded by him in the very best way. They made it through Breathe, two more songs, and a station commercial break before they were ready to finish driving to Remus’s. Sirius needed the final ten minutes of driving just to compose himself and quell the dizziness that had spread from his head to his toes.

Hope did, in fact, usurp the majority of Sirius’ attention. Remus’ too, though, which Remus made a point to whine about, but Sirius thought it was rather fair. Sundays were meant to be Hope days. It felt better to him that they were both spending it with her than it would have if he’d taken Remus away from her all day.

The three of them made lunch together, almost entirely out of things grown in the Lupin garden. It involved a whole lot more vegetable than Remus preferred, but even he couldn’t deny that the grilled-veggie sandwiches and salad were delicious.

“You and James give us reasons to actually eat this stuff,” Hope remarked while they ate. James had apparently passed along some of his mother’s recipes to her to try at some point. “It’s so nice when it
doesn’t get wasted. Usually we give it to the neighbors if we know we’re not going to eat all of it, but you know, things go bad, it happens. I don’t think we’ve had so much as a spoiled turnip so far this summer.”

“The summer is young,” Remus countered.

Hope scowled playfully at him. “It feels nice to be able to enjoy it with people.”

Sirius was glad to be that reason, and he told her so.

After lunch, and the quick cleanup after - quick because Hope started trying to do the dishes herself and Sirius and Remus promptly put an end to that by doing everything with magic before she could so much as rinse a glass - Remus said he would take Sirius to the meadow.

The sun had finally prevailed and much of the grey had cleared. They held hands the entire way there, Remus occasionally spinning a giddy Sirius away from and back into him. Sirius felt like he was floating.

They separated to collect wild flowers. Sirius wound up with a small pile of richly colored ones, vibrant violets and soft pinks. Remus seemed to only have selected the ones in fullest bloom. While Remus arranged and began weaving the flowers, Sirius stretched out in the grass, spreading his limbs as far as they would stretch.

“How do you take up such little space even when you're taking up the most space?” Remus teased. Sirius tried to swat at him, but he couldn’t quite reach, much to Remus’ further amusement.

“Tell me things,” Sirius demanded, pouting.

“Any things?”

“Hmmmm, what do you do on normal Sundays when it’s too cold to garden?” Sirius asked, closing his eyes.

So Remus told him about winter-Sunday art projects and jigsaw puzzles and all-day-pyjama-days.

“So like normal, then?” Sirius asked. Remus had only officially gotten dressed for the day just before they’d left for their walk.

“Basically. All done, look.”

Sirius sat up to take the flower crown Remus was holding out. “Moony…” It was, Sirius thought, perfect. Small enough to be dainty, but thick in blossom. Big flowers with colour splashes of little ones between in lazy alternation. “Help me,” he requested, handing it back to Remus, who helped place it neatly over Sirius’s head. “How does it look?”

“You look…” Remus never finished the sentence. First he was too busy looking over Sirius’s face and hair with adoration, then he was too busy kissing him.

His fingers wound through Sirius’s hair to pull him close and Sirius thought he might die of it. Remus kissed him again and again until the little kisses ran into each other to make longer, softer ones. Until those ran together and Remus was guiding Sirius back into the grass.

“Wait! Wait!” Remus froze when Sirius shouted. “Let me take it off for this, I don’t want it ruined!”
He plucked the flower crown off his head and set it delicately aside. “Okay, resume, please.” Remus laughed but didn’t protest that.

They spent an unknowable amount of time like this while the sun set around them.

When they finally decided they should head back to Remus’s house, Sirius put his crown back on - and wouldn’t take it off until absolutely necessary. They walked back, still holding hands, but standing much closer together. Instead of spinning Sirius this time, Remus occasionally tucked him under his arm and they walked together several paces in a sort of half embrace. Sirius told Remus about the stars they could see in the direction they were walking. He knew Remus already knew probably most of it, but talking felt nice and Remus seemed to enjoy it as well.

They grabbed a pint of ice cream and spoons on their way up to the attic and sat in Remus’s bed with their legs intertwined to munch on it while they alternated between talking and kissing - carefully, at first, so as to not knock the open pint off the bed, but as the ice cream dwindled and there was less to be concerned about, they took less precaution with their motions.

In the end, the empty container was heedlessly kicked off the bed, the spoons skittering across the floor.

“Questions,” Remus requested when their talking had ceased and their kisses had slowed to lazy, sleepy smooches.

“Mhm,” Sirius agreed, stretching his tongue out to lick Remus’s lip playfully.

Remus kissed it. “Okay, me first, then. If you were on a Quidditch team, which position would you play?”

“Hmmm, well, that’s complicated,” Sirius picked his head up and leaned up on an elbow to answer. “I’m best at keeping, I’m quick with it, James always said. But I don’t have the patience for it, too much sitting there not being in the middle of all the action. I prefer chasing. Feels more productive.”

“Oh, but Pads, you are a keeper,” Remus assured him with a wink.

Sirius groaned loudly and buried his face in Remus’s neck. “Nooo, that was so bad.”

Remus laughed. “Oh, come now, that can’t be the first time you’ve heard that one.”

“It’s not, that’s what makes it so bad.”

“Shush, I’m great.”

Remus’s laughing subsided gradually as Sirius ran his lips over his neck. “My turn, then.”

“Mm-what?” he asked breathily.

“To ask a question?” Sirius removed his mouth from Remus’ neck so that he could concentrate.

“Oh, yes. Mhm. You go.”

“Okay, let me think.” Sirius moved back a bit to clear his own mind. Remus was having none of that, and slid an arm over his hip to pull him closer. “Okay. If you were to be an animagus, what do you think you would be?”

“Hmm,” Remus deliberated only very briefly, “A bunny.”

“Yup. Bunny rabbit.”

“Why on earth?”

He just shrugged. “‘Why’ was not part of the question, you just asked what I’d be.”

“Moonyyy!”

“Padfooot.”

“Hmph.”

“Don’t pout, your lips are particularly irresistible when you do it.”

Sirius deliberately pouted in Remus’s face. He kissed Sirius’s lip ring, promptly ending any pretense of pouting, and they dissolved into that activity once more until sleep overcame them.

Remus woke up to soft light beaming through the window and didn’t let himself fall back asleep, though the comfortable pillow and warmth of the smaller body tucked neatly up against his own were tempting. The idea of wasting any possible Sirius time kept him from giving in. He kissed Sirius’s head just behind his ear and Sirius stirred.

“Mornin’,” he muttered, voice thick with sleep. Remus kissed him again.

“Good morning.”

Sirius turned in his arms and slid down to press his face to Remus’ chest. They spent a long time lying quietly in bed together enjoying the warmth and comfort.

Breakfast happened with Remus’s mum in the back garden. She didn’t seem to mind at all when he and Sirius curled up on a love-seat across from her chair and sat very close together. Remus used every excuse and opportunity he could find to touch Sirius. He let his fingers linger over hers - her change of pronouns had been voiced while they were getting dressed before breakfast - and nudged her knee with his whenever he shifted his position.

He didn’t leave for work until he absolutely had to, deciding to floo to work that day for more time.

“Get home safe, okay?” he asked Sirius, standing alone with her in front of the fireplace.

“I will, I promise. Have a good day at work, text me when you can. I’ll see you soon.”

Remus nodded. “Very soon. I promise.”

He kissed her one more time before he left.

Miss you

I miss you
How's the train?

Um

Probably doing just fine

Okay?

I wouldn't know

Did you miss it?

No

Are you okay, are you sick from the floo?

No no no I'm fine

Okay..?

That's

My bed, that's my bed, you're still there??

I am

Is that okay?

Hope said I could stay and relax if I didn't have anywhere to be and she'd take me to the station later

Later as in later after her work

Later as in I'll get home and you'll still be there?

Yes

:) :) :)
It's the best

I really like it here

I really like you there

You like me everywhere

True

Can I

Clean

?

You want to clean?

Yeah just

Tidy up a bit?

Be my guest

Yessss

Thank you

You're welcome?

Yes

Okay so I went a little overboard and I'm sorry

I'm going for a Padfoot walk cause I want to see more of your neighborhood

You're sorry that you cleaned my room too thoroughly??

Oh no, how will I ever forgive you

Hope you're enjoying your walk

The most adorable dog just showed up at the shop, how curious

Padfoot was grinning at Remus from the other side of the shop window. He caught Sirius’ eye and
quickly looked down to grin and send the text while the black dog pawed the door open and trotted inside. Remus stood behind the register trying to mask his joy.

“Ooohhh, look at you!” A girl about Remus’s age whom he didn’t recognize emerged from the behind the shelf where she’d been selecting her preferred brand of crackers. Padfoot panted at her and wagged her tail. “Aren’t you the cutest?!” She knelt down on the shop floor to pet her. Completely unexpectedly, this did not sit well with Remus. He was instantly annoyed by her doting. His insides twisted uncomfortably.

“Yeah,” he called over to her, “watch out, though, she has fleas. Better not get too close.”

The girl pulled her hand out of Padfoot’s fur quickly and stood up to continue her shopping. Padfoot found a comfortable spot in the corner within Remus’s view and sat with an unmistakable pout until she’d finished and gone and they were alone in the shop.

As soon as she was out of sight, Sirius transformed. “I do not have fleas! How dare you?”

Remus was distracted by the fact no bit of the pout changed with the transformation.

“Moonyyy, hmph!” Sirius crossed her arms over her chest. “You deprived me of fusses, now you have to do it. It’s only fair.”

“Oh, I will fuss,” Remus assured her. “Give me thirty minutes, you will receive adequate fusses.”

For the last half hour of Remus’s shift, Sirius alternated between sitting on the counter when no one was around to casually browsing the shelves when a customer walked in.

The walk back to Remus’s home began with hand-holding but after a bit Sirius transformed into the dog again in order to more naturally chase a squirrel.

Remus laughed and kept walking, confident Sirius would keep up. Which she certainly did. Remus only looked down for a second, but in that space of time he’d lost track of exactly where Sirius was and without warning there were two paws on his side and they were both tumbling into the grass in a mess of limbs and fur.

Sirius transformed back at once. “Remus, I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to knock you over, it was only supposed to be a playful nudge, are you okay? Did I hurt you? You really have terrible balance on these stilt-like legs of yours. Where does it hurt?”

Remus took a moment to assess himself. He’d landed on a rock, which was almost definitely going to make a nice bruise on his thigh, but he didn’t think he’d suffered any lasting injuries. He was more interested in the way Sirius’ limbs were all intertwined with his own. He wanted to pull Sirius down onto him and kiss her until the sun set around them, but the houses and the knowledge that anyone could walk by, however deserted the path had seemed, kept him from it.

“I’m alright. Why would you nudge a person who wasn’t paying attention as a giant dog?!” He asked and shoved Sirius’s shoulder lightly.

“It was playful!” Sirius stood and helped Remus up. They made the rest of their way home with their fingers pressed together.

Remus heated up leftovers in the oven while Sirius set out napkins and forks - an event, since she wouldn’t let Remus tell her where to find either of these things - on the table. They were quickly removed, however, when they heard the door open and close and Lyall’s footsteps in the hall. They
took their leftovers up to Remus’s room instead.

“Whoa.” Remus stopped in the doorway to his room. It was clean. He’d forgotten. Spacious and cozy. All of the garbage was gone and the clothes were off of the floor and the books were piled neatly near where they belonged. The records that had been leaning and lying on their sides were shoved upright. There was no dust on the top of the dresser. “Whaaaaaat?”

“It’s still okay, right? The bathroom, too.” Sirius flipped her lip ring from side to side at Remus’s elbow.

Remus set the food down on the dresser and poked his head in to shining surfaces and the faint smell of bleach. “This is amazing, Pads. How did you even…” He trailed off as he spun back into his room and his eyes landed on his very clean nightstand. “Sirius?”

“Dunno, just had a bit of time and-”

“No, Sirius, where are my meds?” Remus walked over to his nightstand and instinctively began searching around it but the floor was spotless.

“Oh- the drawer! Sirius hastened over and pulled the drawer out and reached into the back. “They’re in here. Just to be out of the way. You can put them back, I’m sorry.”

Remus drew his fingers into fists to stop them from shaking in his moment of panic.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have touched them, I didn’t even think about it, that was careless. I’m sorry.”

Remus sat down on his bed and shook his head. “It’s okay. You don’t have to keep apologizing. It’s alright.”

They talked for awhile before they remembered their food, and then they talked while they ate.

The door opened and closed much louder in the early evening than it had in the afternoon, announcing his mum’s arrival back home. It wasn’t until then that either of them even realized it was evening.

They brought their plates downstairs and cleaned up while Hope asked about their respective days and told them about hers. And then it was time to go.

“Mum would you mind driving there?” Remus asked.

She seemed confused. “Yes, of course, I thought that was the plan. I wanted to grab a book from the shop there if it’s still open anyway.”

Remus didn’t argue. He could very well have just taken Sirius himself, but then he’d have to actually pay attention to the road instead of Sirius and that was an unappealing notion. They did agree, however, that he would drive back. He didn’t say why out loud but it was likely understood without doing so. If he was focused on driving he couldn’t be too focused on Sirius’s empty seat.

The drive was fun and filled with laughter. Not nearly as much fun as the ride home had been, but they passed the time with word games and Sirius asking Remus’s mum questions about her work and her colleagues.

Hope waited in the car while Remus walked Sirius to her platform. He snuck a kiss onto Sirius’s lips when he was able to convince himself that nobody would see. The way Sirius touched her lips after, a surprised little smile lifting the corners of them, made ‘goodbye’ even more difficult.
“I’ll see you soon?” She asked.

“Very soon. Text me when you have service again.”

Sirius agreed and hugged him tight around the middle before getting on the train.

We’re safely back home, text me when you’ll be

I’m home

I’m safe

I miss you again

I miss you too

Thank you for

All the everything

You too

It's late

It is

Questions?

Yes

You

Do you really like it here?

I really really do

Even though it's messy and you had to tidy to feel more comfortable?

What

Oh no! No that’s not why I tidied

I was very comfortable

I'd still feel comfortable if it was cluttered

Okay

I dunno

I spent a lot of time just
Being in your room
And it felt so safe and nice
And I was thinking about when you're here
And we don't make the bed and then I come home and things are everywhere and

I like it
I like the messes that are still here when you leave
But there wasn't a mess I could leave that would be very Me
So I went the other way

*Do you have any idea how sweet you are?*

Nope, tell me

*Sirius, you're the sweetest.*

Thank you

<3

My turn?

Yes

*Do you think I'll meet your dad soon?*

*Do you want to?*

I dunno

He's a big part of your life

*Next time you're here then*

Yeah?

Yes

I didn't mean there's anything wrong with me not meeting him, I just wanted to know

*You can meet him*

Okay

Okay
If he hates me will you

I dunno

No. If he hates you, will that influence your feelings about me?

No????

See? Well the opposite is just as absurd

Okay

Okay

I don't care about his opinion. And even if I did, it would just suck that he doesn't like you, it still wouldn't change anything.

Okay

Promise.

Thank you

You're welcome

Can I call?

Yes

"Hi."

"Hey, cute voice you got there."

"You're one to talk."

"Yeah, and talk and talk and talk."

"Do that while I sleep."

"But then I'll miss the breathing."

"Can you until I fall asleep though?"

"Yes, I can. I'll do it quietly though, yeah?"

"Yes please thank you."

"Okay. So don't get me wrong, the breathing is nice, I still like listening to it, it's still the most calming sound available to me right now. But listening to it right up close, with my ear on your chest? So much better. I keep thinking about it. It's like everything with you. I love talking to you and texting you and it's perfect, and then when I'm WITH you it's... It's just so much better. It's like smelling flowers when I'm just me, and then smelling them as Padfoot, it's just so much clearer and sharper and more wonderful. That's what everything is like when I get to be with you. It's so much more than just perfect."
"Mm."

"And I really loved being in your home. Part of me actually wishes I hadn't gone out for a walk because I missed out on time I could have spent just existing in your home. But then I remember how big you smiled when you saw me and I have no regrets. Maybe there'll be a next time for just existing."

"Definitely."

"I'm looking forward to next time whatever it is. I'll sit on your bedroom floor and eat your mum's restaurant leftovers in my pyjamas with you and call it a date if that's what we decide sounds good... I never thought I could be like this. Even when I would leave my room a mess to piss off my mum, or I'd stain my shirts on purpose or eat lunch sitting on James' kitchen counter or something... They were all little acts of rebellion that were deliberate. They were me trying to be Not Her. But this feels like me just being me."

"..."

"I think you came into my life at a really good time, Moony. I think you came just as I was allowing myself to become myself and you've helped me so much with that."

"..."

"Thank you, Moony."

"..."

"Sleep tight."
Chapter 50

Chapter by LadyAmina

Chapter Notes

Sirius is Bold
Remus is Italic
James is uneffected
Regulus is underlined
Effie Potter is Bold-Italic-Underlined
Monty Potter is underlined (but does not speak in the same scenes as Regulus, so hopefully it won't be too confusing)

Good morning

I've had better

Oh, sorry

Yesterday, for example

Oh, not that today is bad. I just

Have had better mornings

Yesterday was amazing

Any morning that starts with kisses already has a ten point lead on all other mornings

True

Twenty for Moony-kisses

Oh please

At least 30

Welllllllllllll

Oi!

Weeeeeeellllllllllll

Hmph.

Minus ten for morning breath
Oh

Okay I accept that

Excellent

Tea?

Mint

For the breath

Thanks.

;)

Hmph.

Don't you pout at me when I can't see

Hmph hmph hmph

How dare!

Easy

Very rude

That's me

Yes

It's how I choose to be

Good

Keep doing whatever you're doing

I will

Sirius?

Hey, I'm sorry I didn't realize how late it was

Oh, right! Have fun at work

Thank you!

You're welcome. Talk to you later, love you

Love you, too
Work is boring again ughhh

Hope yours is better

Probably is

I was thinking I could come on Friday?

Change my shift to morning and come after and spend some time there, like maybe the last hour you're working and then we can go to yours together?

I'm out, are you??

Miss you

I'm out I'm out YES please come on Friday!

Already asked for the shift change

Hi

Yessssss you're the best

Hey

I really am

So was your day good?

It was, they let me do the register for a bit until the line backed up

Getting better?

Not really but I'm trying

That's good

You? How was work?

B o r i n g

Two customers

All day?

Yep

Oh wow

Impressive, I know
What did they get?

One got milk, and one got bread

You're kidding

I am not

Wow wow wow

I'm so sorry

Thank you

And now?

Now I'm walking home and feeling wonderful because I'm talking to you

Awwwwww

Mhm

Hey so

Earlier

Yes?

You said you love me

Oh

Yes, I did do that

I don't know if maybe it just slipped out reflexively or if you didn't mean to, but either way, I do love you

I meant to.

And if it had slipped out reflexively, it'd be just as true

I felt like saying it so I did

Okay

Thank you

If you didn't mean to, that's okay

Or if you're not okay with me saying it

It's just, I say it to friends, and you say it to friends, and they say it to you, and we're friends

No no, I meant to
Exactly

It doesn't really make sense for me to say it to all my friends but not to you because the same feeling is there, just with you it's more intense

Yes, that

I don't know. I feel lots of love towards you, and maybe it's not all quite the romantic type yet, but I wouldn't really know. I just know that there's a lot of it, and I'm definitely falling more and more in love with you

And if you say something and I think 'Merlin, I love this person', why not say it?

I tell you everything else.

You should always say when you love a person, love is a good thing to have for a person

Well. I love you.

I love you, too

:)))

<3

Hey

Hey Sirius

Hey datefriend

Yes, boyfriend?

I think we're really good at dating

Oh yeah, we're nailing this

Right??

Hey

Boyfriend

Yes?

I'm really glad I met you

I'm really glad you're bad at reading numbers too.

Oi

It happened one time!

One really important time
Yes

I'm really really glad it did

Me too

<3

When you get home can I call?

You can call now

Okay!

"Hi!"

"Hi, hi, hi."

"Hi."

"Have you lain on this table yet? It's terribly comfortable."

"I have and it's not."

"It iiiiiis, it's perfect for stretching."

"No thank you."

"Mmm-mm."

"Enjoy."

"I am."

"Good."

"We're going to mum and dad's for dinner tonight."

"Oh, that's nice."

"Yessss."

"Do they know about me?"

"Of course they... Oh... You know what? I don't think they do?"

"Oh."

"Well I'll have plenty to talk about tonight then. Are you offended? I didn't do it on purpose."

"I...no. I believe it wasn't on purpose."

"But it still feels bad?"
"Just a tiny bit."

"I'm sorry. It's not that I forgot about you or anything, I just haven't been seeing them as much lately. Merlin, I'm always thinking about you."

"No, it's okay, really. I just want to be honest so I'm not gonna say it doesn't feel bad at all."

"Thank you for not hiding it. I just want you to know there's no negativity behind it."

"I believe you."

"Reg is staying here."

"They don't want to come?"

"They don't think they're ready and I'm not pushing them."

"Okay, that's fair."

"I think so. I feel bad leaving them."

"Lily's coming this time?"

"Yeah."

"There are no good people they were friends with at Hogwarts?"

"Really, really no. Pete might come over but I don't want them to feel like they're being babysat."

"They can come here if they want."

"Oh. Yeah?"

"Yeah, we could play chess."

"Wait here."

"Waiting."

"..."

"...Anyone home?"

"..."

"..."

"Hi hi hi, I'm back. Reg is gonna come over around seven, sound okay?"

"Sounds great. I just got home, seems like I'm alone."
"Okay. Well, not for long, then."

"Are you okay with it?"

"Very okay. I'm really excited you two get along. I won't pretend not to be envious, but I'm still happy about it."

"Okay."

"Miss you though."

"Miss you too."

"Friday?"

"Friday."

"Mmm okay."

"Really really looking forward to it."

"Me too."

"Food, food, food."

"Yum?"

"Looking for yum."

"Want Reg to bring leftovers?"

"Oh, yes please."

"They can do that."

"Thank youuu."

"Anything."

"A note from you please."

"I... Was writing one."

"You were??"

"Yes."

"Awww!"

"Well now it's not a surprise!"

"I can act surprised."

"Okay. Do that."
"Okay."

"I expect a full report from Reg."

"Of course, of course."

"Oh oh, James is home."

"Hiii James."

"Best Friend! Hi."

"Hellooo."

"How are you today?"

"I'm good, how are you?"

"Ummm hello?? I'm waiting to be hugged here?!!"

"I'm good! Going home in a minute- come HERE, Pads, do I have to pick you up off the table?"

"Yes."

"Yeah, I heard you wh- that was loud."

"AG-"

"Oookay."

"We're good!"

"They're gross."

"Oh, hi Reg."

"Hey! Is there anything besides the food and the love letter I should bring?"

"Can you steal one of Sirius' jumpers?"

"Which?"

"Oi!"

"Whichever smells the most like the 'oi'-er. Pronouns, by the way?"

"Oh so you're just both being gross, then, that's how this is working, got it."

"I think 'she' today. Okay but you have to trade!"

"Yeah, get used to it. Hmm, maybe."

"Nooooo no maybe. I want your fuzzy blue one."

"Um, no? I need that one."
"Reg, I need you to steal it."

"No?!"

"What are you going to do with a jumper anyway, you're too warm all the time, you can have a t-shirt."

"Wear it as a sleeveless dress, wrap the arms up around my neck like a halter."

"No."

"Hmph!!"

"The red t-shirt for your black and purple jumper."

"When is the last time you wore it?"

"I'm wearing it right now."

"Okay.""Yessss.""

"Gross."

"You're so cute, I gotta tell Lily."

"How is this cute? He's giving her dirty laundry?!"

"I like you in the red shirt."

"I'll take it back on Friday."

"We'll see."

"Swap it?"

"Yes okay, better."

"Okay."

"Sirius, we should get going probably."

"Okay okay I'm coming. I'll talk to you soon, okay?"

"Okay. Have fun."

"I love you, bye for now."

"Love you too, bye."
Just got here

Hi

Hey

I'm just setting up the chessboard

Ohhh good luck

Thank you!

I just mean good luck setting it up

Oi

Complicated process

Sure

Seems it

It's not

Says you

Says me

Moonyyyyyyyyy

Padfooooot

Everything smells so good I'm gonna die

Well if you die, how are you going to eat it all?

Good point

Mhm

But mmmmmmmmmmmmm

What is it?

I think masala

Yumm

Yessss

Doorbell, I wonder who could it be

Tell them they're a nerd
"I will not
You should though

Nope

Should
They are
You are too

Not untrue

FOOD
Enyjoy

I will thankyoubye

For now

For now

Only ever for now

<3

"MoonyMoonyMoony."

"Yes?"

"Okayokay, shhhh. I'm in the hall outside the dining room, where Sirius is just about to tell mum and dad about you. Shhhhhh."

"Ohmygod."

"Iknow Iknow! Okay, shhhhh."

"... been seeing a boy, his name is Remus-"

"Seeing as in dating, you're dating this boy?"

"Yes."

"Oh Effie, look, she's blushing, she must really like him."

"I do."

"How long have you been dating?"
"Umm, a bit? A week or two? He's one of the kindest people I've ever met, and you'd love his mum, I've met her a few times and I know you'd really get along."

"You've met his mother?! Several times?! And he hasn't met me?! You've been dating this boy for weeks and we haven't been introduced, what must he be thinking?! Oh, oh this is a disaster, oh Merlin, what are we going to do!"

"I."

"I'll tell you what we're going to do. You are going to apologize to Remus, Sirius Orion Potter, do you hear me?"

"Y."

"And invite him over for dinner, and make sure he knows none of this is my fault. And you're going to come over early to help me make sure everything is perfect. Now. What does he like to eat?"

"Everything, mum."

"And what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. Nothing, nothing."

"I didn't mean to not tell you."

"Oh I know you didn't mean to. That's beside the point, now we just have to make up for it. What day is good?"

"Um, I'll ask him?"

"Any day works for me, thank you, Mrs Potter."

"What-"

"JAMES!"

"Oops."

"Hi. Sorry to interrupt your dinner, but it is entirely James' fault."

"Mum, dad, this is my boyfriend, Remus- James gimme my phone!"

"What is going on?"

"Oh, he's in the phone? Does he know...?"

"Yes, I'm a wizard, Mr Potter, I know."

"Oh please, dear, it's Monty and Effie."

"Might I be excused for a moment?"

"You know you can dear, you don't have to ask."
"... Hi Moony."

"Hey. Sorry."

"What? Why?"

"Should've just hung up."

"No? At least now I don't have to relay all that."

"They both sound really nice."

"They are, they're the best. I'm supposed to apologize to you, so I'm sorry."

"I heard. You're very much forgiven. Aaand?"

"Will you come meet my parents sometime soon? Maybe this weekend when you're here, if you stay?"

"I would very much like that, if you're okay with it."

"I'm definitely okay with it. Now I need to go tell them all the things I like about you in list form and that could take awhile."

"Go, tell all the nice things, I gotta go back upstairs to beat your sibling yet again, just came down to make us more tea when Prongs called."

"Okay, I'm rooting for them."

"I'll tell them."

"Thank you!"

"Call me later."

"Oh, how forward."

"We're dating!"

"So embarrassing."

"We talk every day."

"Yikes, Pumpkin."

"I love you, now shoo."

"Okay okay, love you too, talk to you later."
Reg still at yours?

They said they should leave about four times but none sounded like they really wanted to, so yes

Aww

Well we're home when they feel like it

I know the feeling though

I'll tell them

Thank you

So how was the rest of dinner?

Really nice. I think mum's planning on making like Everything

When you come

Well then I will eat everything

I believe that

So what did you tell them?

Stuff

Alright

Basically everything from every date and pre-date so far

Oh wow

I talked a lot.

And they approve?

Of course they approve

Because I'm clearly the best

Yes

And bskjldkklklj

Reg threw a pillow at me

Because I was "being gross" and smiling too much and not paying attention to the game

Throw it back!
No it's mine now

Isn't it yours in the first place??

Well technically, yes, but it was supporting their back and now it's supporting mine

Wow okay

Mhm

Wearing my shirt?

Mmmhm

My your shirt

Yes?

Making sure

I need clear images

I'll hand it over to Reg when they leave

You'd better

I need it to sleep in tonight

I will, I will

Thank youuuuu

I'll wear your jumper tomorrow for work

Mmm nice image.

Mhmm

Who's winning?

Reg but they don't know it yet

Uh oh?

Your fault

How?!

Ummm you distracted me??

;)

Stooop iiit
Did they win?

Hmph. Yes.

Awww Moony

:(

I'll hug you Friday

Thank you

Reg is coming back, they said they want to leave victorious

Hah!

Okay thank you

Welcome

Shirt!

Yeah, yeah

Won't forget

Thank you ;)

Mhmm

I like this

Me too, should've done it ages ago

Oh?

Stealing your clothes

You can have anything

Thank you

If I can have your blue jumper

You can borrow it

Yessssss

Well obviously whatever it is I'm only borrowing it

If I keep it too long it'll start to smell like me
Yes, that's when I want it back

Hmmm okay

Excellent

<3

<3

Oh oh

They're home

I have a new night shirt

Hope you'll sleep well in it

Mmmmm I will

Smells like Mooooooooony

Questions?

Mhm mhm

You first

Do you think you'd get along with Reg even if we weren't dating?

Oh, yeah, definitely

I really like them

Mm okay

At the start, that's how I thought about them, everyone I mean. I'm friends with Sirius and they're Sirius' friends. But it hasn't been like that for a while now

That feels really nice

Mhm

Your turn

Do you really not mind? It doesn't feel at all like I'm intruding?

Not mind what?

That I have relationships with them that are separate from ours

I love it

It feels so right
Okay

It's important to me that they're important to you and not just because of me

Like

We have them in common now

Because we both like the same qualities in friends

Yeah

Have I told you I was friends with Lily before James was?

You did

Well it's like that. Lily isn't important to me because she's important to James, she's important to me because she's Lily

I want that for you too

It is like that

That makes me happy

You all make me happy

Can I call?

Yes

"Hi, girlfriend."

"Hi, my boyfriend."

"Mmm."

"I'm sleepy."

"Sleep."

"Mhmm."

"Sweet dreams."

"Mmm."

"..."

"Mmoony?"

"Yeah?"

"Love you."
"Love you too, Pads."

"Mmm."

"..."

***

Goooooood morning

Well look at you

Weirdly well rested and in a weirdly good mood, yes

Good!

Cute

I am!

You are

So are you though

Also very true

Tea?

Green please

Okay

Thank you

Most welcome

On my way to Pete's for the day

Oh, nice!

Yessss

Movies?

Yeah, a bunch in a series, I think

Ohhh. Keep me updated

I will

:)
Breakfast?

Mhm mhm mhm, loads of toast

Loads

What quantifies a load?

One load is 3 toasts

So

Several sets of three toasts?

Yes, two

To start

Sometimes talking to you is just surreal

Well I have work and after I have tutoring and I'm not sure I'll manage to get any lunch

Hmph

Okay

So, first load was jam, what should the second be?

Options?

Peanut butter, chocolate spread, cheese

Chocolate spread

Yummm okay

Enjoy

Thank you!

I'll text you in a few when I have service at Pete's?

I'll be here

Siiiiiiiiiiiriiiiiuuuuus

I miss you how are you not there yet
Helloooooo

Hmph

Moons

Oh hi

Are you okay?

I was just writing you a text that I'm leaving for work and hope you're okay

Hurts

What

What happened

Apparated

With Pete

Noooo whyy

Emergency with his mum and dad

Got there and he was freaking out

Had to go

I'm so sorry, is there anything I can do?

Nno

Just wanted to help

Useless like this
Is James there, do you want me to call him?

Okay

I tried texting he didn't answer

*I tried

I'll call him

You just

Sit tight, okay, and breathe, and you'll be okay and then you can help Pete

Mhm

James didn't answer, so I called Lily, and she's gonna go get him

Thank you

They're okay

There was an electrical power problem, it wasn't working and they're relying on it for some machines

Okay. Okay, good.

Mhm

Give me a sec to floo to work or I'll be late, and then I can call you? If that would help?

No

Noises

Right, okay

I'm sorry

I want to

No, don't be.

Going to sleep

Okay. < 3

<3
Feeling any better?

<3

Tutoring now, won't be able to text, but please let me know how you're feeling when you wake up.

I'm okay
Eating something now

Hey, how are things?
Okay
Well
I threw up what I tried to eat. I'll try again soon
We're staying the night
Okay.
<3
Hate this
I'm sorry
He didn't want to take me and I begged him to and now it's all wrong
You wanted to help.
Made it so much worse
He could've apparated here, seen to everything, and apparated home in ten minutes

Now it's a Thing and his aunt has to accommodate all three of us and everyone's worried about me when they shouldn't be
He was upset and you were worried about him, you didn't want to leave him alone. It was a bad
call, those happen, but it is what it is now, and you shouldn't feel this bad about it. No one thinks you should. No one is upset with you.

Should be

No.

Dunno

We all love you, and no one is mad at you.

Love you

I love you too.

Want to sleep

Okay, do that then

Don't want to without questions

Okay. Did you let Reg know what's going on and that you're not coming home?

James has been keeping them updated. They don't text

And Lily is home with them

Okay, that was just a question, not a Question.

Do you have work on Tuesday?

Don't know yet, schedule hasn't been made

Okay.

Why?

Well um

It's the moon. And you said that it's okay to ask friends for help

That they wouldn't mind taking their time for me

So I just thought maybe if you could

And if you wanted to I mean you don't have to obviously of course

But maybe you could help me get to the shack before?

Yes

Yes

Moony
Thank you

Yes

I want to help

Yeah?

Yes

Yes really really really I want to

Okay

Thank you

Your turn

What are we doing Friday night?

Cuddling

Perfect

Yeah? Can we just have a nice night in?

Yes please

And it's still okay to come to your work?

Yes definitely

Okay, great

I'm looking forward to that

Me too

Mmm

Good

Sleep

Okay

Sweet dreams.

You too

I'll remember for when I go to sleep

Mhm
Moony?

You want to call?

Please

You know you can

"Hi, need me to be quiet?"

"Mhm."

"Okay."

"..."

"..."
Good morning?

Morning

Feeling better?

Mostly

Still very queasy

I'll live

Okay. Anything I can do?

Dunno

Tell me a nice thing?

I got compliments on my/your jumper yesterday

Aww

From who?

Whom

Wow, sorry

From a few customers, and also mum

Moonyyyyy

That's nice

Sorryyyyy

It was, I felt good, it's so comfy

Don't apologize? I quite enjoy having reasons to call you a giant nerd

I'm glad

Keep it till it smells like you

I will

Good

Are you calling in sick to work today?
I did

James made me

Good.

He's taking the train back with me

Also good

Pete still refuses to be mad at me and I'm mad at him for it

Sirius.

Would you be mad at him?

No

Well then.

Ugh

We win, you lose

Rude

But true

Hmph

When's your train?

Few minutes

We're here now

Oh okay

I want my phone to work on trains

Maybe it will

I'm going to try

I'll be at work for most of it anyway

Hmm okay

Look out for elephants

Oh I will

Good luck <3

Thank you
Welcome
<3

Off to work, hope the train is fun

I really like walking here, I don't know why. It's half an hour and I could just floo, but it's really nice to walk.

Tell James I'm having an apple for lunch

I feel so healthy

It's because I was stacking them and one fell on the floor and I felt bad putting it back so I'm eating it

Chocolate bar for dessert, that sounds fair, right?

Uhhhh sure

Well I had it

Hi

Hi hi

How was the ride?

Mostly I slept on James

Sounds good

He's comfy

I bet

I'm having a load of toast

With?

Jam

What kiiiind

Strawberry
Yum
Yesss

I'm just walking home

Pretty

It is!

Merlin that's gorgeous

Well, you know, come back and see it soon

Please

Tuesday, yeah?

Yes.

Okay

I'm looking forward to it

Not to you being in pain

But being with you

Is there

Yeah, me too.

Is there?

Is there any way you could come Monday evening and spend the night?

Yes definitely

Really?

Yes if I'm allowed to yes

Could I
Where should I be after

I’d like it but I don’t want you to be uncomfortable

Um. You can sleep in my bed after if you want, but I go to Mungo’s right away in the morning

Yeah

So should I be at your house when you wake up, or should I head back early and wait for you at St. Mungo’s?

You want to come to Mungo’s?

If you're comfortable with me being there

Are you sure you're okay with taking two days off just for this?

Yes

I usually get two week days off anyway, I'll just try to get these two off. They're lenient as long as there's no holiday coming up

Okay.

Okay, then maybe my mum can drive you to the train station early?

Because we're just apparating

Okay

I don't want to put your mum out, I can floo from yours to the library if I'm allowed to do that

You are, but I'm sure she wouldn't mind giving you a lift

Okay

Either, then

Alright

And you're sure it's alright I'm there?

You don't have to

I don't want you to feel like you have to

I don't feel like I have to

I feel very honoured that you trust me

I do

Thank you
It's just how it is

<3

You're my favourite person I'm dating

Well

Gee thanks

:p

Oh the little tongue one

Mhm

I like that one

I know

:P

Nerd

Yes!

I am rolling my eyes at you

Lovingly

Aww thanks

You're welcome

I need a smiley for kisses

It's the star one

:*?

Yes

It just doesn't convey the kisses feeling right

I agree

:*.

Are you home yet, Pumpkin?

I am, and I am about to peel some potatoes.
Oooh to what purpose?

To eat.

Why do I like you so much.

How will you be preparing them???

I will throw them into a pan full of hot oil

A good plan

Whole, then?

Just whole, peeled, fried potatoes?

Not not fried

And not whole

Maybe like

Cut into 6 or 8 pieces

Or 10 I suppose, depending on how big the potato is

Fascinating

Potatoes really are

Sure

Do you know that when they first brought them here, the queen and the whole court got really sick because they had a feast with just potato dishes, but the cooks didn’t know what to do with them, so they weren’t cooked

Oh no

Oh yes

Imagine Elizabeth I. throwing up

Oh can I not

As you wish

:) 

I remember mum cooking and me and dad making potato stamps

What are those?

Oh, you just cut the potato into a shape, or if you’re a four year old Remus into something not resembling a circle at all, even though you will be insisting it is, and then you dip it in colour and then you make patterns on paper
That's

The most adorable thing

I want to do that

*Oh, you totally can, it's super easy*

I'm gonna

Yess

I have paint

*Oh, now?*

I have potatoes

*Well okay*

I mean, not RIGHT now. Once I'm not so queasy. I think the smell of paint would be really bad right now

Likely

Ugh

Sorry

I'll survive it

*Please do*

Oh that looks

*Really good, right?*
Oh fuck
Shite

You're not feeling well and I'm sending you pictures of food

Fuck I'm so sorry

I wasn't even thinking, I just wanted you to see how I'm doing them so that you could imagine

I'm sorry

Please be okay

I'm okay
Better

Needed to get that out

Thanks for assisting it

I'm so sorry, Sirius

It's okay

Really really, it is

You're okay?

Mhm

I'm still sorry

You don't need to be

I have tea and James and Lily's bed and all the comfy pillows

Okay

That sounds good

It iiiiiis

But also very boring

I want to read more but I can't focus on words right now

Is sound okay?

Some sound

People talking is okay
Still not ready for music

And I want to call you but I think the phone noises might not be good

Okay. Get someone there to read to you then

Dunno

Don't want other people to read the thing I want to read to me

It feels kind of

Ours

Oh, you're reading tsoa

And I know it's different for you, you already love it and you already have attachments to it

Yes

I haven't since we read it together

Not that different for me.

I love sharing it with you and I wouldn't that much with anyone else.

Is Lily there?

Yeah

She's got a great voice, I know

But it's the same problem

No, give her the phone

Oh

Okay

Hey, Remus, everything okay?

Hi, Lils, listen

I haven't inconvenienced you yet, so I'm gonna do that now

And I mean you must want to see my room, right?

Willow road 7, Ystradfellte

What

Oh!
I'll be right there

*Thank you, you're the best*

**True**

*We all know it*

**See you in a sec**

**Everything okay, Moony?**

*Perfect, I'm coming to read to you*

**You are??**

*Mhm*

**Moonyyyy**

*Yes, love?*

**Oh**

*Sorry, not okay?*

**Very okay**

*Okay. I'll be there soon as Lily is done snooping.*

**That could take hours!**

**She's thorough**

*Find me pjs in that time, and ask Prongs to make me tea*

**Okay**

**Kind?**

*Is it? Something fruity*

**Extremely, Moony**

**He's on it**

*Okay :)*

**Your pjs are on the end of the bed**

**Kind?**

**T-shirt and flannel bottoms**

*Yes, good*
Yessss

Hey how fancy should I be dressed on Saturday?

Ummm

Nice but not stressfully nice?

Just going to pack now and leave your stuff here for tomorrow?

Yeah, Lily's helping

Okay nice

And I'm just not gonna leave

If that's okay

Really really???

There's really no point in coming and going back in the morning and then coming back again. And they always say that they don't really need me for morning shifts, so I can just call in the morning and say I won't be coming.

Moony Moony Moony Moony Moony Moony Moony Moony Moony

Sooooo

Really you can have me there tomorrow and Saturday and Sunday

And then see me again Monday evening

I just

Get to be with my boyfriend every day for the next like five, six days????

Pretty much, yes

Moonyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy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When Lily had finally had enough snooping, and when Remus was satisfactorily packed, they apparated together to the London flat. James always apparated right in front of the door - Remus suspected he liked to make an entrance - and Reg apparated just inside the door to the building. Lily wasted none of this time. They disapparated from Remus’s room right into Sirius’s.

The first thing Remus saw when he’d regained his vision from the spinning mess, was the pyjamas Sirius had laid out on the bed for him. The second was more blurry spinning colours.

Sirius was on him, arms around his middle, before he even had time to register what he was wearing.

“Well, hello,” Remus secured his arms around the Sirius, who felt impossibly warmer than usual.

“Hi,” Sirius’s voice was soft. Lily shut the door carefully, quietly.

Sirius crawled back into bed and laid down while Remus redressed himself in the pyjamas.

“Where’s the book?” he asked, tossing his pile of discarded clothes onto the floor at the foot of the bed.

Sirius looked so small and soft, snuggled into the pillows, blanket bunched up all around him. He held it up and handed it to Remus when he reached out for it.

“Will it bother you if I’m very close?”

Sirius shook his head. “Can you be very very close?”

They arranged themselves so that Remus was half lying, half sitting up against the headboard and Sirius was nestled, warm as ever, in his lap. He kissed Sirius’s cheek before he began.

They read for nearly an hour. Sirius sunk gradually until only his head was still in Remus’s lap. Remus’s fingers played absentely with Sirius’s hair while he read; brushing through, twisting lightly, and letting go. It was several minutes before he even realized he was doing it. He stopped immediately and pulled his fingers away with a muttered “sorry” between paragraphs.
Sirius said nothing, but reached up and found Remus’s fingers and pulled them back into his hair. He hummed in contentment when Remus began brushing, twirling, letting go again.

It didn’t take long after that for Remus to notice Sirius’s breaths becoming longer and more rhythmic. He looked down and found Sirius’s eyes closed, mouth open. He made note of their page and bent down to kiss the top of his datefriend’s head. He set the book aside and slid down to join him.

~

When Sirius woke, her head felt heavy and wobbly, but no longer like it was going to explode. There were long fingers in her hair. Her first thought was that she really wanted to read on, she’d fallen asleep at such a lovely part of the book. Her second was that Remus touching her hair was the very antithesis of uncomfortable.

She carefully removed his hand and kissed his palm before she sat up. She considered waking him, for morning kisses and questions, as she’d fallen asleep before they had had time to ask those. She decided against it. He looked too peaceful.

She picked up a post-it off his bedside table and scrawled a quick note assuring him that she’d text him on her break and stuck it to Remus’s nose. She kissed his hand one more time before she left for work.

Did you wake up?

I did

Was grumpy that there were no morning kisses, but Reg distracted me with breakfast

How’s work?

Well there was one

I kissed your hand before I left

And it's good! Not terribly busy, but good

Ohh like you’re a knight or something and I'm a princess and we just met, in that way?

I'll see for myself soon!

Sure, except your hand was on my pillow and you were lying partially sideways on my bed
Yesss

Sounds like I was cute

You really were

Can’t wait to see you

Me too me too I miss you

So soon, just like

3 hours

I’m about to go meet Al

Aww nice, tell her hi

I will

<3

Need me to bring you anything?

My boyfriend

That I can definitely do

That will be all please

Back to work then, lazy

Oi!

<3

See you soon

Cute arse

Hey, you're not supposed to check your phone at work!

;)

Serve the nice lady and then meet me by shampoo bars

“Cute arse, yourself,” Remus had been meandering around a table display of the kind of shampoo bars he’d seen but never dared use in Sirius’s shower. Well, that wasn’t completely true. He had tried one once, but had been under the impression it was a bar of soap and had used it as such.

When Sirius made herself known behind him he turned to her. “Is this how you greet all of your
customers?” He asked, arms folded for lack of anything better to do. It was strange to see Sirius after a length of time apart and not immediately put his arms around her. Particularly when she looked so cute and in-her-element.

“Just the ones with very cute arses,” she assured him.

“Oi!”

Maybe he didn’t get to hug her like he wanted to, but when Sirius took his hand to lead him to the other side of the store, everything felt more correct.

Sirius gave him the grand tour. In detail. Remus loved every minute.

Every section came with at least a dozen items and every item had a history, a series of potential uses, and a list of ingredients and their accompanying benefits. Some items, Remus was drawn to, and he really did want to hear everything there was to hear about the products, but mostly he just liked listening to her explain everything. It was like when someone started James on the topic of Quidditch. She loved every item she picked up and she wanted to share every word that left her lips. He fell in love every time she smiled.

Sirius took every excuse to touch Remus that she could. She told him so while she was massaging his left wrist with their third massage bar.

“Yes, I know you get the gist of what these do, I just really want to keep touching your skin right now.” She kept her eyes down on his arm while she spoke.

“Does that one say Earl Grey?” he asked, nodding to one they hadn’t tried yet. “I’d like to try that one next.” She didn’t look up, but she beamed.

She wound up buying that one for him. He tried to protest, but she handed it to her coworker anyway. “Don’t argue, this is a gift for me,” she insisted. He had no desire to protest after that.

Neither of them noticed when the end of her shift came and went. A girl around Remus’s height with long hair that hid most of her face had to approach Sirius and tell her that she’d been off the clock for twenty minutes. Sirius blushed but thanked her before turning back to the wall of colours she was showing Remus by testing them onto her own skin.

They didn’t stay very long after that. They collected their bag of purchases and samples from the register and left, hand in very-soft-hand.

They walked slowly, in no rush to get back to the flat for any reason.

“We missed questions last night, can we do that now?” Sirius asked.

“Yes, definitely. Does it have to be something we would have thought of last night?”

Sirius deliberated. “No, I think it can be anything.”

“Hmmm, okay. What is your very favourite thing you showed me just now?”

This was very much the wrong question to ask. Sirius stopped in her tracks, immobilized. The longer she stood and thought, the more the lines of her face creased and her chest looked heavy with every breath she took.

“I don’t… I can’t…”
“Hey, hey. Okay. That’s okay. Let me try a different one, okay? Which thing is the next thing you want to use when you have the chance?” He held both of her hands and pulled her off to the side of the crowded street nearer to the shops.

She nodded. “Um, okay. Okay. I want to do a face mask soon. Maybe Rosey Cheeks. I like what it does for my complexion.”

“You didn’t show me that one?” Remus ran through the long list of things he’d seen that day in his mind.

“I pointed it out briefly, but we didn’t really get to try out the face masks in there. I’ll show you when we get home, it’s in the refrigerator. It’s not my favourite consistency of any of the face masks, but it smells nice and I feel so even and soft after.” Once she was talking again they set back about their walk, her momentary panic subsiding.

“It’s in the refrigerator?” he asked.

“All of my face masks are. Though it’s just the two in there now. But they’re too fresh, it’s either that or a permanent cooling charm and I don’t trust mine to last that long.”

“Those little black jars are face masks? I thought they were a weird new kind of jam.”

“Oh, Moony…”

They talked and laughed for another moment before coming back around. “What’s your question, then?” Remus asked.

Sirius was ready. “How was your lunch with Alice?”

Remus gave Sirius a blow-by-blow account of his time that day with Alice while they got back to the flat and made their way up the stairs.

“I told her about asking you for help. With the shack and all.”

“Oh? What did she think of the idea?” Sirius’s tongue flicked out over her lip ring. Remus squeezed her fingers.

“She thought it was excellent. She reckons it’ll make a big difference for me.”

“And you still think that, too?” she asked.

They stopped in front of the door to the flat so that Sirius could pull out her key. “I know it’s a good idea. I’m not having second thoughts about it. I just don’t want to expect it to be better for me because the whole thing sucks. It’s going to suck no matter what, and you aren’t responsible for it when it sucks.”

Sirius nodded. “I know. I know I can’t change how much it hurts or how uncomfortable it is, or the fact that it’s still going to happen to you in general. I just want to help how I can.”

Remus didn’t respond except to plant a light kiss on her lips. It was very brief, but when he stood back so that she could open the door, her eyes were still closed and a small smile played over her lips.

The flat was empty when they made it inside. Reg had taken to filling their days with discovering muggle London and Lily and James had not yet gotten home from work.
Sirius dropped the lush bag on the coffee table and hopped onto the sofa, waiting for Remus to join her. “Moony, we’re all alone with nothing to do. However will we pass the time?” She asked with all the subtlety of a strobe light.

“Hmmm,” he pretended to think, then flopped onto the cushions beside her and laid his head on a pillow at the opposite end. “Nap time.”

“Noooo,” she whined. “Moonyyyyy.”

“Oh, you want kisses. So we must have kisses?” Remus asked playfully.

“Well, noooo, but I hereby propose the idea and await your decision.”

Remus opened his eyes and pretended to deliberate. “Hmmm… Yes. Okay. Kisses, please.”

“Yessss,” Sirius celebrated by pulling her hair out of its messy bun and letting it fall around Remus’s face when she leaned down to kiss him.

Lily and James came home with takeout what felt like moments later. When Remus looked over at the digital clock below the television, however, it told a different story.

“Did we just snog for over an hour?” he asked, sitting up. He’d been on his side with half of Sirius’s limbs over his body.

Sirius sat up beside him. Her hair was a mess and her cheeks were brilliant pink. “Umm, I think so.”

She looked disoriented and so sweet, he pulled her close while James and Lily unloaded their bags of food.

“They had a better day than we did,” Lily sighed, tossing utensils at each of them.

“We’ll make up for it later,” James winked conspicuously at her. Sirius threw a pillow at him.

Remus was grateful they’d brought food with them. Though he hadn’t been conscious of the passage of time, his body certainly was. It was a long day to have had so close to the full moon. His limbs were beginning to feel stiff and achy as they always did a few days prior. Though he did think that kissing Sirius had kept his muscles loose enough that the dull pain wasn’t anywhere near what it could have been. It was a theory he planned to test again and again in the coming months. Assuming Sirius still wanted him after this moon.

He put that thought aside in order to enjoy his evening with his friends.

Sirius picked up the nearest container, thigh still pressed comfortably to Remus’s. “Ugh, Thai?” She groaned.
“Sirius, you love Thai,” James reminded her.

“Yeah, I know, but I was really feeling like Greek tonight,” she sulked.

“We called you!” James hollered indignantly, “Seven times! You wouldn’t pick up!”

“You did not!” Sirius picked her phone out of her pocket, outraged. “You did? Oh, look, you really did. Oops.”

“Mhm, oops. Unbelievable. You always pick up when Moony calls you.”

Remus managed to feel guilty for a whole tenth of a second before he saw James smiling.

“Nuh uh, Moony never calls me. I call him,” Sirius protested.

“That’s not the point.”

“iisiisn’t it?”

Remus cleared his throat. “Thank you for the food, Prongs, Lily.”

“Oh, you’re very welcome, Remus,” James beamed.

Sirius crossed her arms. “Oh, so you’re not annoyed with him that he didn’t answer?”

“Of course not, I’d forgive Moony anything, he’s my best friend.”

“Jamie!”

Reg got home a few minutes later and walked in to see them all sitting on the floor around the coffee table eating out of the containers. They took a few very visible deep breaths before walking past them without a word. Remus felt a bit bad for making them uncomfortable, but that was about as short lived as the feeling of guilt for distracting Sirius from her phone earlier. Reg returned a brief moment later with a plate from the kitchen. They loaded it up with a bit of something from each container and sat in the usually-lonely arm chair to eat it. Remus could practically feel Sirius beaming with pride beside him.

The five of them chatted happily through dinner and after. Reg stayed on their chair but pulled their legs up under them while the other four turned into a big cuddle pile on the sofa.

Peter apparated into the sitting room at half nine with news of his parents.

“They’re doing alright, but I’m going to stay awhile anyway, just to make sure they stabilize well enough.”

Everyone in the room - including Reg - offered to keep him company, but he turned them all down. “Naw, I’m alright. I’ll be with my aunt the whole time anyway, and I’ll be home as soon as I think they’re okay without me.”

At one point later, Sirius began dozing off with her legs over Remus’s lap and her face pressed against James’s shoulder.

“Oh, no you don’t, Miss,” Remus prodded her hip. “Not missing questions two nights in a row. I never sleep right without questions.”
Sirius sat up and stretched herself out to wake up. “You sleep perfectly well when I’m sleeping next to you.”

Remus paused, then nodded. “Okay, true. But I like doing questions.”

“Then I’m up.”

Everyone decided this was as good of a point as any to disburse to their respective rooms for the night. Remus and Sirius set about the new ritual of turning the sofa into a bed quite lazily and crawled into bed in their clothes. Sirius quickly regretted this and ran into Reg’s room to fetch them both suitable pyjamas.

“Your turn to go first,” Remus pulled her close to him as she got into bed the second time.

“Oh… Okay. Have you ever slept in just your underwear?” she appeared to hear the words as they were coming out of her mouth and was scandalized by them as they happened. “I don’t mean- I didn’t mean it in a… racey sort of way. I just mean… Just now when I went to go get the pyjamas and I was tired and just wanted to be in bed, my first thought was ‘don’t bother’. I was just wondering.”

Remus laughed. “Oh, Pads. Are you even real?”

“I am real,” she pouted.

“You’re really asking if I’ve ever - in my whole entire life - slept in just my underwear?” He clarified.

“Yes.”

“Of course I have. Several times. Frequently, I’d say. Anytime I’m too lazy to haul my arse over to the dresser to get out proper pyjamas. Which is to say a lot.”

Sirius seemed satisfied with this answer. “Does it feel as weird as it sounds?”

“Have you ne- of course you haven’t,” Remus sighed. “Try it sometime. It doesn’t feel weird, I promise.”

“I make fun of Reg for their baby-steps to normal life, but I’m still learning.”

“I know you are, love.”

She melted in Remus’s arms. “Your turn.”

“Hmmm, alright. Do you really think your family will like me?” Remus asked. He was only now reminded that he should be nervous about that.

“Oh, that’s hardly a worthy question. Of course they will. You’re Moony. You’re the most likable person I know. In fact I like you a whole lot.” Sirius stretched her neck up in order to kiss his cheek.

“Is that so? The most likable?” he teased.

“Did I say likable? I meant lickable.” Without any other form of warning she licked a solid line up the side of his face, like a dog.

“UGH, Padfoot, why?!” Remus groaned, wiping his cheek on his pillow while she giggled and snuggled closer.
“You really are, though, and they’re going to adore you.”

“Because I’m so very lickable?” Remus finished wiping and settled back into his pillow.

“Because you’re wonderful.” She said it with no room for debate in her tone, and for once, Remus wasn’t even tempted to try.
Remus woke Saturday morning only when he felt Sirius squirming beside him. She shifted uneasily and made a small noise of discontent before snuggling insistently against him. He smiled to himself and put his arms around her, fully intending to doze off again.

“Ohhh, look!” Remus’s eyes shot open at James’s voice not six feet away.

“Gross,” Reg responded, and before Remus could turn over to discern why they were so close, he felt something soft hit his thigh through the comforter. He sat half up to see it was a child’s stuffed animal. A bunny. He picked it up and turned over, despite Sirius’s semi-vocal protests.

“What th-”

The scene before him was too strange for someone who had just woken up in the morning. The bed Remus and Sirius were lying on was covered in tiny stuffed animals. Lions, lionesses, deer, does, one discernible snake, several owls, and a few giraffes. James and Reg were sitting in chairs they’d pulled over from the dining table, each with a stuffed animal in hand. James was wielding a small lion and Reg had what looked like a ferret in the palm of their hand. As he sat up, Lily came out of the kitchen with her arms full of at least a dozen glasses and mugs.

“‘Ohh, look’ what, J-oh! Remus, good morning! Alright, what’s the grand total, then?” She asked, setting the cups down on the floor beside Reg.

Remus looked each of them in the eye in utter confusion before turning over and pulling the blanket up over his and Sirius’s heads.

Sirius shifted so that her whole warm body was flat against his. “Wh’ time is it?” she asked sleepily.

“No idea. Weirder things to worry about, right now,” Remus informed her.

This seemed to rouse her a bit. “Weird things?”

“Uh huh. Too early for this. Why do James and Reg appear to be throwing stuffed animals at us? Where are they getting them all? What the fuck is Lily talking about? Why is this all happening to me right now?”

“Stuffed animals?” Sirius asked. “Hang on.” She lowered the blanket from her face in order to assess the situation herself.

“What in the name of Morgana,” he heard her ask before she rejoined him under the blanket.

“No idea,” Remus yawned and closed his eyes again.

“How did they even all get there?”

“Pads, I have no idea wh-” he was brought to a halt when she planted a kiss on his cheek. “Oh. Good morning.”

“Good morning, Moonbeam. So what’s the plan?”

“The plan?” he asked.
“How do we retaliate?” she clarified like it should have been obvious.

Remus buried his head in his pillow. “No retaliation. Too early for retaliation. The plan is go back to sleep and ignore.”

“What! How can you sleep at a time like this!?” she asked indignanty.

“Well if not sleep, then at least we stay under this blanket forever until they go away.”

He could practically feel the radiating pout on her lip. “That’s boring.”

“Nuh uh, I can think of lots of ways to make blanket time fun,” Remus said.

“Moonyyyyy,” she warned, but it was she who kissed him right after she’d said it. Not just kissed. Sirius kissed him so deeply he lost much of his grip on the blanket in favour of melting into her. She moved to a more comfortable position for kissing, propped up on one elbow with one leg draped between his.

“They’re being gross again, I can hear it,” Reg accused from outside their little blanket sanctuary. What must have been a stuffed ferret hit Remus’s foot through the comforter.

“Oi!” James shouted. “That one doesn’t count, though, that was after they woke up, so the total is still thirty-nine.”

Sirius broke the kiss and Remus pulled down the blanket. “What on earth are you on about? Thirty-nine what?” he asked.

“Thirty-nine stuffed animals you got hit with before you woke up,” Lily explained. Remus and Sirius sat up.

“What?!” Sirius grabbed a nearby doe and chucked it at her.

“Lily started it!” James yelled. “We were going to let you sleep, but then you were sleeping forever and she finally got impatient and transformed her tea mug into that lioness there,” he pointed to the animal on the other side of Sirius’s head. “And then when that didn’t wake you, we decided to see how many it would take before you did.”

Sirius picked up the coiled stuffed snake. “Where did this one come from, I wonder?” She shot an accusing look at Reg.

They laughed. Even sleepy and bewildered, Remus recognized it as a beautiful sound. “I don’t like snakes.”

“They’re having a bit of a favourite-animal-crisis. We’re trying to find one that suits them. That was not it.”

“And were the giraffes?” Remus picked one up and threw it at them.

“Oh!” They tried to catch it, but missed. By a lot. “No, I do like them, but I don’t have an attachment to them like James and Lily do to lions and deer.”

“So thirty-nine, huh?” Sirius asked, pulling a pillow into her lap.

“We must record the number for posterity,” James announced. Right before something large and blurry hit him square in the face.
Sirius cackled beside Remus, who waited for James to recover and pick up the much larger stuffed animal off of the floor where it had fallen once it had bounced off of him. It was a soft looking dragon.

“Hebridean Black, attention to detail matters,” Sirius was obviously very proud of herself. Remus was a little proud of her, too, if he was being honest. He followed her lead and transformed a pillow into a generic teddy-bear to throw at Lily.

The snow ball style stuffed-animal-fight that ensued lasted for hours.

No winner was declared. But it was decided that all of them were losers.

They didn’t bother with lunch. They had a snack instead, since dinner wasn’t far away and it was sure to be a large one. Sirius assured Remus that they were all large ones, but that their mum was sure to outdo herself for Remus’s sake. As it grew closer, Remus’s skin began to crawl with nerves.

Reg very nearly went along to dinner with them. Remus pointed out that there would be less attention on them if it’s also the night that Remus is being introduced to the family. At the last moment, though, they declined. Sirius seemed okay with their decision. She promised to bring home leftovers for them.

As they were leaving the flat, Remus pulled her aside. “Sirius, I’m not bringing anything.”

She seemed confused. “Yes, I know. We don’t usually bring anything but ourselves. Was there something you wanted to take with you?”

“No, but…” he searched for the words to express his discomfort. He didn’t want to show up empty handed and expect them to accept him into their family. He contemplated conjuring flowers but that somehow still felt empty, like cheating. “I can’t just show up empty handed to the first time meeting your parents, can I?”

“Well, why not?” Sirius asked. James heard them speaking and walked over.

“Alright?” he asked.

“It’s nice to bring things the first time you meet someone’s parents, isn’t it?” Remus asked him. “You’re supposed to bring a gift?”

“Moony,” James looked like he didn’t understand the words. “You’re the gift.”

Remus sighed, “Yes, but-”

“No, in all seriousness, it would make it weird. Wouldn’t it?” James asked Sirius.

“I think it would. This isn’t a formal event, bringing a gift would make it feel… stuffy,” Sirius said.

When they arrived at the Potters’ - a home that seemed dauntingly large to Remus, with walls entirely overtaken by unchecked ivy and various charming flora - they did not bother knocking or ringing a bell of any kind. They barged right on through, loudly and with much shouting.

“Muuuuuum, Daaaaaad, your favourite child is here!” James hollered, kicking off his shoes.

“Oh, thank you for announcing my arrival, Prongs,” Sirius winked.

A voice from another room a distance away called back, “Hello, Sirius!”
“Mum!” James was outraged.

“Yes, but has Sirius brought the boyfriend with?”

“Daaad! Hmph.” James pouted. Lily kissed him, a brief action filled with so much affection, Remus was momentarily distracted from his anxiety, and led the way into the kitchen.

This was clearly the source of the voices. Two people who could only have been James’s biological parents occupied the room.

The man looked like James had merely taken a bit of aging potion and was standing before them. Except for his nose. Which could conveniently be found on the face of the woman in his arms. It curved daintily in just the same way James’s did. This was not the most James thing about them, though. It was suddenly very clear to Remus where both James and Sirius got their ridiculous nerd genes from. Monty and Effie Potter were - without the assistance of any discernible music whatsoever - dancing around the kitchen floor.

Coming to the evident conclusion of the non-song, Monty dipped Effie and kissed her. Like they were in a movie.

“Ew,” James hid his face in Lily’s hair. Sirius watched with an amused smile. Remus was instantly in love with both of them. And, he thought, a bit more in love with Sirius in that moment. He watched her watch them and was overcome with what he found in her expression.

Before he had long to contemplate this, there were suddenly hugs. Effie approached first, with her arms open at her sides. “Hello, Remus, Dear, hug okay?” Remus nodded and stepped forward to embrace her and Monty in turn.

They both seemed very glad he was there, but nobody made a huge deal about meeting him. There was not one moment of feeling awkward or out of place. Nobody asked him invasive questions. Effie asked little things like “how much spice is too spice for you?” and “do you like onions?” He’d been preparing himself for a hostile interrogation of sorts, but he received none of that.

They were, however, quickly thrown out of the kitchen. Sirius and James were instructed to set the table while Monty gave Remus a casual tour of the house. It wasn’t smaller on the inside than it had looked on the outside. The spaciousness and design of each room and the quality of the furniture decreed wealth, but there was something very cozy about each room individually. Not terribly much seemed out of place, but none of it could be described as tidy, either. Fine art was mixed seamlessly with old Quidditch trophies and Sirius’s old sketch works. Remus made a mental note to examine those further sometime.

He was shown the door to Sirius’s room, but didn’t go inside. He was grateful Monty didn’t suggest it. It seemed like one place Sirius ought to show him herself.

Remus ate about three times as much as he probably should have. Everything was pretty and delicious. Effie beamed with pride at every compliment he gave, every one of them completely genuine.

Sirius squeezed his knee under the table. At first Remus thought it meant he’d said something incorrect, but a glance at her told him she was just so content, she was simply sharing the moment with him. He felt the weight of it where he sat. Important and wonderful.

They left everything on the table and went to sit in the living room when everyone seemed to be
Remus took a seat next to Sirius at one end of the sofa while Lily and James took the other end, James half in Lily’s lap. When Effie and Monty took the love seat across from them, Effie threw her legs over Monty’s. The length of her saree draped over his legs like a blanket. Remus felt strangely comfortable there. He found Sirius’s fingers with his own and laced them together.

They talked for awhile before Effie turned the conversation to Quidditch and ended any sort of open discussion. She and James were immediately debating statistics and chances. Remus saw Lily and Monty exchange a look and they both got up to do the dishes from dinner. Sirius, too, seized upon the opportunity. She stood, stretched, and pulled Remus up off of the couch by his hand.

Remus followed her quietly out of the room, up the stairs, and down the hall to the room that had been shut before. “I get to go in your room?” he asked.

Sirius pushed open the door. “Well, you could sit out here, but that seems a little pointless.” Remus walked into the room after her while she continued. “Dad told me he didn’t show you the bedrooms, James’s is boring anyway, and Mum and Dad’s. But… There’s still some pieces of me in this one.”

Remus looked around the room. It was larger than Sirius’s room in the flat, marginally. There was a full sized bed in the center, just the same, but instead of clothing and art supplies this room was full of the clutter of memories. There were boxes, things that had apparently been important enough to pack, but not important enough to take with them. A pile of bags - discernibly a mix of backpacks, old wizard’s bags, and hand bags - in one corner of the room. The closet door was open and sparse. It mostly appeared to hold unused hangers, but Remus thought he saw some clothing poking out from the back.

The walls were lined with posters - from both muggle and wizard bands - and photographs. There was a heavily autographed photo of a Quidditch team almost completely invisible behind a cluster of muggle photographs of Sirius, James, and Peter by a lake. Remus walked over to one long poster that had clearly been taken out of the center of a muggle gentlemens’ magazine and raised an eyebrow.

Sirius laughed. “It’s one of the only things I have left from living at Grimmauld Place. I didn’t bring it with me, but my room there was covered in them, so this felt a little familiar when I found it and I hung it up.”

“Your room was covered in mostly-naked muggle women?” Remus repeated in disbelief.

Sirius laughed - a loud, open giggle that transformed her face - and threw herself onto the bed. “Yes, strangely enough. They made my mum very angry.”

“Ahaa,” Remus nodded with understanding. He joined Sirius on the bed and lied out flat on his back to find the ceiling covered in stars. They were obviously magic. Twinkling specks of light shining in clear constellations.

“Those are beautiful. Is that you?” Remus asked, pointing up at the brightest star above them. He thought he recognized the Canis Major constellation around it, but if he was being honest, it was easier to tell by the Orion one directly adjacent.

“Mhmm,” Sirius nodded and rolled over onto her side to face Remus. “Hey, Moony?”

“Hmm?”

“I’ve never kissed a boy in this bed before.”
Remus turned onto his side to meet her. “Is that so?”

“It is.”

“Would you care to rectify that?” Remus asked, even though the answer was written all over her.

“I would, please,” she scooted forward to close the small distance between them and grabbed a fistful of his jumper near the bottom, for something to ground her to him, Remus suspected. He put a hand over her hip and kissed her.

Lily came to find them a while later.

“Your parents are chucking us out,” She informed them, after she’d knocked and been granted access. “They offered that we can spend the night, but they want to start winding down their evening.”

After much discussion of how lame the Potters were, the three of them went back downstairs and began the goodbyes.

“Welcome to the family,” Monty said when he hugged Remus goodbye. “Hope to see you again soon.”

Remus liked Sirius’s family every bit as much as he liked her friends.

“James!” Sirius jumped onto James’s back as soon as the door was shut behind them. “James, guess what!”

“Oof, what?” James stumbled but adjusted Sirius onto his hips properly and kept walking.

“I kissed a boy in my bed. A real live boy. Me. In that bed!” she was positively giddy.

Remus buried his face in his hands. “Oh, Merlin.”

“Excuse me?” James sounded personally offended. “Are you implying that that’s the first boy you kissed in that bed?”

“Ummmmmm, yes?!?” Sirius shouted in his ear.

“What the hell does that make me?” James stopped in his tracks to drop Sirius off of his back onto her feet.

“Huh?”

“You kissed me in that bed a hundred times! At least!”

“Oh.”

“OH?!”

Sirius side stepped over to walk beside Remus and link their arms together. “Well, I wasn’t counting those. Fine. I kissed my boyfriend in my bed. Better?”

“Hmph.”
James pretended to sulk most of the way home, and by the time they arrived there, they were all tired enough to aim straight for their respective sleeping places. Sirius ducked into Reg’s room to get pyjamas for Remus and herself, and to assure them that she’d recount all details of the evening to them the following morning.

“Questions,” Remus insisted when they were both crawling into bed. “Me first. Do you think your parents liked me?”

“Moony, they adored you. And I don’t think, I know,” Sirius picked up his fingers and moved them around over her own. “Mum loves you for loving her food and I could see how impressed she was when you were talking about grindylows, and dad’s nerd eyes were practically glowing when you were nerding out about his old nerdy history nerd books.” Remus snorted, but she pressed on. “And they both think you’re cute. Also, Moony, they see that you love me. It’s very obvious, you know Mum literally said “Sirius, this boy loves you,” while dad was nodding along next to her.”

Remus looked up to her eyes. He’d been watching the lazy motions of their fingers, prior. “What did you say when she said that?”

“I said “I know, I love him too,” and dad got a bit teary, and mum said “I’d tell you that next time you have to introduce us to the boy you’re dating way before this point, but I won’t, because I hope you just keep this one for good.””

Remus smiled. “And what did you say to that?”

“I said “that’s the plan”.” She too looked up from their fingers to find Remus’s eyes.

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

“Your turn.”

“Oh- Okay, reverse question. What did you think about them?” Sirius must have known that he had loved them. Remus wasn’t a generally subtle person, and he wasn’t trying to hide that at all.

“I adored them right back,” he assured her.

“Yeah?”

“Yes. They’re wonderful. Them as people and them as relationship goals. They look like they love each other so much.”

Sirius closed her eyes and smiled. “They really do. James is always cringing when they act all love-y, and he calls it gross like how Reggie calls us gross, but I love it. I love seeing it and I love that they let us see. They’re the first people I saw like that. I didn’t know it could be like that, that that’s how relationships are supposed to look as time goes on, that that’s how they can look, anyway. Even after years and years together and they’re still so warm and open with each other. I thought it eventually morphed into a cold sort of co-existence, but the Potters never did that. It’s beautiful to see. It’s-“

“Love.”

“Yeah. It’s love.”

“I’m glad you have them. And that now I kind of do, too,” Remus relaxed into his pillow.
“You do have them. You’re family, now.”

“That means so much, Sirius.”

“Mmm,” she snuggled close and tucked herself into his arms.

“I love when you do that,” he wrapped himself tighter around her.

“You.”

“Mhm. I love you, too. Goodnight.” Sirius was asleep before she managed to say it back.

~

Sirius slept late a second day in a row. In fact he only woke up at all because there was a dramatic change in how comfortable his bed suddenly was.

Remus was sitting up on the edge of the sofa-bed, outside the covers, talking to someone Sirius couldn’t see. He sat up himself and put his arms around Remus’s middle from behind.

“Time is it?” He asked quietly.

Remus brought a hand up to rest over Sirius’s over his own stomach. “Oh, good morning, Pads. I think it’s ten.”

Sirius groaned, “I’m sleeping my life away.”

Remus seemed like he was about to protest but Reg, whom he had apparently been in discussion with before Sirius had interrupted, spoke before he had the chance. “You really are, yikes.”

Sirius chucked a pillow at them.

It nearly turned into a repeat of the previous morning, but this time it was more like a two sibling pillow fight in which they were both using Remus as a human shield. As a result, Remus was the most affected. He resolved this by lying back on the bed, squishing Sirius into the blankets, efficiently ruining the game.

Sirius was a mess of giggles by the time he’d rolled off of him.

Alice and Frank arrived while Remus and Sirius were getting dressed. Well, while Sirius was getting dressed and Remus pretended not to watch.

“We’re not going anywhere, what’s the point of getting dressed?” He’d shrugged. Sirius would have taken that as an acceptable answer, but there was something else etched in Remus’s face. Sirius didn’t press, but Remus added anyway, “Need comfortable.” He was moving slower that morning, it had not bypassed Sirius’s notice. Suddenly the full moon seemed all too soon to Sirius. He wanted to apologize for the careless pillow assault earlier, but when he tried, Remus threw one at him from Reg’s neatly made bed.

They left Reg’s room to find everyone at the table; Alice, Frank, Lily, James, and Reg. Remus took a
seat next to Alice while Sirius hopped up onto the table, much to the distress of both James and Reg. They passed a pleasant, entirely lazy day together, the seven of them. They had lunch together and sat around talking.

When nobody could decide what to have for dinner that evening, Frank, James, Lily, and Sirius all decided they would make something out of whatever they could find around the kitchen while Alice, Reg, and Remus watched and tried to stay out of their way.

Reg brought out a deck of cards - wizard ones Remus marveled at, never having seen them before, and they played with those amongst themselves in the sitting area, which was once again a sitting area, not a bedroom.

Sirius was in a brilliant mood until dinner. He sat close to Remus, knees nearly touching under the table. Remus ate almost nothing. It didn’t bother Sirius in the way it bothered Mrs. Potter when someone didn’t eat a lot of the food she’d cooked. It bothered him because normally the amount of food they’d made between the four of them would barely have fed Remus. He prodded at his food with his fork and listened quietly to the conversation around them.

He wanted to do something. Anything. Make him laugh or remind him he loved the rice James had made, or take all of his pain away from him and make it gone. He was completely helpless to it and he felt it all building up inside him.

He excused himself when Alice made a bid at engaging Remus in a conversation and escaped to the kitchen. He leaned over the counter, and when even that wasn’t enough support, he slid onto the floor, gasping for breaths.

James found him there not long after he’d hit the tiled floor. He said nothing, but sat beside Sirius and pulled him under his arm. Sirius allowed his body to be moved and tried to find his breath.

“Every month—”

“I know.” James’s voice was even and steady, but soft.

“Every month he’s always alone.”

“He does have par- well, he has Hope. And he has Alice.”

“But he doesn’t say when it hurts, he isn’t even saying to me but I know it does.”

“He has to handle it his own way, Pads, it’s his body.”

“I kn-know that, but he’s so…”

“I know.”

“I just love him a lot and he’s…”

“I know.”

Sirius only cried for a moment. James held him and soothed him. For Sirius’s standards it didn’t take terribly long at all. Even so, when they rejoined the group, Remus was looking so poorly, it was evident to everyone in the room. Reg offered their bed to him and Sirius for the night. Remus tried to refuse, but Lily put it to a vote and Remus was outnumbered six to one.
Remus and Sirius went to bed right after dinner. Alice and Frank came in awhile later to kiss them both goodnight. By that time, they were already in Sirius’s comfiest pyjamas, lying under the covers with a sizable gap between them.

“Closer?” Remus requested once they’d left.

“Is closer okay?” Sirius asked, every part of his body aching to be closer.

“As long as it’s gentle.”

Sirius moved forward slowly and carefully and pressed his fingers lightly against Remus’s cheek. Remus closed his eyes for a moment and turned his head to kiss them.

“Questions?” Remus asked.

“Yeah?”

“Okay, I’ll go first. Is this scaring you?”

Sirius was taken aback. “What? No. I’m not scared.”

“You don’t have to say that. I know it’s different and strange. I won’t be upset, I just need to know you’re not going to… leave, or anything.”

“No, Moony, no, I’m not afraid. I’m upset that you have to go through this. And I want to help but I know I can’t and asking if I can will only make you feel bad, so I’m frustrated. Frustrated and sad. Not scared. No part of me is that,” Sirius brought his hand from Remus’s face to his arm and held it lightly.

“Okay. Okay. I love you.”

“I love you, too. My turn?” He waited for Remus to nod. “You would tell me if there was something I could do, yeah? So I don’t have to always be wondering if I should ask?”

He nodded again. “I think I can manage that. Like right now. Can you do something for me?”

Sirius picked his head up off the pillow. “Anything, what can I do?”

“Just kiss me and tell me you’ll still be here when I wake up.”

Sirius sank back into his pillow and complied. “I promise I’ll be here when you wake up. Whether that’s in the morning or a hundred times through the night. I’m here,” Sirius said and kissed Remus very softly on the lips.

Remus said nothing else before falling into sleep.
Waking up was different Monday morning. Not just because Sirius was back in his own bed, but because Remus was awake beside him and clearly in pain. It was painted in the lines of his face, his creased brow and the uncomfortable twist of his lips.

“W-” Sirius remembered assuring Remus that he wouldn’t ask persistently if there was anything he could do and shut his mouth. Instead, he put a hand on Remus’s where it was lying, too stiff and clenched in the sheets. “I’m here.”

Remus lifted one finger to lace between Sirius’s. “Thank you,” he managed.

Sirius didn’t want to leave. He tried convincing Remus that he wouldn’t be in trouble for taking one more day from work, but Remus declined. He wanted to be home in his own bed to rest anyway. So after a long morning making sure Remus was well cared for, Sirius kissed him gently, with a quiet “see you soon”, and left.

~

Reg apparated Remus home not long after Sirius had gone. The official plan was to let Remus lie in bed Sirius’s for awhile, but once he was off to work, the bed felt cold and too big and it was full of the smell of him and the absence of him. So he found Reg and asked if they could go early and they seemed happy to oblige.

Vagely, somewhere in his mind, he was proud of Reg for apparating him right into his room, instead of outside of the house like usual. He suspected it had something to do with the amount of discomfort visible on his face.

They saw Remus into bed and then stood awkwardly half way between the door and where Remus was lying. Remus, whose body was beginning to malfunction in all of the fun, normal ways, basically blacked out when his head hit the pillow. He woke up what felt like seconds later, but who knew how long it really was?

However long it had been, Reg was still standing there. Or they were standing there again, because now they had a mug of tea. They moved closer and set the tea on the nightstand beside Remus. “I think it’s better this time. I left it to sit for awhile longer. The colour’s better, at least. They, unlike Sirius, seemed unable to control how frequently they asked if they could be of assistance. Every few moments, they just blurted out “can I do anything to help?”

“Are you sure? I know I’m rubbish in the kitchen, but I promise I’m not at all shabby at potions. Just something for the pain.”

“Nothing will work, Reg. Thanks, though. It means a lot you want to help,” Remus sat up in bed and sipped his tea - a bit on the bitter side, but at least not flavourless.

“But why? That doesn’t make any sense,” It always brought Remus joy when Reg got visibly
emotional about something and it doubled it that Reg felt enough emotion about him to be frustrated.

“What sickness is it that you think I have?” he asked.

Their cheeks turned pink and they shrugged. “I don’t know.”

“The… nature of the illness prevents potions or painkillers from having any lasting effect.” Remus saw that this didn’t satisfy their frustration in the slightest, and he was in too much pain to consider wisely. “Oh, fuck it. Reg, I’m a werewolf.”

He waited for the blanch. The wide eyes and the shocked mouth. The fear. But just like the last several times he’d come out to a friend, it never came. What did come, unexpectedly, was tears. A tear fell down Reg’s cheek as instantly as their eyes had started to well.

“Reg—”

“That’s why it hurts? Because,” Remus could see them thinking quickly, “Your body has to restructure soon? So it hurts?”

Remus nodded, unsure of what to do with this. Reg was quiet for a moment, and then they were dropping to the mattress beside Remus to hug him. Remus couldn’t even feel the extra pain this caused, he was too stunned by the display of affection.

“Oh- oh no, I’m sorry!” They sat back quickly. “Did I hurt you?”

“You’re fine. I mean, are you? Are you okay?” Remus asked. Reg sat on the edge of the bed.

“Of course I’m okay. I didn’t know… I’m so sorry.”

“You’re not afraid?” Remus asked cautiously.

“Oh course I’m afraid. Where do you transform? Is it safe? How many people know? How bad does the pain get? Are you going to be okay?”

They didn’t seem to be looking for answers to the questions, which was good, because Remus really didn’t know how to answer some of them.

They sat more fully on the bed, knees brought up to their chin in a way that struck Remus as very Sirius, and they talked. And talked and talked. Reg had more logistical questions than anyone else Remus had told recently. More of the questions Remus expected, but they never asked in a way that made Remus feel alienated or dangerous. It felt like a discussion with a friend. He shouldn’t have been surprised by that, as that was exactly what it was, but he was.

He was tired when he began the conversation, by the time Reg was running out of questions, he was exhausted. He had just enough consciousness left to be aware of his mother coming into the room and telling Reg she would take over from there. Judging on her timing, Remus was pretty sure she’d been aware of their conversation.

It's been so looooooong

since you saw me?

you're not missing much
I am though

*your boyfriend is very boring at the moment*

and pale

I still love him

**Do you want me to bring anything?**

*just my girlfriend or boyfriend please*

She’s on her way

*you sure you’re gonna be okay with the floo?*

I’ll be fine. I sit for a minute and I’m okay

*okay. you have the key to the library office?*

As long as it's the one you gave me, it's in my bag

*okay good*

and mum said she can definitely drive you on wednesday morning

Excellent thank you

*mhm*

I'm getting on now. Rest?

*mhm*

*say hi to the invisible elephants for me*

I will!

Can I come up?

Moony?

I'm going to hope you're just sleeping and come up?

Sirius knocked on the door twice when she got up to the attic. When there was no answer, she pushed the door open to find Remus fast asleep on his bed with the blankets thrown off the side. Instinct told her to cover him back up with the blanket and tuck him in, but she suspected that their place on the floor was not unintentional.

She was still reeling a bit from the apparition earlier and she seized the opportunity to transform into Padfoot, curl up at Remus’s feet, and doze off.
Remus slept restlessly but only woke up once fully, but that was to rush past Sirius to vomit. Sirius - still a mess of black fluff on the edge of the bed - refrained from running to him to make sure he was okay. She heard him rinse his mouth out before he appeared back in the doorway. He saw her and smiled. It was so so good to see a smile fight its way to that face. She felt her tail muscles moving, giving her away, and transformed.

“Hello, Sleepy Boyfriend,” she crossed her legs and waited for him to return to the bed. He did and leaned against her affectionately without a word. “Better if I stay fluffy while we sleep?”

Remus kissed her cheek and sat up away from her. Skin contact was clearly too much at that moment. “Is it comfortable for you if you do that?”

She nodded. It wasn’t something she did regularly - heightened senses sometimes made for often uneasy sleep when attempted for longer stretches of time - but occasionally she did it just because she could. She, James, and Peter all did when they were in school. Padfoot and Wormtail would each take one end of a bed, unless Wormtail was feeling particularly cuddly, and Prongs would sleep right next to them on the floor. Soft sheets did little to impress a stag. They’d even slept out in the forest more than once. Again, just because they could.

“Then yes,” Remus looked more like he’d run a grueling marathon than that he’d just been sick in a bathroom. Sirius transformed again and took her place at the more spacious foot of the bed. Remus leaned over to scratch behind her ears before he lied down and was instantly asleep.

~

Tuesday was not a good day. Eventually Remus’s body would no longer allow him to sleep and then he was just awake and in pain. Sirius had never seen him look so bad. The colour went out of his skin, there were dark circles under his eyes, sweat beaded his brow, and every time he moved, his whole body shook for a moment.

Sirius was scared for him. She couldn’t help that, but she could help - to a degree - how much of it she showed him. There was no way he didn’t know she was afraid, but she did her best to keep it off of her face and out of her tone. She was there to help.

She kept a glass of cool water at his side and helped Hope prepare lunch - clear vegetable broth for Remus and sandwiches for Hope and Sirius, of which Sirius ate very little - but otherwise mostly kept vigil on the bed in dog form. Occasionally, Remus would reach for her and she’d move up the bed to curl between his bent knees and his chest while he ran his hands through her fur before the sensations were too much. They quickly developed a code. Remus would stretch out his fingers toward her to call her over, and pat her twice on the head when he needed more space.

They decided to make their way to the shack earlier than they had originally agreed to give Remus time to walk at a pace that didn’t make him grit his teeth against the pain. Sirius offered only once to carry him. Remus refused outright.

Sirius’s heart utterly crumbled when the shack finally came into view. A dilapidated one-room structure that could hardly be called that at all. There were more shingles on the ground around it than on the roof. The wooden boards that made up the frame were rotting and had been boarded over
in places. The idea of Remus spending any time alone there was painful to Sirius. And he spent a whole day alone there every month.

Inside there was practically nothing. A bare mattress in the corner of the room, two coils poking through the torn fabric. What had possibly once been a chair lay broken, pieces splintered and scattered about the room.

Remus collapsed onto the mattress as soon as they were inside, knees instinctively pulling away from the exposed coils. Sirius thought of his own mattress at home. Of how she complained when there was so much as a crumb in the sheets. The perspective made her eyes water.

She swallowed it back and sat down cross legged on the jagged floorboards next to him. “You know what this place needs?”

At first Remus didn’t answer, and she mostly thought he wouldn’t, but then, eyes still closed, he murmured, “One less werewolf?”

“Curtains.”

He repeated, “Curtains.”

“Yes, curtains. Pretty purple ones, something cheery but tasteful. And some sheets for this bed,” she ran her fingers over the mattress near his arm. “Maybe some wallpaper, or at least a decent paint job. I know a girl who’s pretty handy with a brush, you know.”

Remus’s eyes opened to look at her. He didn’t look what one might call happy, but he did seem amused. “I’d shred curtains, Pads. They wouldn’t last one moon.”

“Moony, you must be the worst wizard I’ve ever known. Who’s forgetting magic now, eh? Repair them? Or get new ones every few months? Or, or, just enjoy the artful aesthetic of the torn ones. Hmmm, think I could get you to shred the kitchen curtains? I think those would be kind of pretty with a bit of tear. Just drab, now-”

“Just come here, you prat,” Remus reached for Sirius. She obliged immediately and settled beside him in the unappealing mattress until Remus’s pulse slowed to a reasonable rate.

Time kept passing. The rise of the moon was coming too quickly. Sirius helped Remus check to make sure all of the necessary spells and enchantments were holding well, and then there were only a few more minutes left to sit with Remus and listen to the quiet before she had to leave. She stayed until the last second Remus allowed her to. When it was definitely time, she kissed Remus very lightly and walked out of the shack.

The walking didn’t last long. A few paces from the front door, she broke into a run, face wet with all she’d been holding back all day. She cried quietly her entire way back to the house, unable to even greet Hope on her way in. Her legs carried her up to Remus’s room, where she sank into Remus’s bed and buried her face in his pillow, the vivid image of Remus on a bare, broken mattress with no pillow hanging behind her eyelids, inescapable. She considered calling James, but she wouldn’t have been able to get words out anyway.

Eventually she gave up on human emotions and turned into Padfoot. It was easier to process this listless kind of grief that way - or at least to block it out with the sounds and scents of Remus’s room. Of Remus. She fell asleep like that.
Sirius didn’t wake on her own Wednesday morning. She was brought out of sleep - human sleep, she must have transformed sometime in the night - by a soft knocking on Remus’s door. Her heart immediately sank. Everything smelled and felt like Remus. It wasn’t right that he wasn’t there.

“Hello?” she asked quietly, but she was sure the person on the other side of the door would hear her. The house was utterly silent.

“Good morning, love,” it was Hope, “Remus is okay, made it through the night in one piece. Lyall’s just taken him to St. Mungo’s, so if we head out soon you should get there around the time he wakes up. There’s toast for breakfast, I didn’t know if you’d be up for more.”

Hope was a blessing.

She drove Sirius to the station, quiet music and not much conversation, and walked her right up to the gate. She hugged her tight and Sirius, only just realizing how very much she needed a hug, embraced her for a very long moment.

She didn’t think of elephants once the entire trip.

Sirius had been so preoccupied with worry for Remus that she’d forgotten how much she hated St. Mungo’s.

A pair of Healers in their bright green robes in the reception area greeted her.

“Ah, young Mr. Black,” Sirius felt instantly like she was breathing under the pressure of a lake full of water. “Not here on unfortunate circumstances, I hope?” one asked. She recognized the older woman from a different lifetime. She didn’t respond, she couldn’t even feign a smile.

Sirius was nine, lying in a hospital bed in a room with one window. Her mother sat with her perfect posture in the armchair beside her, Reg quiet on her other side in a smaller chair. Every few moments, a deeply unsettling tremor would run through Sirius’s whole body.

“Hold still.” Walburga Black instructed her child.

Sirius didn’t bother explaining again that she couldn’t.

A Healer she’d seen before walked in. The third that day with a floating chart and quill that took notes of its own volition while they spoke.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Black. Young Mr. Black, not feeling too great today, are we? Body shakes and minor bleeding from the nose and ears, correct?” she asked, peering over at the chart.

“Y-”

“That is correct. I’ve tried all the home remedies, but he’s still carrying on like this.” Walburga waved a hand at Sirius just as another tremor ran through her bones.
“Well, it definitely looks like the aftermath of a curse again. Rather, a series of nasty, powerful
curses, this time, from the looks of it. You told Healer Delphine you didn’t know what exactly
happened?” Sirius felt the warm glow of hope in her chest at the look of veiled skepticism in the
Healer’s eyes.

“No idea,” Walburga replied unconvincingly. “Just came down to breakfast like this.”

The Healer frowned at Walburga. “I see. Well, there’s a bit of an interview process that has to
happen now, as in all cases like this, if I could ask you to step out of the room for a momen-”

“I was also talking to Healer - Delphine, you said? - about the repairs the hospital is doing on the
Janus Thickey ward? I think it’s just dreadful plans have had to halt due to loss of funding. I’m
preparing an owl to my husband to send as soon as we’re out of here informing him that we will
make quite a handsome contribution to this effort.”

The warmth in Sirius’s chest dissipated with the brightening of the Healer’s face. “Madam Black,
that’s… very generous of you. That will make a huge difference around here, of course.”

Walburga smiled politely. “It certainly should. But I believe I cut you off, what was it you were
saying about my boy?”

“Oh! Right.” The Healer took the clipboard and quill out of the air and glanced at Sirius before
crossing out a section of what was written. She made her own notes in the margins and let it float
beside her again. “It’s an easy enough set of symptoms to treat, we’ll have a potion up here on 4
within the hour and then you’re all three free to leave.” Sirius wanted to scream. She knew. She
knew exactly what happened, just like Healer Delphine had and Healer Jed before her. This Healer
turned to her. “Now, you and your brother be careful from now on. Playing around with Mummy
and Daddy’s wands can be very dangerous.”

Sirius waited for the Healers to pass and pressed her back against the nearest cool stone wall while
she caught her breath. She hated St. Mungo’s.

After a - long - moment of collecting herself, she made her way to the front desk to ask what room
Remus was in. She just had to get there, and see him and everything would be okay. She was
greeted by a kind looking witch with a warm smile.

“I’m here to see Remus Lupin,” she smiled back at the receptionist.

The witch’s face changed in an instant from kindly to sour. “Go to the end of the hall on the first
floor and take the lift down to 1b, for chronic creature induced injuries, that one’s quarantined all
the way at the end of the hall. You’ll need to sign a Danger of Personal Injury waiver before you go
down to visit,” she said curtly and shoved a form on a floating clip board at Sirius. The open disgust
in her tone made Sirius’s stomach turn. She remembered how nervous Remus had been to tell Sirius
and their friends his secret. How surprised he’d been when they reacted the ways that they did. He
had been expecting this. This was how people reacted to Remus’s presence. This was how people
spoke of her boyfriend in the place he went to get better after spending a night in a hell this woman
couldn’t even imagine.

She began to walk away.

“Sir? Excuse me, you’ll need to sign this waiver.”

She kept walking in the direction of the first floor corridor.

“Sir!”
“I’ve got this, thank you.” An arm locked around Sirius’s shoulders, warm and familiar. “I’ll get the proper paperwork sorted, don’t worry about it.”

Alice waved the receptionist off and led Sirius down the hall, arm still tight around her shoulders. “You look awful, did you sleep at all last night?”

“I’m fine. How is he?”

“Not so bad compared to how I’ve seen him before. A few deep cuts, lots of bruises, and one cracked rib, but the messy stuff is all out of the way. Just the aches, now. And his bandages will need occasional changing for the next day or so.”

“He’s not in too much pain?” Deep cuts and a cracked rib didn’t sound like little wounds to Sirius, but that’s how Alice was talking about them. In fairness, Sirius had endured four years of James sustaining increasingly horrendous Quidditch injuries. He knew magic would heal anything that had happened to Remus through the night.

They took the lift down to a set of rooms Sirius hadn’t known even existed. The light from the artificial windows was dim. They walked all the way to the end of that hall so that Alice could push open the last door on the right.

“Sirius,” Remus was sitting upright in the hospital bed. He didn’t smile when they entered, but his whole face lit up. Alice had undersold the extent of the bruising and the amount of bandages covering various parts of Remus’s body.

“Hey, Moony, I missed you,” Sirius managed past the lump in her throat.

“Did you sleep? You look terrible.” How Remus could manage to be concerned about Sirius’s sleeping habits at such a time was beyond her.

“Oi, why’s everybody telling me how dreadful I look today, eh? I’m gorgeous and no poor night’s sleep makes me any less so!” she protested, quietly but outrageously.

Remus did smile, then.

Alice checked his bandages while Sirius stretched out on the bed and mostly got in the way, but kept Remus smiling. She replaced the necessary ones and, finally, declared it acceptable for him to leave. Sirius insisted on apparating. Remus had started to offer an alternative for Sirius’s sake, but she refused. It wasn’t terribly far and she just wanted to be home in bed with Remus as quickly as possible.

It did mean that when they got there, she was incredibly dizzy. Alice took Remus while Sirius apparated herself. She leaned up against a wall of the empty flat until Alice got Remus into Reg’s bed. Then she managed to get herself across the flat, into the room. She collapsed beside Remus and both of them were asleep before Alice closed the door behind herself.

Sirius woke up to a familiar, soft hand on her face and opened her eyes to find Lily sitting on the edge of her bed.

“Hey, Love. How does some dinner sound?”

Still groggy with sleep, Sirius vaguely heard James asking Remus the same thing behind her.
Remus did want to get out of bed for dinner, but sitting at the table was out of the question. Reg transformed the couch into a bed and the five of them sat on it and ate - with the promise that it would be cleaned properly, twice, before Sirius used it as her bed again.

Dinner was soup. Lily’s comforting garlic soup. Remus didn’t talk much but he did eat, and that put Sirius in a brilliant mood.

Reg had begun the meal cross legged with their bowl in their lap, which impressed everyone, and later declared: “Thank goodness he’s a werewolf, not a vampire, or he’d look even worse right about now.” For a moment, everybody stared at them. Sirius was caught between Reg casually using humor and wanting to flick something at them for uttering the words “thank goodness he’s a werewolf”, but then Remus began laughing. He laughed so hard James had to make a mad grab for his soup bowl before it spilled over. The sound was beautiful and welcome and infectious and soon they were all laughing.

After dinner, Remus went back to bed. Sirius lagged behind helping clear dishes with James.

“How was it?” James asked when they were alone.

“He already said, not too bad, just a couple of minor injuries, but I think it was-”

“No, Sirius, for you, how was it for you?”

“For me? It was…” Sirius couldn’t even contemplate lying to James. But she couldn’t find words for her feelings, either. So she set the bowls down on the counter and let them fall from her eyes instead. James tossed the dishrag he’d been holding aside and put his arms around her. She cried into his shirt until it was damp.

“Alright, that’s better. You don’t have to say if you don’t want,” he soothed.

“It’s a-awful there, he’s-s all alone, and it’s this-s run down little shack and he- he’s got to sit there and w-wait by himself,” she sobbed quietly. “An-nd then he’s hurt and every-one at Mungo’s is dr-dreadful and they don’t unders-tand. They talk like he’s this- this… thing . Like he-’s not even a person. Every m-month, James…” Through her own loud breaths she could hear James sniffle and knew he was crying with her.

“We’re going to make this better for him, okay? He has us now,” his voice was thick with emotion. “We’ll fix up that shack and we’ll be there at the hospital to make sure they treat him right. We won’t just let that be the way it is for him.”

His words calmed her. Eventually her breath slowed and she was left with the dizzy, floating feeling that came after a good cry.

“I’m so proud of you, Sirius,” James continued. “You’re so strong for him and for yourself. This was a lot, and you’ve just kept at his side the whole time.”

He told her he was proud of her at least another six times. Somewhere around the fourth, she began to believe him.

Remus was asleep - had probably been asleep for a while - when Sirius finally joined him in bed. She very, very lightly kissed his cheek and climbed in beside him.
He was still asleep when Sirius woke up the next morning. However, when she leaned over to kiss his cheek this time, he stirred and opened his eyes half way to see her in the dim morning light.

“Morning,” she murmured and kissed his nose.

“Good morning,” he yawned widely.

“Is it a good one?” she asked.

“Better than recent ones. Still feel like I’ve been bodily impacted by the entire Swedish Quidditch team, but I’m starting to feel like a person again.”

She smiled. “Mmm, that’s good. You make quite a good person, if I do say so myself.”

“You do. Hey, we’ve missed questions a few nights,” he pointed out.

Sirius stretched her limbs. “Two nights. We each get two. Up for it?”

“Yes, you start.”

Her mind went utterly blank. So much had happened over the last two days. She had questions about all of it. None would come to her.

“Okay. Okay. What colour curtains do you want for the shack?”

Remus snorted and rolled his eyes.

“I’m not joking, answer the question,” she smiled.

“There’s no point, Pads, it’d only-”

“What colour?”

“Oh fine, then. Purple. Like you said.”

“Perfect, thank you. Your turn.”

“No, still yours. Two then two.”

“Oh fine,” she searched her mind once more. “You told Reg. How did it go?”

“Oh,” Remus seemed to wake up a bit. “Really well. They don’t hate me.”

“Of course they don’t hate you,” Sirius scoffed.

“It’s not that of course,” Remus said quietly. Sirius remembered the witch at the desk in St. Mungo’s.

“They like you. A lot. Still do.”

“Yeah.”
“Your turn.”

“You still want to be with me?” he asked. He didn’t need time to think of a question like Sirius did. She had a suspicion he’d been waiting to ask it.

“More than ever. More with every passing day.” It sounded cheesy out loud, but she didn’t care in the slightest. When he didn’t respond to the statement, she prompted. “Next?”

“What was the worst part for you?”

She didn’t want to answer that. There was no good answer. She thought about the shack; about that reception witch again; about Lyall Lupin not staying in the hospital with his son; about seeing the injuries fresh and new.

“Walking away,” she said honestly. “Leaving you to sit in that place and wait, and waiting myself. Moving away from you when I just wanted to stay and…” she trailed off.

Again, for a long while, Remus didn’t answer. He looked at her, his eyes glassy and sad. He swallowed hard. “Thank you. For being there. Saying thank you isn’t enough. It means… everything to me. That you were there, that you’re here. I won’t ever be able to tell you how much it means.”

She leaned in to gently kiss his lips. They were quiet after that.

They had another hour to lie in before Sirius needed to leave for work. Neither of them slept. They existed together and occasionally chatted briefly and quietly. But then it was time for Sirius to get up. She dressed and made tea and brought a mug to Remus. “I don’t want to go.”

“We’ll see each other again soon. Save your call-out days for when you really need them,” he insisted. Sirius didn’t say aloud that she only ever intended to use call-out days to spend with him.

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Sirius kissed him one more time and left the room, nodding for Reg to take her place so they could apparate Remus home.

Home. Reg apparated me. Hope work is okay.

I think I'm going to get some more rest.

You up?

I am, hi

How are you feeling?

Better
That's good!

*But I miss you*

*I miss you too*

*Spoiled now*

*Me too*

*I'm*

*Kinda nervous*

*We'll be okay*

*Yeah*

*Do you want to come over tomorrow?*

*Remus*

*Always*

*I was thinking you could catch a train after work and I'd come pick you up at the station, and we'd get some food and then go home*

*And then maybe if the weather is nice we can go to the meadow in the morning*

*And then catch a train together and go to James' match*

*And then I can stay over*

*And go home Sunday*

*Or Monday morning if someone can apparate me*

*Is that too much*

*I just*

*I love being close to you*

*I love you*

*Please*

*Good plan?*

*So good*

*Yes*

*I love you too*
It's really okay?
I'm not
Too much

You're not too much.

I know you'll say I'm not but

Dunno

I mean it, Sirius. I promise.

<3

Thank you

Nothing to thank me for

Just one night then?

Just one night

Okay

I can do that

I'll be here on the phone

Yes

<3

Home now

More details

Home and lying on the bed/sofa with Reg

Hi Reg

They did a weird little wave thing

Weird how

Oh wow don't tell me

Was it two fingers and two fingers together

We watched an episode of star trek before I left

What

Tell them to live long and prosper
They fucking giggled, what did I even say???

Is that code for something???

Wow what a nerd

Moonyyyyyy

Tell them to show you

Okay

They seemed to like it so I showed them where they could watch more

They're attempting to set it up now

Okay

What is iiiiit?

It's a show

About space

Isn't that the one I was supposed to watch with wormy???

No, that was star wars

And movies

Oh

Mhm

Ughhh

Ugh?

Muggling is hard

Muggling, is that the official term

It is now

You'll get the hang of it

Yeah

Okay okay shhhhh

We're watching

I can't do the hand thing
Well then you can't be a member of our star fleet

Noooooo I wanna be a member

Then you better learn

:(

I'm trying!

Are youuu

Yes

They just won't do it!

Try cheating with hair ties

!!!

Okay!

But you still can't be a member until you can do it properly

:(

I don't make the rules

Yes you do!

Nu uh

Yuh huh!

Nu uuuuh

Hmph!

:P

d:

Sure, okay

:pd:

Like gross outside the mouths french kissing

Yes

Perfect

For grossing Reg out, that is

Good point, hang on
Hanging

They want to know what is wrong with me and I don't know where to begin

Absolutely nothing

Seeeee, at least my boyfriend likes me

Eh, kinda

Heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

You're alright

Nuh uh I'm spectacular!

Nah

Moonyyyyyyyyy

Hmph

You're lovely

Hmph

And cute when you pout

Hmph hmph

And spectacular all around

Yes continue

And adorable and clever

Mmm

:) 

And an okayish kisser

I don't hear you doing a lot of complaining!

<3

No I'm mad at you now <3

Aha so mad <3

Real mad <3

Mhm <3
Hmph <3

Mum says hi

Hi Hope!

Food food food

What is there?

Mum just brought something delicious smelling

Well yes obviously but what is it?

Some kind of lasagna looking thing but with potatoes

Ohh sounds interesting

She's insisting on warming it up first

Good??!!?

But it means I have to waaaait

For like a minute

Try ten

It's not that baaaad

Is

I'm having dessert first

Oh Moony

You would too

Oh yum I want it

Exactly
Save me one!

Um

Or you ate all of them already

Dad had one!

One!

Which means I only had five!

Moonyyyyy

Whaaat

Five!

They were really good

I imagine they were

She already said she'd bring more tomorrow, stop pouting

Ooh yay!

Better fresh anyway

I don't care what they say, it's never the same with the charm

Yeah yeah yeah

Do you want to have a picnic on Saturday?

Oh

Yes

It's just a fancier way of saying I want to bring food with us to the meadow

Shhhhh don't ruin it

We can pack everything in a basket and bring a blanket

Fancy

Yes

Mmmmm

Can't wait to see you in a flower crown again

Moony

I'm gonna be so pretty
You're always pretty

:) 

Well it's true

I like you

That's why you're dating me

Very true

:)

And I like that too

Me smiling? Me too

Ohhh yes I do like that!

I like that we're dating too

A lot

*:)

And kissing you, yes, definitely like that

Oh no

I'm only okayish

Yeah, but I enjoy practicing

Hmph

:)

You're mean

But you kiss pretty so I'll allow it

You knew that before you started to date me, so

Excuse me?

That I'm mean

Oh yes, that I knew

So really you brought it on yourself oh Merlin this is so good

You had to interrupt yourself to say it in a text message

You're unbelievable
You loooove me

I doooo

And I love this dish

I believe that

And you

But mostly the potato lasagna

Oh it's called moussaka apparently

Yummmm

It is that

Have you ever eaten where she works?

Sometimes I steal from the kitchen

But have you ever gone there with the intent to just go there?

No, do you want to?

Yes

Put it on the list

Okay

Oh!

I've been meaning to say

Yes?

I've got a feeling you wouldn't particularly like not knowing until after: next week is my mum's birthday

OH!!!!!!!

And um

Yes??

Well I bought her a necklace and I made her a card and I was just wondering if maybe you'd sign it as well

Like

It'd be from both of us?

Yeah
As a couple?

It's what we are

We are

Yes

Yeah?

Yes

Okay

Okay

Smiling again

Good

Keep doing that

As you wish

Oh

Thank you, Farm Boy

You're welcome, Princess

Mmm

What are you up to, still not paying attention to star trek?

Shhhhhhh

Yes

Reg enjoying it?

They're glued to it

They have several seasons of it, and a few movies

They'll be here all night

There's enough for a few weeks

Oh wow

Yep

Well

Having a television was pleasant while it lasted
Maybe they could get a computer

No those are scary

Yes, terrifying

There's too much to

Too much

Okay

It was just an idea

And I like them here

Then have fun observing how very totally completely straight Kirk and Spock are

I thought Spock was ace

Me too, but not aro

Fair point

I will monitor this development

Haven't watched many thought, so I'm not really an authority on it

We're going to stop watching at some point to go to a James practice

Doesn't that start at 6?

Yeah

It's 6.30

O

Fuck

Run

Have fun

Running

Love you

Talk soon

<3
You still up?

*mhm hi*

Hi Pumpkin

*how was it?*

Soooooo good

*mm good*

Teaching Reg to yell was fun

*oh that sounds so much fun*

Really really it was

*i can imagine*

What were you up to?

*hung out with mum and dad, and read a bit*

Mmm nice

*it was*

That's good

*mhm*

Sleepy Moonbeam?

*mhm very let's questions*

You go

What are you painting currently?

I was working on some more places from school

*oh that sounds nice*

*but also wow nerd*

Ruuude

*can you paint something for mum? for her birthday?*

*i know she'd love that, she still always comments when she sees mine*

*but it's okay if not and if you can't just do it on request*

What should I do??
something yellow, she likes yellow

Does she like sunflowers?

oh yes a lot

I can do that

really, you want to?

Yes of course I want to

okay

From us

mhmm

I'll start it next chance I get

okay

My turn?

yes

Favourite kiss so far?

hmmm

that last really slow one

Mmm okay

yours?

I can't pick

They're all

Maybe I'm okayish but you're not

You're very very good

Sirius.

You are way more than okay ish.

You say that now

You're amazing.

We're just really good at it I think

we're excellent
Can I still call?

of course

Okay

"Hey."

"Hiii."

"Shhh."

"Hmm?"

"Sleeping."

"Oooh okay."

"..."

"...

***

Siriusssssss

Yes hi

Your owl woke me up

Ohhhh yay

Good owl

Yeah yeah I gave her a cookie

A cookie

Yeah

Sure

She liked it

I bet

Is that not okay?

I've no idea!

Well go ask Lily!!
But she's in there and I'm busyyyyy

Fiiiiiine

She says she wouldn't have eaten it if it wasn't okay for her

Okay

Okay, good

Thank you

What are you busy with?

Sunflowers

Ohhh, already?

I had a chance

Field or bouquet?

One close up

Ohhh nice

Maybe

It sounds beautiful

We'll see

Okay

How are you, Pumpkin?

Sleepy

Hmph

Not gonna sleep more, don't worry

Tea?

Cherry

Mmm okay

Enjoy

Thank you I will

I have to leave but I'll talk to you soon?

I'll be here, have fun at work
Thank you
Love you
Love you too

Work is boring
I'm just thinking about how I'm seeing you later all the time, that's what keeps me going

I swear this grandma buys two bottles of milk every day what does she do with it

Dooone, are you done?
I'm done I'm on my way to the station
Yesssss to see me
To be with you
Me me me
My boyfriend yes
Me me me
Yes
:))
My Moony
Mhm

What are we eating tonight?
Whatever you want
Well I dunno!
We'll go to a drive-through and eat on the way home
Oooh a drive through
Like take-out but you drive to the place and there's a window and you order from the car

I've seen them before
Sorry

What why?

For assuming and explaining

Oh no! The explaining was fine! I just meant I'd seen them but never went in, I'm looking forward to this

Okay

Thank you Moony

Have fun on the train

I will!!

I'm here

Are you here

I'm here

I don't see you?

I see you

Your left

There never was a better feeling than turning to see Remus’s smiling face. Sirius felt his fingers hit the send button but he wasn’t aware of what he was sending. Before he even had time to tuck the phone away, Remus was scooping him up in his arms. Sirius held tight to his neck. People bustled around them but neither of them pulled away for a very long time.

As promised, they stopped at a drive through in town before they set off for Remus’s home. Sirius had eaten at establishments like this one, but had never gone to the little window on the side of the building. It was all terribly convenient. Remus ordered their food through the little speaker in front of the window. He ordered one meal, and then another. And another. And another. And several more before he turned to Sirius to ask “Do you know what you want?”

“Remus no,” Sirius hissed, eyes wide. “That won’t even all fit in the car! I’ll just take bites of the four hundred things you already ordered.” Remus shrugged and asked the speaker for another order of fries.

They ate while Remus drove. Sirius had a hamburger and fries and Remus plowed through most everything else.
“They had salads on the menu,” Sirius whined, “Could go for one of those about now.”

“Ew, why do I like you?” Remus scoffed, but then promised, “We have salad things at home, we can have that for dinner.”

“You’re considering eating more food after this?” Sirius was astonished.

Remus threw a fry at him.

There was music on the radio, but they mostly just talked over it for the duration of the drive. Except when it looked like they were coming to a familiar stretch of road, and Sirius patted Remus’s arm excitedly.

“Can we stop at the place we did last time?”

“The place? What place?”

“The side of the road?”

“The- oh. Oh, yes, yes we can.”

As soon as the car was in park, Sirius was halfway into Remus’s lap. Remus did not seem to mind this. For a moment he simply kissed Sirius back. Then he adjusted them more comfortably on the front bench of the car.

Sirius laughed around Remus’s tongue.

“Something the matter?” he asked without pulling away much.

Sirius kissed Remus’s bottom lip. “I’m the kind of person who likes to snog in parked cars. Who knew?”

Remus smiled. “Well, I had a pretty good idea of it, considering last time.”

Eventually the kissing subsided and they got back on the road.

They did, in fact, make a salad when they arrived at Remus’s. It was made entirely of vegetation picked from the garden. Which Sirius had yet to walk through properly.

It was gorgeous, if a bit overgrown. Sirius offered to help tidy up a bit with charms.

“No, it would lose its magic if it looked proper like that,” Remus shook his head.

“What? No it wouldn’t?”

“Not its literal magic… Sometimes muggles say things are like magic,” He explained. “Like our kisses, those are magic.”

They ate out on the grass on the other side of the house to watch the sun set and talked until it was dark, sitting progressively closer together as the evening passed, until Sirius’s head was on Remus’s shoulder.
They were still there when all of the lights in the house went out and Lyall and Hope had clearly gone to sleep. They stood and stretched and started toward Remus’s bedroom.

“Questions,” Remus followed Sirius up the stairs.

“Hmmm, okay. What’s your favourite thing to do in the garden?” Sirius asked.

“Ohh, interesting. Anything that’s not weeding, I hate weeding. Mum says it’s relaxing, I think it’s tedious and hurts my whole body and every part of it sucks.”

“At least she likes it so you don’t have to?”

“Precisely, works perfectly for me.”

Sirius pushed open the attic door and waited for Remus to toss him pyjamas. “Your turn.”

“What was your favourite thing from the drive through?”

Sirius thought back past the delicious salad to the grease-heavy car ride. “The fries.”

“Boring,” Remus sighed, turning around to get changed and so that Sirius could as well.

They got into bed and wasted no time in bringing their bodies as close together as possible. For a long while they simply kissed and enjoyed the closeness. Sirius wanted to ask if Remus was sure nothing still hurt. He’d seemed so fragile last time. But he decided Remus must be feeling all right when he rolled from Sirius’s side to hover over him, blankets sliding off of them, forgotten, and brought their lips together again.

～

Sirius woke to the all-too-familiar feeling of wanting to crawl out of his own skin. Her skin? Their skin. Nothing felt like it fit right. Sirius wanted to change clothes, but not clothes. It wasn’t pyjamas that were the problem. It wasn’t a matter of what they-she-xe-he was wearing, it was the entirety of Sirius’s self that needed changing.

He got out of bed quietly and located a fresh towel. He stood under the hot jet of the shower for what seemed like an eternity, intent on scrubbing the wrongness from his body. It didn’t help.

She crept back into the bedroom wearing nothing but pants and a towel wrapped around her as tight as it could get, draped over her shoulders like a cloak. Remus was already sitting up.

“Are you okay?” he asked, “What’s wrong?” He didn’t turn on the light, for which she was grateful.

They stood in the doorway for a long moment, unable to respond. No, nothing was wrong. But absolutely nothing was right. Eventually, they simply nodded. Wordlessly they transformed into Padfoot, hoping to dull the human emotion and some of the internalized stigma that came with a body that was not right, but it didn’t help any more than the shower did. In fact, Padfoot had a harder time maintaining silence, and their own low, perpetual whine began to grate on them until they transformed back and put the towel around themself.

She toweled off, dried her hair as best as she could without a wand, and dropped the towel onto the floor. She walked into Remus’s arms like that.
“Do you want other pjs?” he asked, wrapping himself around xem like a safety blanket. Xe considered the idea of putting on a t-shirt and pyjama bottoms - even Remus’s comfiest pair - and cried quietly into his shoulder. “You know, this might be an okay time to try sleeping without pjs. It’s on your list, isn’t it?”

It was the first thing to calm xem down at all since waking up. The idea was, even through the leagues of dysphoria weighing xem down, a bit exciting. Xe didn’t think that was something on xer list xe would approach anytime soon, and definitely not with Remus in bed beside xem.

He slid back into bed, amazed at how good the sheets felt against his clean skin. His whole body tingled. It felt no less new and incredible when Remus scooted closer, the length of his body pressed to Sirius’s.

Remus drew his fingers down his arm and kissed his cheek. “I think I know what you mean when you say it,” he said. “I would tell you how to feel about your body, but I think it’s wonderful. I really like your body. I mean that like I think you mean it when you say it.”

Sirius closed his eyes and let those words cover his incorrect skin like a shield. Remus liked this body. Remus could be trusted. It didn’t make it the correct body for Sirius to exist in, it didn’t mean he didn’t have a right to feel this way about it, but there was merit to the body itself if Remus liked it.

Just when Sirius was quite sure Remus was falling back asleep, he asked, “Do you think it would be okay if I took mine off as well?”

“Yes.” It was the first word they had been able to utter so far. Their voice sounded off, too low, too distant and unrelated to Sirius.

Remus shed his clothes and got out of bed to retrieve a tank top from the top drawer of his dresser. He got back into bed wearing that alone.

Feeling their bodies nearly naked together was like discovering a new world. Remus was warm and he still smelled like the garden and like tea tree and like Remus. He put his arms around Sirius and pulled them close against his chest. Their thighs rested against each other, bare. It made Sirius dizzy, and distracted them almost completely from the other overwhelming feelings.

Remus yawned against Sirius’s hair. “I think… even if our bodies sometimes - frequently - don’t feel right… together, they’re pretty amazing.”

Sirius kissed Remus’s collar bone in firm agreement and drifted slowly back into sleep.
On Saturday morning, Sirius woke to an empty bed, nearly naked, and laughed. He sat up and pulled the covers around his middle, still laughing, in time for Remus to push open the door.

“Somebody tell a joke?” he asked, looking at Sirius like he was just a bit worried. He was fully clothed and was levitating a cardboard box in front of him.

Sirius shook his head. “Just- it was like a bad moment in a sappy movie. Waking up alone without any clothes, wondering where the boy that was supposed to be here went-” he dissolved into a fit of laughter.

Remus shook his head. “You nerd. Move over, I made us breakfast.”

“Oooh, breakfast. In a box?” Sirius scooted over on the bed and kissed Remus on the cheek.

“I couldn’t find a tray to bring it up on,” Remus shrugged.

“Let me grab a shirt,” Sirius hopped out of bed, trying to peek into the box.

He pulled a flannel shirt out of one of the bottom drawers of Remus’s dresser and buttoned it up halfway while Remus set out a large stack of toast and a pot of black tea onto the bed. He set a flower Sirius recognized from the garden on the blanket next to the plate. Sirius wriggled back into the bed and immediately took the flower to weave it into his hair.

“How are you feeling?” Remus asked, passing Sirius a mug of tea.

Sirius didn’t answer for a moment. He still didn’t feel correct. He didn’t feel like he quite fit into himself. But he didn’t feel like that fact would cripple him like he had last night. “I’m okay,” he said truthfully.

“Pronouns?” Remus took a piece of toast for himself and Sirius followed.

“‘He, him’ feels acceptable right now.”

Remus nodded. “Understood. So after this we have to go pack food.”

“More food? This is food,” Sirius argued.

“Food for a picnic in the meadow,” Remus explained.

That was a different story. Sirius agreed immediately and they planned out their lunch while they ate.

Remus cleared their breakfast box while Sirius dressed more completely and they packed a wicker basket that Sirius had transformed from a plastic bag full of all of the food Remus could fit into it - after he had charmed it both larger and lighter. Everything from finger sandwiches to fresh orange juice to muggle gummy worms.

They made their way to the meadow leisurely, fingers laced together as comfortably as breathing. When they reached the familiar spot, Sirius shifted into Padfoot to run around more freely. He chased butterflies and rolled in the grass, reveling at the cool, damp feeling against his fur while Remus stretched out not far away and knitted flowers together with his hands.
When Sirius shifted back, Remus placed the new flower crown on his head and Sirius tackled him back into the grass, kissing every accessible part of his face.

After lunch, they lost track of time very quickly and had to run to gather their scattered things and get back to the house.

They drove more quickly than was strictly safe to get to the train station. They’d made an agreement with Hope that Lyall could apparate her to the station later to pick up the car. There was something about riding in a car going too fast, holding hands with a boy he’d woken up nearly naked - and completely comfortable - with that made Sirius utterly giddy. He rolled the window all the way down to stick his head out of it.

Remus laughed at him. “You’re more dog than wizard, right now.” So Sirius shifted again and Padfoot hung his head out of the window, tongue flapping in the breeze.

They made it to the pitch just on time for the game to start. Reg had evidently decided to stay home, but Lily and Peter had saved Remus and Sirius a seat. One seat. Which was perfectly fine with both of them.

“You take that seat and I’ll take you?” Sirius suggested. Remus agreed in the form of sitting between Lily and Peter and pulling Sirius into his lap. Sirius spent a few good minutes enjoying how comfortable the closeness was before he couldn’t help himself and jumped up to scream the celebration of a scored goal. He spent about two thirds of the game up on his feet shouting and cheering with all of the energy of the entire opposing team.

To Sirius’s credit, it was an incredible match. An entire half hour before the end, everyone else in the stands was up and cheering just as loud as Sirius was. James scored six times on his own and assisted about a dozen more. Three dozen maybe. Sirius lost track of the score in his excitement.

The ensuing victory party was the stuff of legends.

Everyone showed up, trickling in over the course of the two hours succeeding the match. Remus stayed at Sirius’s side for a while, but ventured off to join conversations and stuff food into his mouth. Sirius observed and talked and laughed and danced easily, knowing Remus wasn’t uncomfortable.

Reg and Marl seemed to have hit it off right away and had ventured off into Reg’s bedroom to chat and avoid the noise even before everyone had gotten there. When it seemed to be getting to be a bit too much for him, Remus found Sirius to sneak a quick kiss on his cheek - which Sirius could feel lingering for the following thirty minutes - and let him know that he’d be in there with those two if Sirius was looking for him.

Emmeline and Dorcas had arrived together, separate from Mary, and Mary was consequently glued to both of their sides - and fronts - just having missed them so much. Sirius managed to grab Emmeline for a few giggle-filled dances, though, while her girlfriends talked with their foreheads pressed against each other in their now-regular chair.

The night was damned - in the best way possible - when Kingsley, Frank, Benjy, and Alice challenged Sirius, James, Lily, and Peter to a game Benjy had played somewhere. He said the muggles called it beer pong, but they played without magic, which seemed much less messy and
much less fun.

Reg, Remus, and Marlene found all eight of them still passed out in the morning. The three of them had all fallen asleep after hours and hours of talking and long, comfortable silences.

This set the tone for the day. Eventually everyone woke up, but nobody was up for traveling in any capacity. They made copious amounts of tea and coffee, and Marlene made eggs so rubbery that nobody would eat them, so they ordered sandwiches from the shop a few streets away. The day was spent in pyjamas and varying piles of cuddles throughout the flat. Even James couldn’t stand to move around too much.

Sirius stayed close to Remus, lying on him when it was okay, and near him when it wasn’t. Remus kept up a semi-steady supply of kisses to the top of Sirius’s head and forehead, where the continual ache was lodged.

The trickling out happened far slower than the trickling in, but eventually it was only the flat’s normal occupants left. James and Lily left for bed earlier than usual in order to sleep off the rest of it.

Remus readied the bed for them while Sirius drank yet more tea and began questions with: “What’s the most drunk you’ve ever been?”

Remus raised an eyebrow at Sirius, slumped on the end of the bed, still not quite properly recovered from his hangover. “Not?”

“No? Ever?” Sirius asked incredulously - and maybe a little enviously.

“Can’t, really,” Remus shrugged. “Soon as I start feeling it it just… goes away.”

Sirius didn’t ask if it was a wolf thing. He didn’t have to. Instead he nodded and said, “Your turn.”

“What was the first Quidditch game you watched James play in like?”

Sirius smiled and sat up. “It was at school, obviously, and he’d just made the team, third year. He was so nervous he - quite literally - dropped the ball. First time he was passed the quaffle, just dropped it. Right out of the air. Caught it and dropped it, like he was putting it down. Everyone was so confused, they couldn’t find it. They thought he’d passed it, the announcer was just silent, Gid had passed it to him and he was just looking at James and James was just looking at him and the other chasers were all flying around looking for the damn quaffle! So Gid eventually slowly flew down and picked it up out of the grass and play resumed, but the whole thing was so surreal! Nobody could even be mad at James, everyone was just baffled.” Sirius was nearly in tears laughing at his own memory. “He scored twice in the end of that game and refuses to be ashamed of the whole ordeal to this day.”

“Good,” Remus laughed. “He should be proud, that sounds awful.”

Sirius stretched himself out over the bed and Remus sunk down beside him. Sirius rolled closer to him. “It was the best. My turn?”

“You went first,” Remus reminded him.

“Yeah, but for last night. So what was your favourite part of this weekend?”

Remus thought back over the last few days. Of the domestic closeness of a day in, coddling Sirius,
and how comfortable it was to hold him during the match. And of the meadow and the sunset and showing Sirius the garden. “The weekend part.”

“No, really. All of it. It’s not a cop-out, I just… loved everything so much.”

Sirius sighed. “I don’t want to go to work tomorrow. It’ll mean it’s over and you’ll have to go.”

“Oi, it will not. It’s not over. Just because I go home for a few days? I’ll be back, and you’ll be back at mine, and I’m not going to stop texting you for a minute if I can help it. Nothing is over.”

Sirius pressed himself close against Remus’s chest and for a long while, they stayed very still together. Then Sirius wiped moisture from his eye on Remus’s shirt and cleared his throat. “Your turn.”

Remus wrapped his arms around Sirius tighter. “Alright. What’s one thing you definitely want to be doing ten years from now? Like, still fixing bikes, or still working at Lush?”

Sirius looked up at him. “Is that a trick question?”

“No? Just a question question.”

Sirius tucked his head into Remus’s arm and muttered quietly, further muffled by the fabric of Remus’s shirt. “This.”

~

Remus woke from a deep place of sleep with a grumble. At first he wasn’t sure what had woken him at all until soft fingers brushed his arm again.

“Hey, I’m off to work, but you can sleep as long as you want. Reg will take you home before work.”

Remus, groggy and more grumpy than he wanted to be for a goodbye, reached out and found Sirius’s shirt to pull him in. Sirius kissed his forehead and his nose and, finally his lips. They didn’t say goodbye. They exchanged “see you soon”s and Sirius tucked the covers back around Remus before he left.

Eventually, Remus woke up on his own. Reg was in the kitchen in their pyjamas, pouring a bowl of cereal. They grabbed a second when they saw Remus and the two of them ate companionably over an episode of Star Trek.

“Do you want me to wait for you for the next one?” They asked while Remus gathered his things, preparing to go home.

“Nah, tell me how you like it next time, enjoy.” They lit up, which Remus was incredibly glad to see, but it did mean they didn’t spend much time with him after dropping him off just before work.
Home

Miss you already

Off to work

Have a good day at work, I miss you

It was sooo busy today

Oh really?

I don't know where they all came from

Was there an advert?

No

A mystery

Truly

You survived, though

I did

Thank you

You're welcome

Any fun ones?

My favourite combination was dog food and chocolate

Reminded me of us

Awwww

Or heyyyy

I can't tell

Go with aww
Okay

Awwwww

What was yours

Sixteen Karma bubble bars and a lip tint

Oh wow

Right?

That's a lot

It's more than enough

What's it like?

What?

The karma bath bomb

Well it makes bubbles and it smells like patchouli, mostly

That sounds nice

Which one's your favourite?

Specifically bubbles?

Yes

Big Bang!

It's got stars on it

Ohhh

Mhm

Smells citrusy

Lemon and grapefruit

Mm

Moony Moony Moony

Padfoot

We should do a thiieeeeng

A thing?

A thing
I bring home my favorites from work and introduce you to them personally

What does that mean

I draw you a bath the right way and I introduce you to lip scrubs

Oh what are those

The answer is yes, of course

You'll see

Okaaay

Good for kisses

Ohh that sounds good

Yes

Yummy kisses

Sugar kisses

Sugar?

Mhm it's a sugar scrub for your lips. Makes them soft and yummy

And you saying my lips are not soft and yummy?

I definitely did not because I'd never lie to you

Sugar scrub sounds yes

Yes

And massage bars? Just on your arms?

Don't have to if you don't want to

That's a thing?

I showed you the table of them!

You did?

Briefly

I

Wanted to try one out on you to show you but I didn't know if touching for touching's sake was okay on scar areas

Were you being cute?
Because then I wasn't paying attention

It's okay. Some are a bit more sensitive than others, but it's okay

Okay

Then we can try it at home and you can just tell me?

Okay

I love excuses to buy unnecessary things from work

They sound very necessary to me

Well now they are

Mmhmm

Any plans for today?

Bike bike bike bike

Ohhh nice

Yessss

Have fun

Thank youuuuu

Going out there in a minute

And I guess I'll finally fill out the forms for apparition class

Oh

Really????

Really

Dad brought them home a few days back

Wow

I'm excited

Yeah??

Yes.

Good!

Yesss

Okay I'm going out now, good luck tell me how it goes!
Enjoy

All filled out. Dad's gonna take them back and then they're gonna send me an owl telling me when classes are.

I miss you

Ahhhhhh that's so great!
Miss you
Hi hello hi
Hi pumpkin
Hi how is bike
:
Bike is good?
Bike is done
!!!!!!
Yes!!!!!
That's so great!!
Yessss!!!!!!!!!!
Well now I have to come there to meet and name it
Mhm mhm
And ride
And ride!!
Yes!
Aaaaa
I'm
Gonna do that
Yes you are
Wow wow wow wow wow

Yes yes yes

Hang on I have to call Prongs

Of course

Oh god

I told mum

And she said you're too cool for me

True, Hope, true

I'm too cool for anyone

You're a big arse nerd

Well, small arse

But a nerd nonetheless

How dare you

My arse is adorable

Never said it wasn't

It is neither huge nor nerdy

It is nerdy

Hmph!

But I like it a looooot

;

And it's gonna look really good on the bike

Merlin, Moony, it's going to look SO good on the bike

Can't wait to see it

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!

You did it, love

I did it I did it I did
You did.

Thank you for being here to celebrate with

No where else I'd rather be

In spirit, that is

Physically I'd rather be there there

With you

Well obviously

I'd hug you and spin you around

Ohhh

Do it next time?

Okay, I will

Yessss

I'm dating a person with a flying motorbike

I'm dating a person who celebrates with spin hugs

They're nice

They really are

Also nice: muffins

I'm gonna make them

Ohhhh very nice

I just can't find the thingy

Summon?

But the wand is all the way upstaaaairs

Why is your wand upstairs???

Um because I was just upstairs and I left it there?

Howwwww

I immediately freak out if mine is in a different room

I go places without it all the time

Howwwwwwww
I don't need it?

Oh

I mean it'd be pretty useful right now

Do you think I'm still too dependent on mine?

No

I think it makes sense that you are

But I've been trying hard not to be

You don't really use it that much

There's nothing wrong with keeping it close

Most of the time it's just in my hair

Which is an excellent place for it

Well I think so

It is, I love it

Do you think they'll be fine if I just put the little paper cups into a normal tin

Will they stand

Um

Probably

Okay I'm doing it

Good luck

Thank you!

What kind?

Chocolate and blueberry

Separate or together?

Both

Fair, okay

Yummm

Want them

All mine
I'm gonna go for a ride on my bike

Have the most fun!!

And also please be safe

I will and I will!!!

The muffins are done

Now most of them are gone

They’re not exactly aesthetically pleasing, but they’re still delicious

Miss you

where did you goooo

i really hope you’re safe and okay

im gonna fall asleep soon

and i dont want to i want to do questions first

did you send Athena again

making me get up when im almost asleep is really mean

oh my

Remus stood frozen at the window, unable to move. He had expected to find an owl, perhaps Athena, perhaps another that was meant for his father. No part of him was expecting to see the
beaming face of his girlfriend. At his attic bedroom window. Seated on a rather large motorcycle.

Furthermore, once he’d reconciled that bit of shock, he still found himself unable to move for the paralysis of how incredible she looked. His whole body felt suddenly warm, despite the cool glass of the window. Sirius took off her helmet and shook her hair out. It was a wild, tangly mess as Remus had never seen it before, and he knew - somewhere in the back of his mind where thought was still a capability he had - that she would be upset about that fact later, but right now she just looked so hot. She tapped on the glass again and Remus opened it.

“Hey there, boyfriend, I was just in the neighborhood,” she winked.

Nerd. She was a ridiculously hot loser nerd. Remus attempted to rearrange the shock on his face but probably failed. “Lean forward a bit so I can kiss you,” he requested, and she very cheerfully obliged. He put his hand on her cheek - chilled by the wind - and kissed her softly. The urge to pull her off the bike and through the window to kiss her for real struck him and he pulled away instead.

“Where can I park this beauty?” Sirius asked. Her voice sparkled with pride and excitement.

“Er- just wherever, is fine,” Remus shrugged.

“Moony. Remus. Remus Jeremiah Lupin,” Sirius’s face was suddenly stern. Remus mouthed the name ‘Jeremiah?’ back at her, but she ignored him. “You are not suggesting that I leave my baby - my newborn child - outside overnight. Say you’re not, tell me you are not.”

Remus raised his eyebrows, “I’m… not?”

“Remus!” she shrieked, “What if it rains?! What if it hails, Moony?”

“I don’t think we’re in any danger of a hailstor-”

“MOONY!”

“Okay, okay. Fly on down and I’ll meet you there.”

Sirius’s face transformed again, this time landing on mischievous. “Want a ride down?”

“No,” Remus refused, “My first time on that bike will be proper, thank you.”

“Oh, will there be roses and candlelight?”

Remus smirked. “Is that what you have in mind for a first time?”

Sirius crammed her helmet back onto her head. “Meet you down there.”

“Uh huh.”

They made room in the gardening shed for the bike, which was even more impressive up close. Remus didn’t know the first thing about building a motorcycle, but even he could tell that enormous amounts of care and effort had gone into its creation. He ran his fingers over some of the fine details while Sirius stood back and admired. It was a moment before they both realized that Sirius was there, physically there, huggably there. She practically leapt into his arms and he held her for a long moment. Over her usual Sirius smell and the scent of her shampoo, there were new, distinct aromas of leather, night air, metal, and sweat. It was strangely not an unappealing combination. Remus was a bit too chilly, but for once he didn’t complain. He was too content in his arms around Sirius, her warmth radiating through the leather of her jacket. Remus wanted to stay there forever.
He might have if Sirius hadn’t interrupted the peace a moment later to say, “I came here for something specific, Moony.”

“You did?” He asked. She seemed to have a mission in mind.

“Muffins!”

By some mercy, Remus hadn’t yet eaten all of them. There were two muffins left. She sat on the counter to pick at them while she talked about her drive over. Remus was in love. She glowed when she talked about the bike, and all of the last minute adjustments she’d made, and all of the things she thought she might still do to perfect it.

“The blueberry ones are unbelievable,” she said, cramming a third of a muffin into her mouth as she spoke. Remus could not comprehend how she could prefer that to the perfectly good chocolate muffin right next to it.

When they heard someone moving around in the other room, unsure whether it was Hope or Lyall, they moved themselves up to Remus’s room with what was left of the muffins. Remus spread himself back over the bed while Sirius finished eating, and was trying not to drift to sleep when Sirius put her head down next to his on the pillow and kissed his cheek. He smiled and turned to kiss her back.

“Was it okay to just show up here?” she asked quietly.

“Sirius,” Remus began.

“It wasn’t ‘till I was halfway here that I realized you might want to be left alone on a night you were planning on being alone.”

“Sirius.” She swallowed and looked him right in the eyes. He spent so much time looking at her, even looking at her eyes, but it was rare he was close enough to see the flecks of colour in her grey.

“I never want to be left alone if the alternative is being with you.”

She kissed him, long and slow and so soft.

By the time she pulled away, Remus had forgotten there was life beyond her lips and the heat of her face so close to his.

“I want to sleep with you,” she said, but sat up in contradiction. “But I think I can’t like this. I’ll be really fast, okay? Just a very very quick shower?”

“Take as much time as you need,” he nodded. “Washed your towel from last time, it’s hanging up on the other side of the door.

“Thank you, Mooncakes,” she kissed his cheek and moved out of the room quickly.

Remus’s eyes had been ready to sleep before she had rapped on his window an hour ago. He wanted to close them and fall into peaceful, content sleep, knowing she was one room and one moment away, but the knowledge that after that moment, she’d be here kept him awake. It was too appealing an idea, to fall asleep on her chest and listen to her breathing, surrounded by her warmth. Maybe she’d kiss him and her fingers would do the little dancing thing they did over his skin. And they could ask questions and fall sleep with the sound of each others’ voices fresh in their minds. He wanted that badly enough to wait for her to finish in the shower.

Once she was fairly dry and dressed, she came back to the bed and kicked her way under the covers.
“Questions,” Remus requested sleepily, wrapping himself around her. Now she smelled less like leather and earth and more like warm skin and Remus’s tea tree shampoo.

“Me first, me first,” she demanded, nestling comfortably into his arms. “Have you thought of a name yet? For the bike?”

“Hmm, no. I’ll need to see it in daylight first. Sit on it, maybe go for a ride. Then I’ll be able to tell what its name is. It’s a delicate process.”

When Sirius was silent, Remus began to worry. “Pads?”

“How-what?”

“Were you not listening?” Remus asked. It occurred to him that she might be just as tired as he was, having spent time finishing the bike and then driving it all the way there.

“Oh I was. I just… she took a breath. “Imagined you sitting on the bike too hard and my brain… stopped functioning.”

Remus laughed. “Have you always been such a nerd?”

She rolled over onto him with a playful shove. “That’s not a proper question, Moony!”

“All right, all right. Who was your first crush- after McGonagall, obviously?”

Sirius stretched out on top of Remus, one leg falling between his. “Hmmm,” she hummed and thought hard. “If we’re really not including Minnie… I think it might have been Kingsley.”

“What, Shacklebolt?” Remus asked, surprised. He’d been expecting a story about someone from school he didn’t already know.

“No, one of the many other Kingsleys I’ve known. Yes, Shacklebolt. He was so sporty and confident and loud - this was back when I didn’t really know how to be as loud as I wanted to be. And he was so tall, even then.”

“Oh, Merlin, you really have always been a nerd.”

Sirius buried her face in his shoulder laughing and rolled off of him to lie beside him.

They tangled their limbs together and giggled and talked about the objective hotness of all of their friends until they were both too tired to keep going, and they fell into peaceful sleep.
They were still twined together well into the next morning. Not even the idea of breakfast could pull
Remus from the comfort of a warm bed and an even warmer Sirius who seemed to want nothing
more than to exist as close to him as possible. For hours they drifted between wakeful kisses and
cuddles and crossing back into the most comfortable sleep. Around ten, Remus ran downstairs to
bring back tea and biscuits. They ate and drank and faded back into cuddling with the covers up
around their shoulders.

“Can’t believe how comfortable this is,” Sirius sighed, not for the first time.

“I know,” Remus combed through her hair with his fingers.

“Just… doing nothing. And that being okay. It’s amazing how it feels okay. More than okay. Good.
So good. I’m not anxious or fidgety - maybe a little fidgety,” she wiggled her toes against his shin.

“I know, I know,” Remus smiled. “But I wouldn’t say we’re doing nothing. We’re doing lots of
things. We’re breathing, we’re blinking, we’re touching,” Remus pressed the tips of their fingers
together and caught her lips with his. “And kissing.”

After noon, Remus reluctantly left the comfort of his bed for work. Sirius promised she’d still be
there when he got home, which did feel a bit better, but the shop was uncharacteristically busy,
which meant he didn’t even have time to text her throughout his shift. Not that he could have if he’d
had the time, because in all of the uprooting of the previous night, he had forgotten to plug in his
phone and it lay dead in his pocket. By the time he was walking home he was properly cranky.

It wasn’t improved when he let himself into the house and heard voices coming from the kitchen. His
mother rarely had friends over, so walking in to voices almost always meant Lyall’s work colleagues
were about. He just wanted a glass of water and to go upstairs and bury his face in his girlfriend’s
hair and never come out again. But that meant gritting his teeth and smiling kindly as he passed
through the kitchen for a drink.

His mood dissipated like a clearing fog instantly upon walking through the little wooden archway to
the kitchen. He was immediately greeted by the smiling face of James Potter.

“Moony!” James hollered and threw his arms around Remus.

“What are you-” Remus hugged him back and looked over his shoulder to see Lily, Peter, Reg, and
Sirius all sitting around his kitchen. Sirius was sitting cross-legged on the counter next to the stove, stirring something with her wand. She’d been talking animatedly to Peter about something before everyone stopped to greet him.

He hugged everyone before he’d even gotten over the surprise. “What are you all doing here?”

“You’re mum told me to come by and grab the basket of greens when I had a bit of time, and I was about to do that when I realized Sirius was still here, so we kind of all came together just to visit and hang out? Is this okay?” James asked.

Sirius’s body pressed against his arm affectionately. “Merlin, nothing has ever been more okay.”

Hope, and her incredible timing, walked through the door not a moment later and was startled to find the kitchen so full. “Oh- hello! Hi James, hello Reg, hi Lily… I don’t know you,” she eyed Peter and held out her hand for him to shake. “Hope Lupin, hi, welcome. Full house, tonight?”

Everyone greeted her. He’d introduced everyone but Peter to Hope before when they’d come to get him on different occasions, but it was still bizarre to see them all together in one place.

“They were visiting me,” Sirius left Remus’s side to hug Hope.

“Don’t flatter yourself, we’re here for Moony,” Peter scoffed. She glared at him.

“I’m here for Hope. Thank you for the greens, are you sure this isn’t too much?” James nodded to the overflowing basket on the counter out of the way of whatever they’d been cooking.

Hope waved him off. “It’s not enough, you’d better come back next week, too. Really, if it’s not going to you it’s just going to some rude neighbor. Everyone’s staying for dinner, yes?”

“Oh! I started a risotto with the eggplant from the garden!” Sirius darted back over to the stove to continue stirring it.

Hope looked like she might cry. She smiled at Remus, all sappy. He rolled his eyes, but he didn’t disagree with the message. He, too, was overwhelmed by the amount of love in the room.

They wouldn’t let Hope set the table either, though they forced Remus to help. It was worth it for the moment everyone else was working on arranging the table cloth and Remus had Sirius to himself. She tucked her wand behind her ear and jumped for him to catch her. He did and kissed her cheek and nuzzled his nose into her hair.

Remus was pretty sure he heard one of their friends walk into the room but they left, presumably to give them space. Remus found he wasn’t bothered by it in the slightest.

Their small table was truthfully not enough to accommodate everyone, but they managed to just squeeze around it. Remus sat with Sirius practically in his lap and Reg on his other side chatting with him intermittently. James and Peter monopolized Hope for conversation through the entire meal, jumping from one thing to another while Lily and Sirius conspired amongst themselves.

It was agreed, at some point, that James would apparate home while Lily rode with Sirius. Pete and Reg wouldn’t leave until later on at some point, after a decent amount of chess had been played.

After dinner, they went to set up in Remus’s bedroom while Remus walked out to the shed with Sirius and Lily to see them off. Before Sirius could do so, Remus took a seat on the bike. He ran his hands over the handles and the smooth sides around the seat. It was even more comfortable than it looked, and it felt less cumbersome than it seemed just looking at it.
“Okay, I think I have a name,” he announced, but Sirius wasn’t paying attention. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing deeply and precisely. “Alright, Pads?”

Lily laughed and Sirius opened her eyes. “I’m alright. Name?”

“I think… Adhara.”

“Adhara?” Sirius blinked.

“As in… yeah, as in the star. In your constellation, bright but not as bright as you, and you clearly belong together, so…”

Sirius flicked her tongue out over the ring on her bottom lip. “You know the other stars in my constellation?”

“It’s not too close to the Black family tradition of naming people after stars?” Lily asked, unsure.

“Shush, no. A Black didn’t name it, a Lupin did,” Sirius hastened defensively, “And anyway the Blacks muck up a lot of stuff, but there’s nothing wrong with star names. I like my star name.”

Lily kissed her cheek. “Just making sure, your name is perfect, love.”

Sirius smiled at her and walked over to Remus. “Can I kiss you?” she asked. Lily turned to check her phone for text messages, or at least pretended to. Remus nodded.

She kissed him and his body turned to meet hers, still situated on the bike. Adhara.

He could still feel her fingertips on his cheeks while he watched her and Lily disappear into a speck in the darkness.

**Back home safe**

*Ride okay?*

*Yesss*

**Lily is sufficiently impressed**

*Good!*

**You're next**

*Yes please*

:)

*Today was really really nice*

**And you're sure it was okay?**
I loved it

Mmm good

We did too

You're all welcome anytime, really

I love it there

I'm really glad

Questions?

Yes

Do you like the name?

I love it

Really?

Yes there's no going back now

Okay

Your turn

What are things like with you and Reg?

We get along really well

I think?

You seem to! Really really well

They're still a bit shy sometimes and unsure if they're doing okay, and then they start trying too much, but they're getting better. Less afraid to ask questions and more comfortable just being relaxed and themself.

And you like them?

Yeah, a lot

That's so good

I just

Love them so much, and I'm so amazed at how well they're fitting with everyone

So well

Yes
They're a good person, and you're all good people

Very true

Mhm

Can I call?

Yes please

"Hi, biker girl."

"Oh wow."

"Well you are."

"Yes, I like that."

"I like you."

"Oh! I like you too."

"Mmm."

"Are you going to sleep?"

"Mhm yes."

"Okay then me too."

"Nightnight."

"Goodnight my moonshine."

"Mmm."

"...

"..."

"Love you."

"Too."

"Mmm."

"...

***

Moony
Hi!

too early

Nuh uhh

it's 6 thirty

I've been up for an hour

You know that

Obviously

You know me

You know me really well

I love that you know me

aha

you know me too

you know i sleep

I doooooooo

I know you and I know this

aha

and yet
Okay okay okay I love you sweet dreams

thank you

Good night-morning

Okay, now tell me what you were so excited about

Oh nothing specific

Just nice morning?

Mhm mhm

Still, I hope?

Yessss

Work soon

Tea?

Elderflower

Oh, nice, thank you

;)

Have fun at work

I willlll

Still just as excited as when you first started?

Yes, why wouldn't I be?

Could get boring over time

Noooooo

There's always new people and new things to try and do

Okay

I like it

Oh I know

Yessss

Go play with colours

Oooh I will
<3

Miss you

Miss you

Sorry sorry

I was just leaving and someone bumped into a shelf of cereal so I had to clean up

Oh noooo

That sounds rough

It's what I get for going to work without my wand

Hahhhhh see???

Yeah yeah shush

Hmph

Just not really, ever

I won't

I played with colours

Yeah?? Tell me more

Unfair!!
Why???

Because I'm not there to kiss you?!

You'd kiss my glittery lips?

They're super pretty

Thank youuuuu

I'd kiss them so ma

As many times as you'd let me

That would be a lot

Then we'd kiss a lot

I'm buying this

I support that decision

Thank youuuuu

Of courseeee

Also got a new massage bar that smells like chocolate

Yes

Yes that sounds amazing

If I get you us a face mask that smells like chocolate frosting do you promise not to try to eat it?

I cannot do that

Do you promise to stop trying when you realize it doesn't taste as good as it smells?

Yes, but only if you'll provide actual chocolate as compensation

Yes obviously

Chocolate and wine, I said I'm doing the bath the right way, didn't I?

Ohhh yes

Necessities, Moony

Sure, sure

:(
Can't wait

When?

Friday?

Yessss

:))

I'm doing that for real

Yes?

Yes

Good

Not being able to kiss you right now is a struggle

At least I'm not sending you lip pictures

I think I'd die

Better not then

Noooooooo

Not what I said

Well I don't want you to die

Not in the bad waaaay

Still, wouldn't want to risk it

But lips

I think about them a lot

Picture or no picture
See, now you're dead

Now what I'm going to do?

I'm

M

.
Okay

Okay

Every time I tried to open the phone to text it, it was still there

And everything sort of

And I made this weird noise

Aww

I love those lips so much it's dizzying

You're so embarrassing

I don't care I just want to kiss them!

It's like you have a crush on me or something

I do!

Wow, loser

No one who regularly kisses those lips can be called a loser, it's invalid

I'm winning

I'm winning life

Pretty sure that's me

Hey, you know how some people like

Break up?

I've heard of it

Let's not do that

That sounds stupid

Well for some people it's a good option

But I agree it's definitely not for us

Agreed

Deal

I like you

I like you too

You should, I'm very likable
True

I'm going to kiss everything in this flat with glitter now

Marking your territory, puppy?

Yeah well they get mad when I pee on things

I wonder why

I dunno they're weird like that

Aha

Oh well

Sirius

Yes

Chocolate kisses

You have my attention

You eat chocolate

And then you kiss me

And then you have chocolate kisses

Beautiful

Yes, can we??

Oh yes

Yes we can

Yessss

Glittery chocolate kisses

Mmm

Moony kisses

Padfoot kisses

<3

Are you busy?

Nope

Hungry?
Oh yeah
I could eat
Pancakes?
I'm in the mood for pancakes
Yesss we can do that
Yessss
Should I call?
Oh, yes, do that!
"Hi, pretty!"
"Awww, hi, Pumpkin."
"Are you ready?"
"I am. Just getting...The flour... Down."
"Don't hurt yourself...again."
"Rude."
"How's that rude!"
"I'm fine!"
"Well you weren't last time!"
"I survived it!"
"Yeah, but you got hurt."
"A tiny bit."
"Too much for my liking."
"Yeah, yeah."
"Mhm."
"Are you throwing your ingredients into a bowl yet?"
"No, I'm putting them in gently."
"Gently yet unmeasured."
"There's nothing to measure."
"Ughhhh."
"You see when the consistency is right."

"Nooooo."

"Yes."

"I'm shaking my head at you."

"Cute."

"I am you should see me!"

"I wish."

"Mmmm."

"Pan on."

"Wait wait wait... Okay mine too."

"Excellent."

"Are you going to put anything fun in them?"

"No?"

"Well last time you put lemon and they were delicious."

"Oh, lemon counts as fun?"

"Yes!"

"I'm just gonna do chocolate spread today I think."

"Fair."

"Maybe one with jam."

"Going fancy today."

"You went fancy last time."

"I'm always fancy."

"Not."

"Aww thank you."

"Sure. Aaaand flip."

"Carefully."

"Nope."

"Ugh."
"Don't ugh me."

"Ugh!"

"Mean."

"True."

"Hmph."

"Awww, no pouting without me."

"Well don't make me pout then."

"Now I'm thinking about your lips again."

"Licking them."

"Oh."

"Mm."

"N-Not fair."

"Yum."

"Moonyyyyyy."

"Yes, gi- gender?"

"You had it right."

"Yes, girlfriend?"

"I'm envious."

"You'll get to lick them soon."

"Not soon enough!"

"Friday is close."

"It's not right now. Which is when I want to lick them."

"Never mind, bye."

"Hi, Reg!"

"Nooooo come back!"

"Will you stop being gross?"

"Yes. Sorry, Moony, we'll have to continue discussing all the lickable parts of you later."
"Okay, but I won't stop thinking about yours."

"O-kay."

"You're still being groooss."

"We'll stop, have a pancake."

"Oooh yes, okay."

"And then come here and say mine are better again."

"Ohhh yes."

"Not fair!"

"Very fair. I'll bring you back one."

"Hmph. That's not what I want from there."

"I'll bring you your boyfriend if you promise not to be gross."

"I can't promise that!"

"Give me a warning before at least."

"We won't be gross in front of you, I promise that."

"Alright then."

"Yesssss wait! Nobody asked the boyfriend. Moony?"

"Always yes."

"Okay goooo."

"Don't rush me!"

"Goooooohhoo."

"Fiiiiine."

"Yessss."

"Just come in!"

"..."

"They're not gonna just come in, are they?"

"No, definitely not."

"Ughhh okay."

"Don't let the pancakes burn."
"I won't, I won't. Hi Reg, come on in."

"Hello, Romulus, thank you."

"Mhm, no problem. Romulus?"

"I've decided this is your new name, yes. Because every time Sirius talked about you until I had some point of reference for who you are as a person, that's what I thought of."

"Okay, sure."

"Mhm. So where are the pancakes?"

"Kitchen. Hungry much?"

"Yes, quite."

"Pick a spread."

"Hurry and come heeeere."

"Patience, I'm eating!"

"And I'm cooking."

"And I'm waiting."

"You should be cooking as well."

"Yeah, yeah, I am."

"Oh yum."

"Traitor."

"You'll see."

"Yes but WHEN?"

"When, Romulus?"

"Uhh 7 minutes? Wait, could you apparate me back in the morning?"

"Sirius morning or your morning?"

"My morning."

"Then no problem."

"Great, then 12 minutes."

"Oi!"

"Oh, sorry, do you not want me to stay over?"
"No no no no I want you to!"

"Well then, you're gonna have to wait 11 minutes and 30 seconds."

"It went up?!"

"No?"

"But you said seven."

"And then I said twelve."

"Oh, I was distracted by you're being rude about me."

"We weren't being rude at all. Reg, flip this last one in a minute okay, I'll be right back."

"Oh, uhhhh, okay. Okay."

"You can do iiit."

"I've got this. Okay yes, I can. Go pack."

"I'll be quick."

"Your quick or Sirius quick?"

"Rude, again!"

"Me quick, promise."

"Okay. Okay."

"Are you leaving me with my sibling?"

"He left, yes."

"Hmph. Sabotage his batter."

"I will do no such thing."

"Come oooooon."

"No."

"Reggieeeeee."

"No."

"Hmph."

"I did it!"

"Wh- Oh! You flipped it?!"
"I flipped it!"

"Ohhh nice!"

"Oh wow oh wow.."

"Is it pretty?"

"It is, it's perfect."

"Awww that's great. I want that one."

"You can have it."

"Yessss."

"This jam is so much better than your jam."

"It's just jam?! Ours is whatever James gets from the store."

"Ah, but ours is homemade. I'll bring some."

"Of course you have homemade jam."

"Well yes."

"Where do I turn this off?"

"Yessss are you coming, now?"

"There. I'm ready."

"Okay, elbow?"

"Yes. See you in a sec."

"Reg, I'm warning you, I'm sooo gonna kiss him when you get here."

"I'll turn around"

Sirius heard the front door close softly, followed by the chattering voices of Reg and Remus.

“Merlin, she wasn’t kidding, she really did kiss everything, didn’t she?” Remus asked, amused.

“Oh yes, it’s apparently not just you she’s gross with. Now it’s lampshades and mirrors, too. Wait until you see the kitchen.”

They were in the kitchen before Sirius could manage to drop the spatula she was using and run to greet.

“Moony!” she beamed. Remus looked utterly at ease in the soft jumper and pyjama bottoms he must have changed into after work. “Reg, turn around!”
She leaped at Remus, who didn’t even stumble. He caught her and kissed her. She could feel his smile tightening his lips against hers.

When they pulled apart he didn’t remove his arms from around her for a satisfying amount of time.

“Excellent demonstration of turning around, there, Reg,” Remus said when finally their moment was over.

“What thank you, Romulus,” Reg gave a formal little nod.

“This is more gross than our kissing,” Sirius complained, but inwardly she was all but singing. Her boyfriend and her sibling were getting along so well. She couldn’t stop the grin from spreading across her face.

They made the pancakes. All of them. It came to over two dozen between both batters and Reg’s tendency to pour too small when it was their turn.

Sirius had squawked when Remus had picked up the rubber scraper to drizzle some of Sirius’s batter onto his finger, “to taste test.”

“You can’t taste it before it’s cooked!”

“Watch me.”

“It’s just pancake batter, it doesn’t taste like anything!”

“Tastes good to me .”

“Moony that’s so- oh. Well, thank you.”

Still he had added a few things he didn’t think Sirius had used enough of before they had continued cooking.

They were halfway finished eating them when James and Lily arrived home. Remus’s homemade jam had nearly all gone, its store bought counterpart unopened and untouched off to the side.

James just about lost it over the jam. He spooned the rest of it onto his plate and raved about it long after it had gone. Meanwhile, Lily had quietly gotten up, walked to the kitchen, and come back with a container of ice cream. Everyone had a little more after that to try her method.

“What are we doing? ” James asked - more of a whine than anything - when everyone began to file into the sitting area after eating.

“Lying down and never getting up,” Lily collapsed onto the couch next to Reg, who patted her hair lightly.

“Nooo,” James whined, “We should do something. We should go for a run! Who wants to run?”

Lily groaned and Remus and Reg made similar noises of disgust. “Oh I…” Sirius looked from James to Remus and bit her lip. Remus settled into the sofa. He looked too relaxed and inviting. “Nah, maybe next time.” She settled into the cushions while James went into his room to change.

“What do we feel like watching?” Lily picked up the remote to the television. “Something new? Or that thing you were watching earlier, Reg?” Sirius wasn’t really listening, though. She looked at the closed door to James’s room, feeling very restless.
“Star Trek, but we can watch something else if you prefer.”

Reg and Lily discussed it, but Remus spoke quietly to Sirius alone. “Love, Reg is taking me home in the morning.”

“Oh yes I am, I want a morning game of chess!” Reg pulled themself away from Lily, overhearing. Remus smiled at them and Sirius was struck again by how well they got along.

“Which means,” Remus continued, “I’ll still be here tonight. When you get back.”

Sirius kissed him on the cheek quickly and dashed to her closet to get changed as well.

~

“Incoming!”

It would occur to Sirius later that her friends were all huddled quietly on the couch-now-turned-bed, perfectly comfortable and content, but the moment she burst through the door to the flat, her only goal was joining them as quickly as possible.

She landed half in Remus’s lap, half on the mattress with a soft “oof!”

“Hello to you, too. Nice run?” Remus helped her sit up properly while James scooped Lily into his arms. She shrieked a laugh while he saluted a goodnight and carried her off to their bedroom.

“It was perfect. Well, almost. Always more fun with Pete, but as close to perfect without him as it could have been. I feel so good, don’t you feel good right now?” She kicked out of her socks while Reg shook their head at her.

Remus kissed her forehead. “Sure, Pads. I feel great.”

“You’re all very gross, I’m going to bed,” Reg said with no genuine disgust in their tone at all.

Sirius wanted very much to be able to sleep in what she was wearing, like Remus probably could, but she changed quickly enough that by the time she returned, Remus hadn’t even finished spreading their blanket over the bed.

“How long did it take before you realized the couch was too small?” she asked, squirming into the bed for the second time.

“About ten minutes. Not really that it was too small, just that Reg was getting fidgety and I figured they might need to spread out a little more. Which they did not.” Remus flopped down beside her. “Are you tired in the slightest?”

“Exhausted,” Sirius admitted. “Surviving off of endorphins alone at this point.”

Remus laughed. “Questions, then? Before you come down off of those and pass out?”

“Mhm, you first.”

“Easy tonight. What exactly is the appeal of running for you?”
“This! All of it. James likes the ache after, but I prefer this. The feeling up up up, like I’ve just managed to outrun all of the things that were down down down. Puts things in perspective. And it’s better with James. We connect on it. It’s just very… liberating.”

Remus nodded like he understood, but then shrugged. “Eh. Still pass.”

“Your loss,” Sirius rolled to lie right up against Remus. “My turn?”

“Mhm.”

“You know animals that regrow limbs? Like tails and things that re-grow if they’re cut off? Do you think they feel different?”

“Excuse me?”

“Like do you think they miss their old tails? Do you think the new ones feel less theirs?”

Remus looked at Sirius for a long moment, trying to determine whether she was being sincere or not. “Um. I don’t know. This is your question for the night?”

“Yes, it’s important.”

“Uh huh. Well… No. I don’t think it feels much different. Maybe the weight is different or something, but once they’re used to it, maybe the new limb feels more them and they can’t even remember how the old one felt.”

“Mmmm. Okay. Fair answer.”

“Glad I’ve passed the test.”

“You did pass! You get a prize!” Sirius struggle to keep her voice low enough that it wouldn’t disturb anyone else in the flat.

“Ohh, what’s my prize?”

“All of the kisses.”

“All of them?”

“Allll of th-” Sirius interrupted her own words with a kiss.

Remus turned the lights down some time later, and after that, Sirius was very quickly asleep.
Morning sobered Sirius. He woke earlier than his body was ready to, but couldn’t bring himself to break the serenity of Remus’s beautiful, sleeping face.

When it was time to leave for work, he roused his boyfriend only to say a quick goodbye and pulled the covers back up over him. Remus was asleep again before Sirius closed the door behind himself.

There's no Moony here and I'm sad about it

Sorry, sorry

Reg and I got caught up in chess so I was half an hour late to work so I worked late

Oh it's their fault

It's both our faults

Hmph

Sorry. I miss you.

I forgive you

And miss you too

Date tomorrow, think about that

Oh I am

I am too

Tell me about it

I'm thinking about how you're gonna come pick me up at the station and how we'll hug and then

Ohhh oh oh

You know what we should do??

One of those slow motion running into each other's arms that always happens in movies
Oh Merlin, okay

It'll be funny

Absolutely, but you'd better catch me when I slow motion jump into your arms

I will catch you.

Yesssss

And if I happen to drop you, I will laugh at you

Moony!

If you drop me it will be your fault!

Yeah, but you'll be the one that will look silly

Moonyyyyyyyyy!

I will also pick you up

After you’re done laughing!

Yes

Hmph!

Love youuu

Yeah yeah yeah

:(

I love you too

:)

Hmph

I'll catch you, promise.

Okay then

Home and starving

What's for food?

Nothing yet

Waiting?

Yes
Call?

*Oh yes, please do*

"*Hi.*"

"*Hi, Pumpkin.*"

"*Mm, again.*"

"*Hey, Pumpkin.*"

"*Why does that feel so niiiiice?*

"*Because you're a sappy boyfriend who likes pet names.*"

"*Ughhhh. Yeah, fine, maybe I am, so what.*"

"*So you're cute.*"

"*Shhh.*"

"*Hmmmm nope. Cuuuute cute Moonpie.*"

"*Youuuu.*"

"*No, I'm not cute Moonpie.*"

"*No, you're a cute Padfoot.*"

"*Yes I am.*"

"*And I'm dating youuuu.*"

"*Yes, I'm YOUR cute Padfoot.*"

"*I get to hold your haaaand, and kiss youuu, and braid your haaaair, and kiss youuuu.*"

"*Ohh yes I love when you do that!*"

"*Tomorrow tomorrow tomorrow.*"

"*Will you braid my hair tomorrow?*

"*If you'll want, yes, absolutely.*"

"*Yes I want, yes.*"

"*Okay.*"

"*Yesss.*"

"*After my bath.*"
"What's this about baths again?"

"Oh hi. Didn't hear you come in."

"Hi Hope!"

"Hi, dear."

"Sirius is gonna draw me a really nice bath tomorrow with all fancy Lush things. Food?"

"No leftovers today, I'll make something. You two do the bath thing a lot?"

"Or you can just sit down and we can order a pizza, you just cooked all day at work, mum. Sirius likes baths, and wants to show me what a proper one looks like."

"If it means thorough hygiene, I'm all for it. What do you want on your pizza?"

"Everything."

"Of course. Why did I ask. How are you, Sirius?"

"I'm well, how are you?"

"Tired. But very good. Are you going to be here tomorrow?"

"No, Remus is coming over to mine."

"Okay, then when are you coming here next? We need your brightness, it's so quiet here."

"Oh. Well James doesn't have a game this week, so I could come on Saturday?"

"Saturday's mum's."

"You're coming to my birthday dinner, yes? Remus, you asked- I'm sorry, pronouns, dear?"

"Oh, uhh, she, her? But-

"You asked her, right?"

"No?"

"And why the hell not?"

"You didn't tell me to?"

"It was assumed!"

"Was not!"

"It should have been! Ask her now."

"You ask her, it's your birthday."
"Who even raised you? Sirius, will you please come to my birthday dinner?"

"Um. Yes? Yes. I would love to."

"Excellent! Thank you!"

"Should I bring anything?"

"Yourself, and my Remus back after your definitely-not-weird bath date."

"I promise it's not weird!"

"Oh it's weird. Doesn't mean it won't be nice. But it's weird."

"Okay, mum, that's enough, I'm leaving now, call me when the pizza's here."

"Love you, have fun."

"Love you too."

"I love you too, Hope, bye!"

"Do you really want to come?"

"Of course I want to, are you sure it's okay?"

"Means I get another evening with you."

"Then yes."

"Definitely yes."

"Do I stay over?"

"If you want, yes please. Dinner's out though."

"Oh, okay, where?"

"No idea, she takes us to a different restaurant every year."

"Awww fun."

"Yes."

"That'll be nice, yeah?"

"Possibly."

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Well, dad's gonna be there."

"Oh, okay."

"Yeah."
"We'll make sure it's nice for her."

"Mhm."

"It'll be really good."

"Yes."

"Mmm."

"What are you up to?"

"Lying here talking to my boyfriend."

"Oh? Tell me about him."

"He's a nerd."

"Continue."

"The most adorable of all the nerds."

"Mhm, mhm."

"And some things I won't say because Reg is nearby."

"Thoughtful."

"I'm great, right?"

"Let's not overdo it."

"Oi."

"You're wonderful."

"Well I know that!!"

"So I'm not allowed to say it?"

"No, you're just not allowed to contradict yourself in doing it."

"Fine, you're okayish."

"Moonyyyyy!"

"Please make her stop making that noise."

"I can only stop that with kisses, sorry."

"True."

"Wow."
"How are you, Reg?"

"I'm very good, I'm job hunting."

"Oh that's great!"

"Mhm, except I'm not good at anything."

"Don't say that, that's not true."

"It really isn't."

"It is, though. My talents include being invisible enough to sneak around a lot and flipping a pancake that one time."

"You were always good in school."

"And you can still learn. You could go to uni."

"A muggle university?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"I don't know the first damn thing about muggles. Sirius can I take this?"

"Wha- Uh, sure?"

"Thanks... I don't know the first thing about muggles. I'd never make it in a school full of them. And what would I even study? I have no interests."

"I think you would, you adapt really well and quickly. And you could take a few general classes at first and see what sparks your interest. Or you could convince Sirius to get a scary computer and take a few online courses."

"What... Does that mean?"

"Okay, too fast. Okay, okay. How about you come over one day and we can go through my books from high school on different subjects and see if anything will interest you?"

"But what if there's nothing? What if I'm not good at anything? I'm trying to be myself for the very first time but I'm coming up empty, there's nothing here. What if I was always just supposed to be a Black and there's nothing else I'm meant for?"

"Give it time, Reg. There's something out there for you."

"I don't know."

"I know."

"But what if?"

"No, Reg. Even if there's nothing you'll find you really really want to do, this is still where you belong. Not with them. That life wasn't for you."
"Yeah?"
"Yes. Ask anyone who really knows you."

"You know me?"
"I feel like I do."

"...Thank you."
"You're welcome."

"Thanks. Sorry for the moment, I do want to look at your books. I think."
"No worries. And stop by anytime."

"Okay. Okay, I can just... Stop by."
"Yes. It's what friends do."

"Okay. Okay."
"You will be, you are. No one's expecting you to just know what you want right away."

"Thank you."
"You're welcome."

"You can have your girlfriend back."
"Thanks."

"Oh welcome back! You alright?"
"I am."

"Hi, girlfriend. Hug your sibling if they're okay with it."

"Okay... Alright, now what?"
"Now I'm leaving for pizza, bye."

"Wow, so rude. Love you, enjoy your pizza, bye!"
"Love you tooooo."

Miss you, pizza boy

I am so pleasantly full
Good

Mhmm

You only ate forever

Did not

Felt like it

Well I'm here now

All yours

Mmm

Okay

What will you do with me?

Talk to you

About what

The painting I'm finishing for your mum

It's gorgeous

I fucked it up

I'm sorry

How do you think you fucked it up?

I dunno it just

It came out all wrong

I thought it was okay but I'm looking at it

It's all wrong

It looked great yesterday

But it's

I don't know

Try to imagine someone else painted it. Do you really think it's not good, or are you just nervous?

Don't know

I can't see it any other way now
Okay. If you're unhappy with it and uncomfortable with giving it, we don't have to

But I want to

I want to have something to give her and I want it to come from us and be

I don't know

Okay, just

Calm down, have some tea, leave it, try not to think about it

And if you still don't like it tomorrow when I'm there, we can work on a new one together, yeah?

Alright

If it won't be okay for me to be close, I can just stay in the sitting room and you can come kiss me when you'll need a break

I'd want you there though

But you don't have to watch if it's boring, you can read or something if you want

I can't imagine it being boring

Dunno

It was really easy getting lost in the movements of your hands when you sketched

Yeah?

So beautiful

Oh

Moony thank you

Just how it is

<3

You okay if I go take a shower?

Yes

Okay

I'll be quick

Take your time

I'll be alright
Okay

I'll be here

Hi

Sirius?

I'm here

I did the same after you

What do you smell like?

Roses

Mmm

You can decide that for yourself tomorrow

Sometimes I'm just so

Happy

That we're together.

I mean I'm always happy about that

But sometimes this big wave of happiness just hits me, and I can Feel it so much

I don't know how to explain

If you find the right words, let me know because I need them to tell you too

Will do

Thank you, boyfriend who I love

You're welcome, girlfriend whom I love

Mmm

I see your subtle grammatical correction and I think it's very attractive

Nerd

Yes you are and yes that's why

You are
I'm in a cocoon of blankets

Oh Merlin that sounds wonderful

It is

Enjoy

I'd enjoy it more with you

But I will try my best

Tomorrow

Yes please

Definitely

Yessss

Even though I'm too warm?

You're the perfect temperature

Good answer

The truth

I'm laying on my bed while Lily watches tv from it

Hello Lily

She says hi lots of times

What is she watching?

A show she says is not new but I've never seen her watch

Okay

It is very cute

I'll let you know if I figure out what it is

Hah, alright

Are you sleep comfy?

Mhm

Waaaait

Can I call?
I think Lily is going to bed soon

*Mhm*

"Hi."

"Hey."

"..."

"Oh, Gilmore girls."

"Excuse me?"

"Yes, should I leave it on for you?"

"Nah."

"Okay. Goodnight then, Love. Goodnight, Remus."

"Goodnight."

"Only drawback to not having a door. But secretly I like when people won't leave me alone out here."

"We know."

"Moony, it's a secret!"

"A bad one."

"Hmph."

"We'll keep it, don't worry."

"Okay, thank you."

"You're most welcome. Questions?"

"Oh, yes."

"Me first?"

"Yes please."

"What are your feelings about meeting my dad?"

"Mostly nervous."

"Just mostly?"

"I mean, also excited to finally have a person attached to this idea of him. Not excited like I was to meet Hope, though."
"Yeah."

"How are you feeling about me meeting him?"

"A bit worried."

"Why?"

"Mostly I don't want him to be a dick to you."

"Well, I'm prepared for it if it happens."

"And also that he won't be a dick at all, and then you'll think... I don't know."

"That I'll think?... That you're exaggerating what an arse he is?"

"Yeah."

"That's not going to happen. That would never happen."

"He can be really nice to people."

"You remember the house I come from, yeah? That Reg comes from? That's not going to happen."

"Okay."

"I love you and it would never occur to me that you could be wrong in your experiences with him."

"Thank you."

"Of course."

"Was that your question?"

"No. Would you come for a ride on my bike tomorrow maybe?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"I'd love to, yes."

"Yesss, okay."

"Looking forward to it."

"I am, I am."

"Mm."

"Ready for sleep?"
"Already sleeping."

"Hmph. Sweet dreams, Moony."

"You too."

"I'll try."

"Think of me."

"Always do."

"Mm."

"..."

"..."

***

**Buenos días**

'Sup?

'sup'?!

Sup?

Who are you!

;)

I got a text if I can tutor Spanish

Ohh, bien

So that's my excuse, what's yours?

I just thought we were trying something different

And you went with sup

As your first choice

I'm sure I could have found something worse if I'd tried hard

Please don't

Suit yourself, then, you're stuck with sup
Ugh

Hi, good morning

Morning. Tea?

Chamomile

Thank youuu

Yum

I'll decide later today if you're yum

I am, I am

Are youuu

Yes!

I don't knooow

You'll see

I will

Mmm

Yes

I think about kissing you a lot

Like a lot more than I thought I’d think about kissing a person

Because you liiiike it

Kinda

No, a lot

Soooooo much though???

Me too

That's a good thing

Very very very

And I get to do that later if we want

Mhm mhm yes

:)
You're late for work, love

Oh!

Have fun

Thank you see you soon bye

Bye for now

Done with work, waiting for the train

Hi I'm out now, how are you?

Excited to see you

Gooooood

Are you excited to see meeeeee??

I'm barely contained

I miss you

And soon I get to not miss you

Mhm mhm soon you get to have your arms around me

Yes I like that so much better

Soon soon soon

Yessssss

Make the train go faster

Can't

Wanna

Hmph

Trying not to sleep

You can sleep

But I can't talk to you in my sleep

But you can when you wake up

Excellent point
Turning to see Remus standing not ten meters away was evidently too exciting for Sirius. He momentarily forgot their agreement and ran at Remus full speed. About halfway there he realized that Remus was not also running toward him and halted, remembering. At once they both began running in slow motion to each other, Remus’s bag slung over his shoulder. People around them gave them strange looks and did their best to walk around them. Remus broke into a fit of laughter when one passing woman muttered “what the fuck?” as she went past.

Finally, after several long minutes, Sirius leapt and Remus caught him and it felt more perfect than any movie had ever looked. Remus set Sirius back on his feet and, feeling particularly and strangely comfortable at that moment, leaned low to ask his datefriend, “Could I kiss you?”

Sirius smiled, beautifully, and nodded. “Yes.”

He kissed him in front of hundreds of people on the platform, without caring if any one of them was looking.

They walked home with their hands tucked comfortably together, splitting apart only when the heat of the day made it uncomfortable to continue and rejoining once that bit of body heat felt comfortable again.

“Tell me about them,” Remus prompted when they had temporarily run out of casual conversation.
He nodded to two older persons attempting to calm an irate infant while another, only slightly larger child stood by quietly playing with something in their pocket.

Sirius watched them a moment until they had fully walked past the family.

“They’re aunts. They’re sitting for the kids while the parents go on their honeymoon. They’ve finally got around to officially getting married, not because they wanted the marriage so much as they wanted the gifts and an excuse to go on holiday. The aunts were estranged before - some nonsense about a missing trinket from a will thirty years ago - and were reunited with the family when the parents invited them to the wedding. They’re trying really hard because this opportunity for reunion means so much to them and they feel quite overwhelmed, never having dealt with kids of their own. They own a small hardware shop and that’s their child. But what they’re not realizing right now is that the kids are already in love with them. They’re going to be the go-to baby sitters and when the kids won’t go to sleep three years from now, it’ll still be the aunts who get the ten o’clock call for a bedtime story over the phone.”

“Mmm,” Remus hummed and looked back at the family. “They’re going to have some wonderful memories with them.”

“It’s going to be lovely,” Sirius nodded.

Remus pointed subtly to a group of well-dressed young women sitting on a park bench in the midst of what seemed like an intense conversation. “Tell me about them.”

They played this game for most of their stroll together. Sirius’s stories became increasingly more elaborate and ridiculous as they went. They passed a shop window with a gleaming, reflective surface and Remus pointed at it. “Tell me about them.”

Sirius met the eye of Remus’s reflection and smiled. “They’re in love.”

“Are they?” Remus smirked.

“They are. They are. But alas, it is a star-crossed love.”

Remus almost missed a step. “What, why?”

“Yes, yes,” Sirius nodded gravely. “Because they are young and stupid, and when they see injustice in the world they have to fix it. So when war breaks out they both join the rebellion.”

“There’s going to be a war?” Remus asked, amused. “With a rebellion?”

“Oh yes. A very secret very sexy underground rebellion. The stuff of myths and legends. And they’ll love each other through that, but, unfortunately, war will get in the way and the small one-”

“Hah! Small one.”

“Shush! Let me finish. The small, gorgeous one will do something unbelievably brave and heroic, but through misunderstanding will be imprisoned for a crime he didn’t commit.”

“Oh no.”

“For twelve years.”

“TWELVE YEARS?!?”

“Twelve! And only then will he escape to return to his love and explain the misunderstanding.”
“Aww, they find each other again.”

“Yes, but then because the war is still going on, the tall, tree-like one will die only minutes before the end of the war. Heroically, in battle. But like super dead.”

Remus stopped walking, affronted. “Oi! Why do I have to die?!?”

“Because you called me small.”

“You called yourself small!”

“You didn’t have to agree! Anyway the gorgeous one will have disappeared shrouded in mystery several years before.”

“I’m going to die alone ?!”

“No, no, you’ll find love again.”

“How long is this war? How much time after you disappear mysteriously do I have to find love again?”

“Eh. A few months.”

“WHAT?!”

“You’re too lovable to grieve alone, Moony, and I’m not going to be easy to get over. You’re going to need all the help you can get.”

Remus shook his head but couldn’t hide the smile. He wrapped an arm around Sirius, who curled comfortably into his side. “You’re absurd.”

“True, I like it that way.”

“Me too.”

They picked up food on their way to the flat and ate at the dining room table. More specifically, Sirius ate on the dining room table. Which culminated in several awkwardly positioned kisses before they moved to the sofa.

“So, about that bike ride?” Remus finally asked, breathless, several minutes later.

“Yes!” Sirius was out from under him and up on his feet in an instant. “Yes yes yes, let’s!”

The evening summer sun was only just breaking through the clouds when they finally made their way outside. Remus waited on the empty side street while Sirius pulled it out of the private garage he kept it in.

“Good evening, Adhara,” Remus greeted. Sirius threw out the kick stand and gestured for Remus to get on. Which he did. There was a very long moment where Sirius completely forgot to breathe. Remus, in the glow of the setting sun, long legs draped over the bike that was a piece of Sirius’s own soul, was utterly stunning. He leaned forward very gently to grasp the handles - he didn’t have to lean far, arms long enough to accommodate the distance in a way Sirius could never.

“Can I take a picture of you?” Sirius was staring and he didn’t even care to pretend not to be.
“Sure?” Remus smirked. Sirius felt suddenly very dizzy.

The picture was immediately set as the background of Sirius’s phone.

“Are you just going to watch, then?” Remus asked, “Or will you be joining me?”

Sirius cleared his throat and wordlessly climbed onto the front of the bike. Remus pressed his chest to Sirius’s back and draped his arms around his waist, which made Sirius too dizzy to recall how to turn the bike on for a long moment.

“All right?” Remus asked, chin resting on Sirius’s shoulder.

“Uh huh, died for a moment, but I’m back.”

“Please do not die until we are safely back on the ground.”

“Rude?” Sirius pouted.

“Well! I want to experience this and I want to not die from it, so…”

“Hmph. Alright. Hold tight.” Remus granted the request and Sirius had to dedicate a lot of energy to not swooning all over again.

They drove calmly down a few streets. Sirius wanted Remus to be accustomed to the feeling of the bike before it got too intense, and they needed to be well shot of muggle eyes in any case. They came to the long stretch of road where Sirius had first tested out Adhara’s less standard features and he pressed the gas harder. Remus’s arms tightened even further around his waist in anticipation.

And then they were flying.

Communication was difficult in the air, with magical helmets blocking the path of the wind and consequently voices along with it. But every once in a while, Remus would point quickly at something he recognized from the air and Sirius could feel his excitement in the way Remus held him.

Twenty minutes into their journey, Remus tugged on Sirius’s sleeve to get his attention and pointed straight downward. Sirius got the message and found a safe enough place to land the motorbike.

“So?” He asked, hopping off so that he could see Remus’s face. “What do you think?”

Remus was beaming. “It’s incredible. I don’t think I’m a huge fan of the flying, I definitely couldn’t do a long trip of it, but there’s something very… magic about it.”

“Okay, little flights only, noted. But you like the bike?”

Remus kissed his cheek. “The bike is amazing, Sirius.”

They made their way back to the flat much more slowly, driving on streets instead of over them. It was peaceful and perfect. Remus alternated between resting his head on Sirius’s back and shoulders while the sun set fully around them. It was dark by the time they pulled it back into the garage near the flat.

Sirius swung his legs around with some struggle in order to face Remus on the bike and was about to ask if Remus had enjoyed himself when instead he was caught up in a kiss. Heavy and warm and slow, Remus’s hand on the side of his neck for support. When, too soon, Sirius thought Remus was pulling away, the other boy merely adjusted himself so that he could lean forward into the kiss. Sirius
loved everything about the feeling of Remus hovering over him. He loved being surrounded by the bodily warmth of him, and being unable to see or feel or smell anything but Remus. A bar coming off of one of the handles of the bike was digging into his side and he hardly even noticed, because Remus’s mouth was opening to him and everything else in the world mattered very little.

“You’re vibrating,” Remus murmured and trailed his lips to the side of Sirius's neck not already occupied by his own fingers. Sirius tried hard to quell the trembling in his bones, but the little shocks Remus sent through his neck were not helping the cause. Remus laughed. “No, not you, Pads. Phone.”

“Wh-” Sirius heard it then, too. His phone was making the rapid, drawn out vibration sounds that meant he had a call incoming. He gathered himself and flipped it open without checking the little front window for the ID - only two people ever called him and one of them was still suspended a few small inches above his lap. “Jamie, everything okay?”

“You tell me, love, we’re waiting here with dinner, we thought you’d be back by now. No problems with the bike, right?” James responded, too loudly. Lily still hadn’t quite taught him the proper volume to use when speaking on muggle phones. Sirius learned quickly from night calls with Remus, who proceeded to continue kissing Sirius’s neck while he spoke.

“No-no, no problems,” Sirius debated pulling away from Remus so that he might be able to form coherent sentences, but instead found himself leaning over to expose more of his throat for further kissing. The offer was immediately taken up. “We drove back ins-stead of flying.”

“Ah, that would do it. So you’re back now?” James’s voice sounded miles away from Sirius, even though he had the receiver pressed directly to the shell of his ear.

“Huh?” Remus moved the hand he’d had on Sirius’s neck down to his waist, around to the small of his back.

“You said you drove back? Does that mean you’re back now? Should we keep this warm for you?”

The hand on Sirius’s back pressed forward, bringing Sirius’s chest to meet Remus’s fully. “Er…”

“What’s the question, Pads?” Remus asked, lips moving against the edge of Sirius’s jaw.

“F-food?”

Remus sat up at once, extricating himself from Sirius as if he’d been sitting back on the seat of the bike the entire time. “Oh yes, please! I’m starving.”

Sirius’s head spun, far too hard for words to be formed coherently, but luckily James heard Remus’s exclamation.

“Whenever you get here, it’s ready. See you soon!”

Sirius managed a brief “bye”, and closed the phone to glare at Remus. Or at least he thought he was glaring. The way Remus was beaming back at him did not suggest he was doing a very good job of it.

“Ready for food?” Remus asked.

“Uh huh. Only help me off the bike, I can’t feel my legs.”
They had lost more time on the drive back and in the garage than they had thought. James and Lily did have dinner waiting, but they’d already eaten long before. They sat on the floor with Remus and Sirius and chatted while they ate their late meal. Sirius let Remus describe their bike adventure, mostly because he wanted to know exactly how Remus had felt about the entire event. Even so, when it came time for pyjamas and questions (bath for Remus being postponed to morning due to sleepiness and lack of time), Sirius asked, “So now that you’ve had some time to digest the experience, how do you like Adhara?”

Remus flung the sheet they’d be using as a blanket over them both. “I loved all of it. I want to try the flying again. Still think not for long, but I do want to do it again.”

“Mmm, okay, we can definitely do that.”

“My turn?”

“Yes.”

“Are you nervous about tomorrow?”

In all honesty, Sirius had forgotten to allow himself to be nervous about the next day. He took a moment to let it settle into his bones. “No, I don’t think I am. I’m excited to spend Hope’s birthday with her, and Lyall being there is just… eh. It’s just eh. It’s whatever. I’m not intimidated by it.”

“That’s good,” Remus murmured sleepily. Sirius wasn’t even sure he heard the end of it before he was fast asleep.

Sirius was dreaming something mundane and soft. Something about lying on the sofa, talking to James about nothing consequential, when she was interrupted by something soft on her cheek. In the dream, she pressed her hand to the spot, but there was nothing. Again, it happened, something gentle and pleasant on her cheek. She was sure it was marking her skin with bright colours, little splatters of vibrance every time it touched her. Red, blue, orange, purple green - splashes of soft, warm paint. The touches moved from her cheek to her shoulder before she woke with a small thrill.

“Good morning,” Remus’s voice was still low and thick with sleep. He continued to kiss her shoulder and then back up to her cheek.

“Mm, morning,” Sirius sighed and closed her eyes again, lost in how nice his lips felt on her sleepy skin.

Remus prodded her softly, “Time to wake up.”

“Why?” she pouted.

Remus’s lips brushed her’s, “Because there’s breakfast somewhere in that kitchen and we need to find it.”

Sirius opened her eyes to see his smile and caught it up with her own lips. “Why is it that every time you kiss me, it ends because of food?”

Remus sat back and pulled Sirius up with him. “Dunno, must be because you’re so yummy.”

Sirius rolled her eyes. “Smooth. And corny. And a little disturbing.”
“Sounds like me, yeah,” Remus shrugged. “Now, foooood.”

After breakfast, Sirius brought out an enormous, overflowing basket of Lush products and samples. “Are you ready?” she asked, dropping the basket in front of Remus.

“Am I?” he asked incredulously.

“You are. What kind of bath would you like?”

Remus shook his head. “Oh no, I am making no decisions. If you’re doing this, you’re doing it. I’m here to be pampered.”

“Fair enough. Go into the kitchen and pick on leftovers while I do this, because I know you’re still hungry.” Remus did not confirm the fact, but smiled and kissed her cheek before disappearing into the kitchen.

It took great effort on her part, but Sirius refrained from pulling what James fondly called “The Sirius”, and just dumping every pretty colour and scent into one bath. She chose complimenting citrus scents and brilliant blues carefully to draw Remus’s bath. She wanted it to be fun and playful and refreshing. Relaxing, luxurious baths were for night time, and Remus was already wont to fall asleep at the slightest suggestion.

“It’s blue.” Remus remarked when he was finally invited in.

“That… is not untrue. Is blue bad?”

Remus eyed the water suspiciously. “Will I be blue?”

“No, it won’t turn your skin blue.”

“For sure?”

“For sure.”

“Excellent, okay, turn around?”

Sirius spun around hurriedly. “Er- I’m actually going to step out, if that’s alright? I’m going to go for a late-morning-run with James while you’re in here.”

“Oh, nice. Enjoy your run.” Sirius could hear cloth hitting the tile floor.

“I’ll- yes. Yeah. I’ll be back soon.”

She left before she heard his foot hit the water.

The previous evening, when she’d told Remus that she was not nervous about meeting his father, she hadn’t been lying. Now, however, she was starting to feel twinges of fear when she thought about it.

“What if he tells me I’m not allowed to see Moony anymore?” She and James were walking to their favourite secluded spot for changing, a few blocks from the flat.

“What?”

“Lyall. What if he hates me and he won’t let me see Moony?”

James found Sirius’s hand with his and squeezed comfortingly. “First of all that’s impossible.
Nobody could hate you, even someone like him. Let me finish.” Sirius had opened her mouth to argue that point. “And second of all, nothing he could say or do will keep you from Moony. Think about who you’re talking about. Remus is Remus. He would never even entertain the idea.”

“Maybe he couldn’t keep us apart, but he could keep me from there. He could say I’m not allowed over the house anymore. I don’t want that, I don’t want to never be there again. I love it there, and less time there does mean less time with Moony.”

“It’s not going to happen. Acknowledge the thought and then put it aside, because that’s not what’s going to happen. Remus loves you. Even if Lyall, for whatever reason, says he doesn’t want you staying there, it will not be a divide between you and Remus. He’ll come here, and we’ll find a way to continue seeing Hope and life will work itself out. Okay? We’ll figure it out, whatever happens.”

Sirius didn’t feel necessarily better, but she did feel more supported.

Running as Padfoot kept her mind clear and unencumbered. She focused on other, more primal things. The way the wind felt in her face; the satisfying pat of her paws against the dirt; the sticky scent of pine that grew heavier with each passing tree. She ran until her body was peaceful and her head was too exhausted to over-think things. By the time they arrived back at the flat, the nerves she’d felt earlier were but a memory.

“Welcome back, sweaty roommates,” Lily greeted from the kitchen doorway. Something smelled like tomato and garlic from that direction. Sirius’s mouth watered. But she was not incorrect about the sweat. Sirius would have to shower before she even thought about lunch.

“Where’s Moony?” she asked. She had expected to come back to a freshly bathed, relaxed Remus on the sofa, but the sofa was still in bed form from the previous night and there was no Moony to be seen.

“Still in the bath. Every once in awhile I knock and he tries to pretend he’s been awake the entire time,” Lily smiled.

“He fell asleep?”

“Probably immediately after you left.”

So much for the invigorating, refreshing morning bath Sirius had been going for. She knocked on the door and waited.

A moment too late and three decibels too quiet, Remus’s reply came. “Yes, I’m up, I’m in here.”

“Sure you are, Pumpkin.” Sirius laughed at the closed door between them.

“Sirius! You’re back already? Come in.”

Sirius paused. “Er…”

“There’s bubbles, I’m decent,” Remus assured her.

She pushed the door open and her heart stopped. Remus was indeed fully covered by bubbles, but that didn’t stop the perfectly ordinary parts of him out of the water from being breathtaking. His curls were matted down with soapy water and his face and knees shined with it. The water around him was brilliantly blue, glowing robin’s egg over the parts of his skin that she could see. She gathered
herself and sat beside the bathtub.

“So did you not run, then?”

“Hm?- oh, no, we ran,” Sirius picked at a loose thread in the rug beside the tub.

“How come you’re back so soon?” Remus asked. She heard the water slosh with some movement or another.

“Moony, we were gone for two hours.”

He sat up straighter and Sirius kept her eyes fixed on the bathroom floor. “Two hours? Merlin, I think I really did fall asleep.”

Sirius laughed. “You think?”

“Oh hush. I’ll get out now. Pass me a towel?”

It took Remus an eternity to get himself dressed and join the others for brunch, or so it seemed to Sirius. Lily made a vegetarian quiche and they ate at the table.

“Oh, Moony! Has Sirius showed you the painting she did for your mum yet? It’s gorgeous,” James fawned as they were finishing.

Sirius, who had a moment ago been laughing along with Lily, reverted inward. “It’s not, it’s all wrong.”

“Shush, you don’t get a say. It’s perfect.”

“No, I haven’t seen the finished thing yet. Can I see it?” Remus placed a comforting hand on her knee.

She led him into the bedroom where the awful thing was standing on a portable easel facing the wall where she wouldn’t be able to see it. She couldn’t even bring herself to show it to him directly. She pointed at it and sat on the edge of Reg’s bed. They were out discovering the town.

“Sirius,” Remus muttered, fingers running over the canvas.

“I know. And there's not enough time now to make a new one like you said. We can just buy her something before we leave here. Or I have so many Lush things I haven’t even opened, we could—”

Remus turned the canvas around to show Sirius. It still wasn’t technically bad, but it was nothing like she’d imagined when she had set out to create it and that turned her stomach.

“This is incredible. I only want to give her this, it’s perfect. If I’d seen this out shopping, I would still have bought it for her. It’s… thank you.”

His words were so sincere, his voice low with admiration. Her breath returned to her, though she hadn’t realized it had gone. He wasn’t wrong, it was sort of pretty. The colours contrasted nicely and the lines weren’t choppy or forced like she thought they were. It was possible she had built up how bad it was in her mind in the time since she’d finished it. In the end, she helped him wrap the gift in paper and put it with the rest of their belongings with which to leave.

Remus didn’t last three minutes on the train. As soon as the tracks began to rumble beneath them, he
was instantly asleep. Even Sirius dozed calmly beside him for a while, for which she would never forgive herself.

“I can’t believe I fell asleep and missed the elephants.”

“Sirius, I promise, falling asleep for forty minutes is not the reason you missed the elephants. The complete lack of elephants is why you missed the elephants.”

“You don’t know that! And I don’t know that! And we’ll never know!” Sirius shouted, outraged as Remus led the way through the crowd of train-goers.

They got to town with two hours to spare before they were expected at dinner.

Sirius ran his fingers through his hair and felt them come away oily. Not so oily that it would be noticeable to anyone. But Sirius would know. His face scrunched and his brow creased at the thought.

Remus consulted an application on his phone. “It doesn’t really make sense to go home first, we can find something fun to do in town until dinner.”

Sirius’s heart sank. His hand moved to his hair again and he could practically feel the oils from his fingers activating the oils in his hair. Surely it would be greasy by the time they were to meet Remus’s parents. “Okay,” he agreed anyway. “What will we do?”

“There’s a cute place for clothes I’ve never been in, but you might like it. Or we can get ice cream and not tell mum we had it before real food. Or we c- are you alright?”

Sirius stopped in the middle of rubbing the back of his fingers over his forehead, tormenting oils suffocating his pores. “I’m fine. Ice cream sounds good. Not much for you to do at a clothing store.”

“Well no, there is, I’d watch you try stuff on. It’s really all about me, if you think about it. Seriously, Pads, are you okay?”

Sirius’s hands were back in his hair. He knew he was making it worse, but he couldn’t stop himself. “Yeah, just a little…” he waved a hand around trying to smack the right word out of the air and gave up in a huff when it didn’t come to him.

“What is it, can I help?”

Sirius shrugged. “Everything is uncomfortable. I meant to shower after you got out of the bath at home but then it was getting late and I didn’t want to rush and then there was the train ride and it’s hot out and everything is just… just a little bit too much.”

Remus put a hand on Sirius’s arm. “Let’s go home. You can shower, no need to rush, and relax and we’ll still be back with plenty of time.”

“No, you said it makes more sense to just stay here.”

“It did when we had no reason to be at the house, now I know we do. Now staying here makes exactly zero sense.”

Sirius fidgeted. “I don’t like ruining plans.”

“Whose plans would you be ruining? Not mine. I get to go home and nap while you shower. That’s the dream, Padfoot. That’s all I ever want from life. And this way we don’t have to lug our bags to
If Remus’s calming words weren’t enough, the feeling of oil-slicked sweat on the back of Sirius’s neck would have convinced him anyway. They made their way to the Lupin house without much other discussion.

The front door opened just as Sirius was getting out of the shower. He scampered into Remus’s room and shut the door before he could find out who was in the house.

The quiet chaos roused Remus from the promised nap he’d been taking. “Wh’ happened, you all right?”

Sirius tossed himself onto the bed, wrapped in a big towel that smelled like the same muggle fabric softener as all of Remus’s linens.

“Somebody came home, dunno who but I panicked.” He patted his hair dry with the towel while Remus went to the door to yell down the stairs.

As it turned out, Hope had come home between work and dinner and offered to take them. Sirius was glad - once he had dressed and joined them - to have the opportunity to hug her and wish her a happy birthday without the added pressure of dinner shrouding them. The three of them chatted noisily and sang radio songs with questionable accuracy on the drive over.

Lyall was waiting for them outside of the restaurant when they pulled into the small, gravel parking lot beside it. For just a moment, Sirius was taken aback by how much Remus there was in him. He had given Remus his nose and his lanky height. He stood with his hands behind his back and an awkward smile on his face that was so similar to Moony’s that Sirius almost forgot how much hurt the man had caused. It was a smile Sirius already trusted so well.

Sirius reached for Remus’s hand, but both of them were in his pockets as they approached Lyall. He had flowers. A small, sparce, but undeniably beautiful little arrangement that heavily featured sunflowers and which brought tears to Hope’s eyes. Remus and Sirius stood waiting by the entrance to the restaurant while she kissed him and he muttered something in her ear that made her playfully hit him with the bouquet. And all the while he smiled that Remus smile. Sirius’s stomach turned.

Remus wasn’t looking. He was apparently intensely interested in the sample menu posted outside on a decorative podium.

“They love each other a lot,” Sirius said quietly. Hope and Lyall were still having a moment a few yards away.

“I think I remember someone saying that the tortellini is exceptionally good here.” Sirius didn’t think Remus had not heard him. When he looked up and his eyes met Sirius’s, there was pain in them.

There is so much love in Lyall Lupin, Sirius thought, and none of it is for his son.

“It’s an observation, Moony. You know I believe you, right? That’s not in question.”

Remus took one hand out of his pocket to brush the back of Sirius’s wrist with his pinky finger before it disappeared back into his sweater vest.

Dinner was pleasant enough. Lyall never went out of his way to introduce himself to Sirius and Sirius didn’t pick up his slack. Nor did either of them directly address one another during the casual
dinner conversation, but they didn’t specifically ignore each other. Occasionally Sirius would respond to something Lyall said indirectly or Lyall would add onto something Sirius was saying.

“No, that doesn’t make any sense!” Hope nearly yelled, but there was amusement in her eyes. Remus tried futilely to remind her to keep her voice down about sensitive subjects in public. “You can summon an entire beautifully hand-crafted armchair out of thin air but you can’t summon a damn papaya?”

“Correct, because papaya is a food and food cannot be conjured,” Sirius tried to explain through the laughter.

“Well who gets to say what’s a food and what’s not?” Hope was not letting it go without a fight. “Maybe I like gnawing on wood, would I then suddenly be unable to charm a chair into existence?”

“You don’t charm things into existence, Mum,” Remus groaned.

“But you can make water out of nothing, you water the garden for me all the time! Is water not a food? Where is the line drawn? I just think it’s a really stupid law, that’s all.”

“It’s not a law like a legal decree, it’s a law like… like… of the universe,” Sirius attempted.

Lyall finished for him. “Like a law of physics. Magical physics.”

“Gamp’s law.”

“You nerd.”

Remus smirked and kicked Sirius lightly under the table and Sirius pressed their knees together.

“But laws of physics make logical sense, that’s the whole point. This is so arbitrary, it doesn’t make sense.”

“There’s four hundred and ninety three knuts to a galleon, Mum, none of it makes sense.”

“We use the imperial measuring system,” Sirius added.

Lyall pointed his fork at Sirius. “That’s true. That’s a horrid, horrid truth.”

“Lily’s been trying to teach me metric now and I’m angry we haven’t been using it the entire time. Reg’s picked it up fast, though.”

Hope was finally distracted from her crusade against wizard logic. “Ohhh, Lily, how is Lily? I like that girl.”

Everyone at the table had one important thing in common. They loved Hope. She kept the conversation flowing like rain through the entire meal. There was never time for a moment of awkwardness or anxiety. Whenever there was silence she filled it until someone chimed in with her. Sirius couldn’t be sure, of course, but he had the feeling that she didn’t even know she was doing it.

She adored the sunflower painting. Seeing her face light up made Sirius forget his aversion to the art piece altogether. She hugged both of them tight and thanked them again and again.

The evening was entirely easy up until Remus excused himself to use the restroom and Hope followed to do the same. Sirius and Lyall were left with no buffers and no food left on their plates.
Sirius studied Mr. Lupin’s features. It was hard to tell how much of his structure belonged to Remus because so much of Remus had been rearranged by scar tissue and Lyall’s skin was worn only by age. Sirius jumped when he met Lyall’s eyes by accident. He’d been lost in thoughts and observations.

“So Remus tells me you’re a Gryffindor,” he remarked.

Sirius didn’t even register the words as directed toward him. “I don’t think you’re a bad person.”

“Excuse me?” Lyall was taken aback and, to be perfectly honest, so was Sirius. He hadn’t intended to say it aloud.

“I don’t think you’re a bad person.”

“Should… should you think I’m a bad person?” he asked. He looked around himself, uncomfortable. Sirius didn’t care.

“You’ve never given me a reason to assume otherwise. So why is it, then? Why do you do what you do if you’re not a bad person? It would be so much easier to understand if you were evil.”

“I beg your pardon, you thought I was-” Lyall cut himself off mid-sentence. Something seemed to click in his mind and he sat up straighter. “Oh. Does Remus talk about me like I’m evil?”

Sirius folded the napkin in his lap for something to do with his restless hands. “Maybe evil is a strong word. But he’s told me the truth and the truth doesn’t paint a very benevolent picture of you.” Some childhood reflex in Sirius wanted to tack on a “Sir” to the end of the statement. He bit his tongue and smoothed the napkin out over his legs.

“I’m sorry he feels that way.” Sirius’s heart sank. There was no remorse in his tone at all.

“With all due respect,” which Sirius thought was very little, “I don’t think you should be sorry that Remus feels hurt, I think you should be sorry for hurting him.”

Lyall eyed Sirius strangely. Like Sirius was a puzzle box to be opened. “Okay. Sure. I’m sorry for hurting him.”

That could have been enough. They could have sat in tense silence for the next few minutes and waited for their people to return to the table and rescue them from each other. But sitting in silence was never a strength of Sirius’s.

“It’s just that- how do you not see it? That you’re missing it? You’ve already ruined so much of it. Remus is an amazing person, he’s quick and funny and obnoxiously clever and he’s kind and friendly and interesting, talking to him is just interesting, he’s never boring. He’s a person anyone would be incredibly lucky to get to know.”

For the first time in the conversation, Lyall seemed angry and Sirius couldn’t pinpoint which nerve he had struck. “Excuse me, I don’t need you to tell me about my own kid, all right? You’ve known Remus, what, a month?”

“-Anyone would be incredibly lucky to get to know him and you live with him. You were supposed to have raised him. You were supposed to have had so much time with that amazing person and you just… you missed it. You’re still missing it. You’re wasting all this time. He’s going to get his apparition license soon, he won’t need to live at home anymore and he’ll be gone and you’ll just have missed all of it. You don’t get another chance at his childhood, you don’t get another chance at being his dad.”
Lyall was silent. His eyes were hard and glaring and there was no Remus in the line of his mouth now.

“It’s like you’re mad at him for killing the idea you had of what his life would be and you’re taking it out on him and until now. You’re mourning a child you still have and it’s you that’s pushing him away.”

Lyall swallowed and when he spoke his voice was uneven. “Remus chose—”

“But he didn’t!” Mr. Lupin could have been about to say anything and Sirius didn’t care. The fact that he would open his mouth to defend himself in any capacity made Sirius feel ill. “He didn’t choose and he didn’t do anything. You chose. You decided to stop being a father and it was so much easier to understand when I thought you were just a bad person, but I don’t think you are. I think you’re going to be sitting with Mrs. Lupin thirty years from now reminiscing on your life together and she’s going to have all these great memories of raising your amazing son and you’re going to be left with nothing.”

Those were the last words they exchanged in the restaurant. Hope came back to the table, followed by Remus. Lyall paid the bill in silence and they all gathered their things and exited together, but no words were exchanged between Sirius and Lyall.

Hope insisted Remus and Sirius take the car back home. That she wanted to go for a stroll with Lyall and walk off some of the food they’d just eaten.

It wasn’t until Remus’s fingers were pressed between Sirius’s in the car on the drive back that Sirius realized how much he was missing having Remus to himself. All of the tension dissipated slowly from his boyfriend and he seemed to come back to himself.

“Been a long day,” he yawned, parking the car in the drive.

“You slept through the entire middle of it!” Sirius protested.

“Travel is exhausting whether you’re conscious for it or not.”

They collapsed onto the bed together before they even got to pyjamas. Remus snuggled into Sirius’s chest, eyes closed, looking far too comfortable. “Nooo, Moony, we haven’t done questions yet.”

“Mmh. Okay.”

“Sooo, ask a question,” Sirius prodded him to keep him awake, but had no desire to remove him from his chest.

“I do have a question, actually.” Remus shifted to look up at Sirius. “What happened at dinner? When I was away from the table?”

Sirius looked away. He didn’t regret saying what he’d said to Lyall, but he wondered if maybe Remus would have preferred him to keep his mouth shut about it. “I may have said some things.”

“Some things?” Remus tensed.

“Yes. About how he doesn’t seem like a bad person so it’s difficult to understand why he behaves the way he does. That he’s ruining his relationship with you and I don’t think that’s what he really wants.”

Remus’s face gave nothing away to Sirius. “You said that to him?”
“More or less. Well, more. I don’t really remember what I said, it was all very off the cuff.” When Remus said nothing Sirius began to worry. “I haven’t had to worry about keeping up appearances of cordiality in a long time and I don’t want to do that with him. I will if I have to, if that’s how you want it, but it isn’t what feels natural to me, I would hate to-”

Remus kissed Sirius mid-word. Sirius, who had gotten quite used to premeditated kisses was startled.

“I’m sorry. Finish your thought, please,” Remus requested, but didn’t pull his lips very far away from Sirius’s at all.

Sirius blinked. “Thought’s gone. What was that for?”

Remus kissed him again and this time Sirius was prepared enough to kiss him back.

“You love me.”

The words weren’t new or said with any particular inflection, but Sirius’s heart ached with them. His eyes stung with tears. Remus said it with confidence. It was a statement, not a question or a supposition. You love me. He was as sure of it as Sirius was himself. “Yes, I certainly do.”

“Our turn for a question,” he said with a final kiss.

“If this makes it worse between you two, will you still love me?”

Remus put his arms around Sirius and drew him close. “If knowing the truth makes him uncomfortable that’s his problem. And I will always love you.”
When Sirius and Remus woke up, they first had to change from their previous night’s clothes into pyjamas. Remus was exceptionally grumpy with valid reason. He hadn’t managed to take off his binder before falling asleep and, apart from it being dangerous to his body in the long run, he was left with very sore ribs. He announced that he’d be wearing nothing but pyjamas for the next several days, society be damned.

Their sympathetic conversation dissipated when they reached the kitchen and found Hope setting the little table for breakfast, and she wasn’t alone. Lyall was pulling bacon out of a frying pan with a fork and he smiled congenially at both of them when they entered the room. Remus went straight to helping Hope without even looking at his father.

The breakfast portion of the morning progressed much like that. Hope engaged everyone in conversation and managed to fill all the spaces perfectly, so that one could hardly notice that nobody else was talking to each other. Sirius remained uncharacteristically quiet through the meal while he observed. Remus kept his eyes on Hope or his food or occasionally on Sirius. Lyall was less disciplined. Every few moments, Sirius caught him looking over at Remus intently, like he was about to address him, but he never did. Sirius wanted to yell at him to just say whatever it was. He hoped to Merlin it was something good that he had to say, and not an order for Remus and Sirius to leave the house at once. Sirius reminded himself that Hope would never let that happen.

Lyall never did say what he’d wanted to say. He was washing the dishes from breakfast with magic when Sirius and Remus left for the train station.

Remus drove, and Sirius kept a comforting hand on his leg.

“All right, Moons?” Sirius asked when most of the way through the drive Remus still seemed a bit on edge.

“Yeah. Sorry.” He was quiet for a moment, then he let out a breath and deflated a bit. “Just not looking forward to going back home without you. Which I hate. Because I want to be here in this moment and not waste my last few minutes with you.”

Sirius squeezed Remus’s knee. “No apologies. That’s more than understandable. Are you… afraid? Nervous? That he’ll do something?”

Remus shook his head. “No, more afraid that he won’t. With you there, with you saying those things to him, it kind of seemed like maybe things would change. Not even that they’d change for the better, just that they’d change. But once I go home and you’re not there, everything is just going to fall back into normal.”

Sirius was lost for how to help. He scooted over to rest his head on Remus’s arm and kiss his shoulder. He was helpless to do anything more.

Helpless is exactly how he felt with Remus holding both of his hands at the train station. Remus was holding his hands with a meaningful grip. Like when the train pulled up he was simply not going to let go, not let Sirius leave. Sirius’s feet felt glued to the cement of the sidewalk beneath them. He caught himself thinking about what would happen if he just didn’t get on - if he just stayed. Because anything was better than saying goodbye and turning around and leaving Remus on the platform. But in the end that’s what he did.
There were tears in Remus’s eyes and when Sirius looked back to wave a last goodbye to him from
the entrance, he could no longer see him.

*Miss you already*

*Text me when you get off the train so I know you got there safe*

<3

*I'm here*

*Thank you<3*

*I miss you*

*You'll see me Tuesday*

*Yeah but that's alllllll the way not now*

*Wееееlll*

*I'm not the one who got on a train*

*Didn't want to*

*Thank you for coming*

*Always, please*

*Fine by me*

*How are things now?*

*Lonely*

*I could call*

*Yeah?*

*Why not?*

*Dunno*

*Not if you'd rather I not*

*No please do*

*Okay*
“Hi.”

"Hey, Moonbeam."

"I don't know what's wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm in a really crappy mood."

"Okay. Doesn't have to be anything wrong. Can I help you be grumpy?"

"Give me something to rant about."

"People who are rude to service workers."

"The worst kind of people."

"Yes, them."

“They're always suchs pricks, they always think they're somehow better than the people working?! And they think it's just fine to treat them like garbage?! And they can't say anything back because they're at fucking work! 'The customer is always right' my arse, that doesn't even make any sense, they bloody work there, they know better. And don't even get me started on those 'how about a smile, dear', piss right off. it's not their job to smile and be kind to arseholes, their job is...their job, and if they're doing that fine you can shut your mouth right now, people are allowed to have bad days. Or not even bad days, if they don't want to smile, they don't have to, period."

"Mhm mhm, what about people who blame waiters for their food talking a long time?"

"Oh they can fuck all the way off."

"And people who blame employees for pricing?"

"Complete morons. Why are you yelling at me about the price of sour cream, I had nothing to do with it, I have no control over it, do you think I like paying more for it when I'm buying it? Go home and make it yourself."

"Make sour cream?"

"Yes."

"Okay sure. Need to keep going?"

"Yes."

"People who rush baristas."

“They're busy? Look around you, the place is full, chill the heck out and silently wait for your pumpkin frappuccino with extra cream you fuckwit. If you're in a hurry that's your own fault. Make better decisions and order tea or come in early. Like I get it, it's sometimes not your fault, but why do you have to take it out on them?"
"People who treat bathroom cleaners like a horrible inconvenience."

"Oh fuck them the most."

"Mhm, tell me about it."

"They clean your shite?! Pretty much literally?! And you dare treat them...well, like shite. Whyyyy what's wrong with youuuuu?"

"People who automatically assume that a service worker is only doing their job temporarily while they go about getting another, better, more ‘real’ job."

"Hate hate hate hate hate."

"People who go into a shop and seem nice until a service worker approaches them to ask if they need help and they turn around and forcibly slip a piece of paper with their phone number on it into their pocket instead and make a lewd comment about the service worker's state of dress and walk away like that hadn't happened and like it wasn't harassment."

"Oh, love."

"Sorry."

"I am."

"What, why?"

"Because that's not okay."

"Oh. Yeah, it wasn't."

"So I'm sorry."

"Thanks."

"I love you."

"I love you too. How are you feeling?"

"Better. Thank you."

"Anytime, Moondance."

"Moondance?"

"Mhm mhm."

"Well okay."

"First record we listened to together."

"Oh."
"Mhm."

"You remember that."

"Of course I do."

"What else do you remember?"

"I remember the first picture of your eye you sent. The forest one."

"I definitely remember yours."

"Do you still have it?"

"Of course I do. I have all of them."

"I have yours."

"Do you still think my eyes look like that? Now that you've had time to study them up close?"

"I'm more convinced every time."

"Mm."

"Tuesday."

"Mhm, after my class."

"After your class?"

"Well if you're not working it can be before too."

"Hmph. I am, though."

"Then you'll just have to wait til after."

"So loooong though."

"Yeah, a whole half an hour."

"Soooooooo looooooooong."

"But then you get to kiss me."

"Worth it."

"As much as you'll want."

"That's... A lot."

"Well then we'll kiss a lot."

"Okay."
"Okay."

"Mmfsssnmpllo."

"..."

"Hmmmf- did you leave?"

"Nope, just waiting for you to be done."

"I'm done."

"Cute."

"What are we doing?"

"On Tuesday?"

"No, right now."

"Taking a nap?"

"Oh okay."

"No, okay. Movie?"

"Yesssss. What movie?"

"What's on your list?"

"No idea, Lily has it."

"Okay, seventh dvd from the left."

"Well that would be ‘The Breakfast Club.’"

"I know."

"You know?"

"Mhm."

"How?!"

"I know what's on your shelf?"

"No, that would be normal. You know the ORDER things are on my shelf."

"Oops."

"Wanna?"

"Yes, that's why I suggested it."
"Yesss."

"Perfect."

"I'm putting it in. Or trying to. I've done it before on my own. I built a damned motorcycle I can put a film on the thingy."

"On the thingy, yes you can. I believe in you."

"Thank you, boyfriend. Oookay let's see..."

"Ready when you are."

"I think... aha! Okay. Okay then that should. No. This one should... Why are there four? Okay! Okay I got it."

"Congratulations."

"Thank you!"

"Cute."

"Yeah, well, if you think I sound cute you should see me."

"I wish."

"Soon. Okay so now I just hit the 'play' button? Say when."

"Yes. Three, two, one, play."

"..."

"..."

"This is my favourite part."

"Do it."

"No."

"Whyyy."

"Shhh."

"Okay okay."

"..."

"..."
"Did you just giggle?"

"Shh, no. Yes."

"Merlin."

"Whaat."

"I can't believe I get to know you, sometimes."

"You get to know me best."

"I love that."

"Me too."

"Also this song."

"Me toooo."

"..."

"..."

"Do the thing."

"The thing?"

"The hand thing."

"Doing it."

"Yesss."

"You too?"

"Of course."

"We're the coolest."

"The lamest, you mean?"

"Um no?"

"Yes, though."

"How dare."

"You know it's true."

"Nuh uh!"
"Ya huh."

"You're lame, I'm not lame."

"You're lame by association at least."

"Impossible, you're just cooler by association."

"Suuure."

"Mhm."

"Another?"

"Yes."

"Sixteen Candles?"

"I haven't seen that one yet."

"It's right next to it on the shelf."

"Thank youuu."

"Welcome."

"Okay, two times in one night. I've got this."

"You do."

"... And?... Oh! I'm so good at this. I can do anything."

"Yes, you can."

"I'm readyyyy."

"Count."

"Trois, deux, un, jouer."

"Ugh."

"Qu'est ce qui ne va pas?"

"Nooo stop."

"Fiiiine."

"Thank you. Too much when I can't kiss you."

"Is that so?"

"Mhm."

"Okay."
"Are we just pretending we don't see the incredible racism here?"

"No, we acknowledge it and point out how shitty it is."

"It's really shitty."

"I know."

"Okay."

"..."

"Can we stop watching?"

"Oh, sure. Everything alright?"

"Just...forgot a bit what it's like."

"Oh... Okay. It's off."

"I know what's next and it's best if you don't."

"Okay. Is it bad?"

"Yeah."

"Bad enough you're not going to tell me?"

"Uh. Heavily implied date rape?"

"Right, okay, don't need to go back to that one."

"Yeah."

"What instead, then?"

"Princess."

"Because we need to be cleansed?"

"Yes."

"That means I have to do this a third time?!"

"You can do it."

"I also have to make popcorn, though."
"Ohh yes."

"Yes, you too, this is a date now."

"Sweet."

"Oh good point, sweet... Do we have any Honeyduke's left?"

"I doooo."

"Impressive it's lasted this long."

"Oh James gave me some more the other day."

"That makes more sense. Found ours."

"Nice!"

"Are you doing the gross thing?"

"Deliciousness, yes."

"Guess I have to too, then. For consistency."

"Yesss."

"Do you have blankets?"

"Two."

"You and your body temperature. I'll do blankets but I'll do one."

"Hmph."

"Without you to absorb heat, I will suffocate under three blankets."

"Two!"

"Same problem!"

"Nu uh."

"Yuh huh."

"Completely different."

"A sheet and a blanket."

"Hmmm."

"A sheet, a blanket, and a really quiet wish that you were under them with me."

"I wish that too."
"Gonna try not to be sad about out."

"Me too."

"Okay. I'm ready when you are."

"Count."

"T- does it have to be in English?"

"No, do your thing."

"Well now I have permission and it's not fun anymore. Three, two, one, go."

"Amazing."

"Yes, I am."

"..."

"..."

"I love Fezzik so much."

"Me too."

"I loved him and then I read it and now I'm very attached."

"Same same same."

"Thank you."

"Oh so very welcome."

"I'm gonna throw popcorn when Westley does the thing."

"Wasteful, but I like it."

"I'll avoid the chocolatey bits."

"Good."

"I'm smiling at you."

"That's also a tiny bit wasteful. But mostly really sweet."

"Not wasteful."

"But I can't seeeee."

"But it's still happening."

"I know, and I really like that, and it's important on its own. I just have a quiet wish that I could see."
"I have that one too."

"..."

"...

"I threw it."

"Me too."

"Aww you wasted popcorn on it?"

"Yes. Worth it."

"True."

"Ugh."

"Better than the book."

"Yeah."

"...

"...

"Shhh."

"Sorry sorry, I'll ssh."

"Just this bit."

"Mhm."

"...

"...

"Moony?"

"...

"Moooooooooony?"

"..."
"But Moony, questions."

"..."

"Okay, I'll go first."

"..."

"How do you love me? Like still in the obvious way? Or more in the romantic way?"

"..."

"Okay, you get back to me on that. Now it's your turn."

"..."

"I think the romantic one. Because when I think about you my chest hurts and feels really good at the same time, and I can't wait to see you, and I think about kissing you so much and not just because kissing feels nice, but because kissing YOU feels really nice. And I want to be with you and make plans with you and I feel like I CAN do all of those things."

"Can plans mhm...make."

"Oh. You up, Moony?"

"No down on bed."

"Of course. Sweet dreams."

"Nooo questions."

"We did them already, you missed it."

"What!"

"Oops."

"Hmph."

"Alright, alright, we'll start over."

"Thank youuu love youuu."

"Yeah, yeah, you start."

"Which side role in The Princess Bride would you most like to play?"

"To play? Inigo."

"More side."

"Valerie."

"Mm nice."
"I think I'd make a great Valerie. Who would you?"

"Well I'd clearly have to be Miracle Max then."

"Oh clearly."

"Mhm."

"We'd kill those roles."

"We totally would."

"My turn?"

"Yes."

"How do... What's one thing you'd like to add to our to-do list? Anything in the world."

"Hmmm. Kiss in the rain."

"Oh."

"Well our slow run jumping into each other's arms worked so well, we should do more cliches."

"We definitely should."

"Mhm."

"I love you."

"I love you."

"No I mean like... I love you."

"I love you too, Sirius."

"But like... Love."

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I love you. In all ways."

"..."

"One of them being the 'I want to be yours forever and kiss you loads and make you smile and laugh as often as possible' way."

"Me that, too."

"..."
"I love you, too."

"I know, I was just enjoying the moment."

"Oh okay, we can do that."

"Or you can tell me ten more times."

"I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I... I love you, I love you, I love you."

"I love your laugh."

"I love your smile."

"I love yooooour... everything."

"I love your eloquence."

"Well it's true."

"I love your everything, too."

"Mmm."

"Sleep?"

"Yes, please."

"Sweet dreams."

"Mm you too."

"Mhmm."

"..."

"Mmm nice breathing."

"..."

"..."

***

Morning

Good morning

Hey
Hey
Hey
I love you
I love you too

Oh good, it wasn't a dream

Nope, not a dream

Mmm

And

I know you were sleepy

Did you mean it?

I don't just say untrue things because I'm half asleep

I meant all of it

Okay

Promise

:)

Tea?

Green

Okay

Okay?

Yes

Okay

With sugar

Oooooooof course

Well yes

Ugh

Remarkable how much I want to kiss your sugary green tea mouth

So much?

Sooooo much
Me too

Well of course you do, I taste normal and great

Boring

Excuse you?????

I taste like bubblegum lip scrub

See so you're just as sugary

But not green tea sugary

I'm delicious

Prove it.

:(

Are you gonna open the door or?

What

I came to prove my deliciousness

How

Via Lily

Lily quickly disappeared into the flat with a quick wink, leaving Remus and Sirius standing in the entryway alone. Sirius felt his arms shaking with the excitement of it.

“Hey-” Before Remus could get out a full greeting he was being kissed. Remus did, in fact, taste like tea and sugar. Sirius would never drink green tea with that much sugar - with any sugar, frankly - but kissing it off of his boyfriend's lips was not at all undesirable.

When Sirius had last received a text from Remus, he had had twenty minutes left before he had to leave for work. When they finally broke apart, he was running five minutes late. And they’d somehow ended up on the sofa.

“I have to go to work,” he murmured half-heartedly, trying to catch his breath while Remus continued to kiss his neck.

“Hmmph,” Remus pouted and moved back to Sirius’s lips.

“Kiss me ‘goodbye’,” Sirius requested.

Remus protested, “but I’m still kissing you ‘hello’.”

Sirius laughed. It took another full minute before they were both as ready to part as they ever would
“I love you,” Remus said between kisses.

Sirius’s heart fluttered. “I love you, too.”

Sirius got up, finally, and grabbed his bag up off of the floor. “Is Lily taking you home before you have to go to work, then?” he asked from the door.

“Nah, she has to head out earlier, so I think I’ll stick around here and see what Reg is getting up to. I’ll have them take me home before work.”

Sirius felt warm, and not at all helpless as he turned away this time.

Miss you

And your lips

I miss you but I'm so happy I saw you

I love when that happens

Hi hi hi

Hi

Me too

My co-worker made light fun of me all day for coming in all dazed

Aww

How was yours?

Eh, alright

Hmm

Okay

Glad it's over

Because I get you

You dooooooo

Mhm

I mean, you always do, really.
Yes I know but talking to you is so so nice

I do know what you mean there

And tomorrow I get an in person version of that, which is even better

I do love that

It comes with kisses and cuddles

I really really love that

And me

I really really love you as well

I really really love you too

I just like saying it and hearing it so much????

It's really nice, it feels all warm

Yeah

Exactly

<3

<3

Are you busyyyy?

"..."

"Nope."

"Hi."

"Hey. I just figured it was leading here."

"You were absolutely right."

"Mmm excellent."

"When you 'mmm' I want to kiss you."

"When you kiss me I want to 'mmm'."

"A terrible, terrible circle."

"Not terrible at all."

"Sooo terrible."

"Hmph!"
"Love youuu."

"Hmph."

"But I doooo!"

"Hmph!!"

"So muuuch!!"

"Okay, good."

"Is that you?"

"Hmm??"

"That noise, is it on your side?"

"No? It's just me here."

"Okay, just a sec."

"Take your time."

"...

"...

"...

"Mooooony."

"Hey, can I call you back later? I'm okay."

"Oh, sure."

"Thanks. I love you."

"I love you too."

Miss you

A lot

Hope everything's okay

It is

Hey
Hi

Hi

Sorry I was so long

Dad wanted to talk

And then mum came home and we all talked

Oh?

He apologized

A lot.

About everything

Every

What

Everything everything

And he really seemed to mean it

And understood when I said it's not that easy, and I can't just say it's all okay

He listened.

Asked if we could start again, that he's willing to work on it

And he told mum everything and

I don't know what's happened to him

Merlin

Moony I'm so pleased for you

Can you call?

Please?

"H-hi."

"Hey, are you alright?"

"Mhm."

"I'm so... There aren't words."

"Mhm."

"Wow."
"Yeah."

"What did he say, exactly?"

"That he's sorry for being a bad dad. And not trying to understand and be there for me and h-help."

"Merlin."

"M-mhm."

"It's okay, Moony."

"He listened to you."

"I didn’t tell him to do that."

"He heard you, though."

"I suppose so."

"Thank you."

"I just pointed out the obvious."

"I'm scared."

"Why?"

"What if..."

"You can give voice to it, Moony. It won't make it true."

"I want to believe him."

"You don't have to trust him all at once. You can let him earn it back."

"Yeah."

"It's still a good, good, good thing."

"You really think so?"

"Oh yes. Your father recognizing his mistakes and apologizing is definitely a positive thing."

"And not too good to be true?"

"No. It's very real."

"..."

"..."
"The sound was him pacing outside my bedroom door."

"Oh wow."

"Yeah. Can I get extra hugs tomorrow?"

"You can STOP getting hugs only by prying my lifeless body from yours. Or, like, asking. But mostly the prying thing."

"I love you."

"I love you, too, Moony."

"I can tell."

"Good."

"I can stay tomorrow, right?"

"Of course!"

"Okay."

"You can stay forever."

"Mm."

"Anytime."

"..."

"..."

"Do you mind if I put music on?"

"Go right ahead. What'll it be?"

"Clapton."

"Mmm album?"

"Just One Night."

"Perfect."

"I like 'Wonderful Tonight'."

"Mmm. Think you could sing it?"

"I think I could."

"Will you?"

"Sure. You're definitely a level 11 friend."
"Mmm."
"Okay..."
"Mhmm."
"Shh."
"Okayokay."

"...'you were wonderful tonight.'..."
"Mmm."
"My throat's all dry now."
"Go get a drink, you earned it."
"Thank you."
"No, Moony. Thank you."
"You're welcome."
"..."
"..."
"Moony."
"Can't hear you, I left you on the bed!"
"Hmph."
"..."
"Hmph."
"Hey, pouty."
"Oh hi."
"Hi."
"Welcome back."
"Did you miss me?"
"Yes."
"The whole minute?"
"Yes."
"Cute."

"I have a lot of feelings right now. I love you."

"I love you."

"I loved you singing."

"Yeah, yeah."

"No, Moony. Ugh. Feelings."

"But you do realise how much I love you, right?"

"I think so."

"It's a lot."

"I feel that."

"Good."

"What now?"

"Now I go have dinner with my parents."

"With your parents. Mmm. Enjoy, Pumpkin."

"Thank you."

"Talk to you soon."

"Very soon."

"Okay."

"Love you."

"Love you too."

---

Hi

How was it?

Good

Strange

Oh?

Weirdly pleasant
What did you talk about?

Food, weather, you, tips on apparation.

That's nice

What did you do?

Had leftovers with Reg and Lily

No James?

Training is late all this week and next

Important match coming up?

Oh, no, other training

Ohhhh

Yeah

Alice is suffering with us. I think she's coming to stay tomorrow, too. She's SUDDENLY not used to spending time without him

Awww

Mmmmmmmhm

Somehow she doesn't like when I yell "TOLD YOU SO" in her face though??

Oh yeah, I know that too, really weird

So weird

Maybe if we both yell it together tomorrow that'd be better?

That would probably help, yes, let's do it

Excellent, it's a plan

We're great

True

I'm sleeping in Lily's bed until James gets in

Good

Mhmmm

So many cuddles

And none for me
Soon

Yeah

Tomorrow after work

Yes

All the cuddles

Yes please

Mmm

Questions?

Yes

Do you think I'll do alright tomorrow?

Why wouldn't you?

I don't know

Nerves

Long lanky limbs

You're going to do amazing. You've studied so much and you're so good at everything you dedicate yourself to

I've never been in a class setting for magic things

Ohhh a first

You're going to be great

Maybe

Have I ever been wrong about how amazing you are?

Hmmmm

No?

Then trust me

Okay

Good

Your turn

Would you be getting this eventually anyway if it weren't for me?
Maybe

Okay

Not anytime soon I don't think

Just curious

Okay

Is it okay if I call you and Lily's here?

Please call

"Hey."

"Hiii."

"Hi, Remus."

"Oh, oh, no hi for me?!"

"Your head is on my stomach, I thought we were past 'hello's'."

"Hmph."

"How are you, Lily?"

"Um?!"

"I'm well. Just comforting Sirius through this night of loneliness."

"You're a saint."

"Well somebody's got to do it."

"...Yeah."

"Your turn tomorrow."

"I am right. Here."

"I'll be there."

"To be rude in person?!"

"What's that noise, Lils?"

"Moony!!!"

"If I knew, I'd stop it with a pillow."

"The source sounds like it might be pouting."

"Oh it is, it's very cute, actually, or at least I think it would be of I knew what the source was."
"Stooop!"

"Oh it's less cute like that."

"I am not! I'm adorable! And you love me. And YOU love me! And hmph!"

"Of course we love you."

"I need hugs now."

"They'd be easier if you unfold your arms."

"No."

"Very well."

"...better."

"So is the training over the summer as well?"

"Yes. It's still a few years until he'll be a proper auror."

"Intense."

"Very."

"Seems to love it though."

"It makes him so happy."

"Did he always want to do that?"

"Basic."

"No, there was awhile where we were going to be unspeakables. Just to see what the fuck was in the department of mysteries." S

"I never knew that."

"Of course you were."

"Mhm. He may have given up but I haven't. It's still my life goal to see the inside of that place before I die."

"Okay, but I'm coming with you. You're too clumsy to be in a place like that on your own."

"Oi! I'd be fine! But it really is an adventure to be shared."

"Sure, sure, or you'd trip and die."

"I wouldn't!"
"Well I'm not taking any chances, I'm holding your hand the entire time."

"Awww."

"Well... Okay. But only because that sounds lovely."

"Mm."

"Ugh how many hours?"

"Two more."

"Too long."

"Try to sleep."

"I can't, I'm so alone."

"Your entire body is wrapped around my body AS you say this."

"Sooo alone."

"No, that would be me."

"Awww."

"Oh."

"I'm okay."

"One more sleep."

"Mhm."

"Lily, Lily. Did you know my boyfriend can sing?"

"I did not!"

"I cannot!"

"He caaan and he diiid. And it was beautiful and it was for me and he loves me."

"Awww, what did he sing?"

"That bit is true, I do love you."

"Not telling, it's too special. Like even if it wasn't ABOUT me, it was FOR me, so it's sacred now. I don't make the rules."

"Fair."

"Mhm mhm."
"Move your arm a bit."
"Like here?"
"Yes."
"Okay but is my chin alright here?"
"Mhm."
"Is my Moony alright?"
"..."
"Remus?"
"..."
"Are you sleeping? I don't hear sleep breaths. Shh."
"Shhing."
"..."
"Okay... I love you Moony, good night..."
"Night, Remus."
"..."
"Are we quiet now?"
"Quiet but not necessarily silent."
"Okay."
"I think he must have fallen asleep on his other side? I dunno. I don't like not hearing him."
"He's okay, love."
"Yeah."
"We could...accidentally...wake him up."
"How do we do that?"
"I tickle you and you start laughing really loudly."
"Wh-"
"Mmh."
"Pe-Peeves!"
"Okay, okay, stopping."

"Moony?"

"Hmh? M'sleeping, shh."

"Okay, Moony, goodnight, sorry for disturbing you!"

"S'okay."

"Okayokay, shhh."

"Lils are you- oh hi."

"Hey. We didn't want to be alone. How was it?"

"Grueling. I'm shattered, move over."

"I'll go."

"What? Why? You're warm, I need you."

"You know it's not big enough for three."

"Says who?"

"All of us, every time after five minutes of us all being here."

"We're just not cuddling hard enough."

"It's fine, James."

"Hey. You alright? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Go to sleep, you're tired."

"I want to talk."

"I don't."

"... Need space?"

"No."

"Can I come with you?"

"I can't stop you."

"Okay."

"..."
"I love you."

"I hate that I'm doing this."

"You're not doing anything wrong. How can I help?"

"I am. I'm being difficult for no reason. I'm rude to you and I'm keeping you up, and you just got home from a whole day of training, and I know I'm doing it, but I don't know how to stop it."

"Just breathe, Pads. I'm not upset and I'm not too tired for you. Take your time."

"You shouldn't have to do deal with this, with me. Especially not when there's nothing even wrong."

"I'm not dealing with you, I'm just spending time with you because I missed you. You don't have to be in a good mood."

"You wanted to go to bed."

"And I still will."

"Fine."

"I want tea first though."

"James."

"Do you want anything?"

"You can't have tea, you can never sleep after you have tea. Can you just...sit here for a bit?"

"Hmmm alright."

"..."

"..."

"Prongs?"

"Mhm?"

"Is this... Do I belong here?"

"What? How do you mean?"

"I mean do I belong here."

"Here on this bed-sofa? I think so, it seems pretty comfortable and you say you like it. Here in this
"What if there stops being room for me?"

"How could that ever happen?"

"I dunno."

"There will always be room for you in your own space."

"And yours?"

"It's the same space. Yes."

"Okay."

"I love you. You always belong here."

"Tighter."

"This okay?"

"Mhm."

"Do you want to sleep?"

"Yeah."

"Mmkay."

"Thank you."

"Love you."

"Love you too."

"G'night."

"No, back to Lily."

"But it's comfy here."

"Come on."

"I don't want to leave you tonight."

"Well I'm coming too."

"Yeah??"

"Yeah."
"Okay, good. Thank you."

"Thank you."

"Bringing your phone?"

"If I can find the thingy."

"Under the coffee table?"

"Why would it be th- yep, here it is."

"Uh huh."

"Well it's hard to keep things organized when you don't have a room."

"I've been thinking about that."

"Reg isn't going anywhere."

"No, and I'd never suggest they should. But you were so nervous about them feeling displaced I'm worried you displaced yourself. You do belong here, it's the place you belong most in the whole world. I'm just thinking... A curtain or something."

"A curtain."

"Yeah, so it can be open when it's a sofa and this is the sitting room, but it feels more private when it's your room.

"I'm not gonna keep people out of the sitting room. It's fine, honestly."

"Having a place to watch the television isn't more important than you. And it'll only be for when you need it. And Merlin knows you and Moony need privacy, the first time Reg goes to find breakfast and catches you to making out in a bed is not going to be pretty."

"I don't know. I don't want Moony to think I think we need privacy."

"Right, and you're sooo terrible at communicating with Moony? Just tell him what it's for, or I will if you want. He'll understand. And he won't try anything just because of a curtain, that's not Remus. He didn't when you had a bedroom door."

"That is...a fair point."

"I'd be willing to switch the entire flat around so that the sofa and television are in a different spot and this area could just be yours, but I understand if you don't want that."

"I like it like this."

"I know."

"But it needs to be pretty."

"Would I expect you to live with a dull, ugly curtain?"
"I sure hope not."

"What kind of monster do you think I am?"

"One that will cuddle me to sleep."

"Yes, I am that kind of monster."

"Love you."

"I love you too. Oh oh! I came to a fantastic realization today."

"Do tell."

"About the abbreviations some people use for texting that Lily won't speak to me if I use."

"Yes?"

"I-L-Y means 'I love you'."

"Lily ily."

"Yes! LILY, L-I-L-Y. LILY stands for Lily, I Love You."

"Truly amazing, Prongs."

"I know. I feel like I've cracked an ancient secret of the universe."

"Aha."

"So clever."

"You are, yes. Now shh."

"Okay okay."

"Goodnight."

"Kiss first."

"Mhm."

"Goodnight."

"You need to shave, you're getting scratchy."

"Yeah but I work it."

"Don't make me laugh, I'll wake up Moony again."

"Aww you woke him up?"

"Couldn't hear him."
"Oh Merlin, you woke him up on purpose."

"A little bit."

"You're terrible."

"Nooo."

"Oh yes. Wonderful, though."

"Hmph."

"...

"...

"Goodnight."

"Night."
Chapter 59

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Good morning

Good morning to you

I lied, it's not

It's awful

I'm nervous

I woke up nervous

How is that even possible

You've got this

You're too smart not to have this

This isn't about being smart

It is a bit

It's about concentration

You're good at that, you're good at applying yourself to what you want

And coordination.

You've got this

Today is for learning

Yeah. Okay, yeah.

You've got this, I love you

Wish me good luck

Good luck <3

Thank you

Anything

Tea?

Something with no caffeine

But I need caffeine
But it will mess with your concentration

But it will help me stay awake

I'll help you stay awake

You have work

And I can't text in class

You'll be too busy learning to sleep

But I heard it's boring

To normal people maybe

But you're Professor Moony

Doesn't mean I like boring lectures!

Doesn't it though?

No!

Doesn't iiiiiiiit?

No!!

Sure

;)

Oi

;)

Hmph

;*

(:

<3

Thank you

All the luck

Continued good luck and positive thoughts!

Hope it's going okay
Miss you, positive thoughts

I'm sorry

Don't be sorry, tell me everything

I didn't go

Oh

Okay

Is everything okay?

No

Yeah

I'm okay

What happened, pumpkin?

Don't, I don't deserve to be called that right now

I got there and it was okay and I was starting to get excited and then other people started showing up and they were all talking amongst each other, and I don't know, I just couldn't deal with any of it suddenly

Okay

So why don't you deserve to be called pumpkin?

You tried

I love you for trying

And if you want you can try again

And if you don't I'll take a train to you every day if I have to

I want to try more

I didn't even have one lesson yet, I'm not giving up

Today was just

I don't know

I don't know I don't know I don't know

Today was bad

That's fine
It'll be better next time, you'll know exactly what to mentally prepare for

I'm sorry I didn't reply to you sooner

I just had in mind that you were at work and didn't even check my phone

It's okay

Even if I was working you could have told me if you wanted to though

I just

Walked around

Did it help?

No

Will hugs help?

Maybe

If you can find me

Okay

I'm sorry

There's no need for that

Is

But I'm not upset

But you believed in me

I still do

You're not disappointed?

Not in the slightest

I don't know where I am

Where were you the last time you did know?

The Ministry

Do you know which way you went when you left?

Generally

All fuzzy

Okay, what exit did you use?
Okay

Stay put and keep an eye out for a big black dog who loves you

You’re just gonna go running around London trying to find me?

No

I’m going to track you

I could just ask someone for directions, but sure

Is that what you’d like to do?

No

I want to be tracked and hugged by my dog boyfriend who loves me

I’ll find you

Thank you

Considering Sirius had never had what one might call classical training in tracking as a dog, and considering how far Remus’s long, aimless legs had carried him, Sirius actually found Remus quite quickly. He was sitting on a park bench with arms crossed over his chest. Padfoot, who was furry but ultimately naked, felt too warm just looking at Remus in his thick, knit jumper. His bag was on the ground at his feet, a familiar, battered copy of The Princess Bride open lazily on top of it.

His eyes were closed as Padfoot approached. The dog leapt up onto the bench, muddy front paws landing on Remus’s jeans. He gave a short, startled holler before Padfoot licked him right up the side of his face and he couldn’t help but smile. Padfoot’s tail whipped back and forth with noteworthy speed.

Moments later, the only other person in the area got up and left, and Sirius was able to transform back into himself.

“Can I hug you?” he asked. There were certain things he just couldn’t pick up on in dog-form, and it was a real shame at that. Like The soft pink of Remus’s cheeks, and the shining sweat on his neck.

“Yes, please.”

They sat on the bench, curled into each others bodies, both sticky with the heat and stress of the day, for what must have been the better part of an hour before they slowly began making their way back to the flat.

The walk back only took a few minutes, as Remus had indeed been walking in the right direction.

“See, Moony?” Sirius danced ahead so that he could watch Remus walk toward him. “My love for you was pulling you toward me all along.”

“You’re a nerd,” Remus scoffed through a giddy sort of grin.
Sirius shook a finger at him. “I’m your nerd,” he corrected.

It was times like this when Sirius wished he did have a bedroom to offer Remus. He really needed somewhere closed off and safe, to be away from the world. When they got home, Remus collapsed onto the sofa - one gangly heap of a person - but Sirius did not immediately join him like he thought he would. Instead, he set to work using a random assortment of magic and muggle means to assemble a hasty but architecturally sound blanket fort.

Remus watched, quiet, but full of unspoken emotion, while Sirius worked.

Once the fort was fully assembled, Sirius went on a mission to liberate snacks from the cupboard and freezer alike, while Remus brought his *Princess Bride* back out. They settled into their little world away from the world, basking in comfy pillows and patchy ceilings, sharing a pint of ice cream and passing the book back and forth to each other to read aloud.

“Questions now because I’m going to fall asleep as soon as I’m finished,” Remus warned, munching on the rice dish Lily had left at the entrance to their fort for them to share for dinner.

“Okay, you start, though.”

“Hmmm, okay.” Remus took a moment to think. “Okay, have you thought any more about putting up a curtain?”

“On my ‘room’ you mean?” Sirius put air quotes around the word “room”.

“Yeah. I was just thinking, it could be like a subtle blanket fort all the time.”

Sirius looked up and around, nodding. “Yeah, I think I will try it. If I hate it and I feel too isolated, I’ll take it down, but it could be nice.”

Remus leaned over the bowl of rice with a smile full of mischief. “Also would make it easier to do this more frequently.” He caught Sirius’s lips in a kiss before Sirius could even ask what he was referring to.

“Oh,” Sirius sighed as Remus pulled away and sat back where he had been. “Now that is compelling.”

“I thought so. Your turn.”

Sirius tossed his spoon into the nearly empty bowl. “Will you tell me when you want to talk about today, or should I interrogate you?”

“Interrogate? Harsh,” Remus said with enough humor that Sirius wasn’t worried that his meaning had been misconstrued. “I’ll talk about it when I’m ready. Promise.”

“Okay. One more kiss and then you settle in while I take this back to Lily,” Sirius grabbed the remnants of their dinner and waited for Remus’s soft goodnight kiss. As he’d suspected, he returned to the tent to find a sleeping boyfriend. “I love you. Sleep tight,” he curled into him.

Remus was feeling up to eating breakfast amongst people, so they had beans and toast with James and Reg outside of the blanket fort. After their meal, when they took the fort down, Sirius did leave one sheet, positioning it with magic to section off that part of the room. He liked the pale pink light it cast over everything in his room.
Sirius did not need to leave for work, but Remus eventually did. James, claiming a need to see Hope about some new vegetables, apparated him home just in time.

*Done done done*

*Welcome back*

*It was boring and I missed you*

*Sounds about right*

*Almost no customers. What did you do?*

*Helped Reg*

*They okay?*

*Oh yeah, sure, just the whole existential crisis*

*No big deal*

*Ah okay then*

*I think they like the idea of muggle university*

*That will be interesting*

*I'm not surprised though*

*They will be when they come to that conclusion eventually*

*Oops*

*I'm just waiting for it*

*Good luck*

*Thank you*

*Of course*

*What was your most interesting order*

*Someone bought a bunch of vegetables and three packs of malteasers*

*That sounds like me and James shopping*

*Sure, like James would get his precious greens from a normal shop*

*Good point*

*Mhm*

*Hope is much better*
And me

I assume most of it is you

Nah

:) 

But I do help

Sundays

Sometimes I refresh some charms on other days too!

I applaud your efforts

Thank you, thank you

Once, I even watered the tomatoes

:o 

I know, I know

Bravo

I'm amazing, I know

Well

Yes

:) 

I miss you

I miss you too

When do I look forward to next?

Tonight

????

Unless you don't want to?

Moony

Tell

Me

How

To
Get
Back
Into
Your
Arms
Tonight
How?

What are we doing?

Well your very kind sibling should be coming over any minute now to have fun with my old textbooks, and then I'm coming back with them. If we promise them to keep all our mushy business behind the curtain.

YES OKAY

Perfect

Yes yes yes yes

Thought you might like that plan

I love that plan

Sleeping without you is

Pretty much torture at this point

I know the feeling

You're just so

Perfect

Hah

Well to me you are

Fair

I love you

I love you too

I love when you say it

Like last night when I was almost asleep and you said it and it was just like

An extra blanket
Awww

I love that

I love how you make me feel

I feel all

Dizzy

Good dizzy

Mm

What do you have planned for Reg?

I mostly prepared them my science and maths books

From how they're like at chess, I figured that'd be a good start

Ohh okay

What do you think?

I think that's a really good idea

Yeah?

Yes, absolutely

Okay

Keep me updated on how it goes?

I will

Thank you

You're welcome

What do you want to munch on leftovers off when you get here?

Hmmmm

Something yummy

Like whaaat?

Like

Something delicious

You're the worst, you know that?

I see you're still, after months, having trouble with your phone
You wanted to type 'the best', didn't you?

Ummmm no

No? I'm not the best?

You are but you're still the worst

Hmph

<3

Sure, sure

<3 <3

Ahaaa

Love you

I love you too

Mmm

Whyyyyyyyy can't they just apparate inside

They still knock on this door sometimes and they live here

Merlin

Yup

Amazing

Tell them I say ''sup?"

I will not

Hmph

Go be busy

Fine fine fine

Have fun

We will

Good
Cuuute

Dear Sirius,
It is going well. I think I like Mathematics best. We shall be at your home within half an hour.
Kind regards,
R.A.B.

Reg you're such a square
My most humble gratitude for this picture
Me

Dear Sirius,
Why do you say that? You are welcome. I don't fully understand this device yet, but I think I would like to have one. You can't see, but Romulus is smiling. He didn't want me to take a picture of his face, but said that you'll be equally happy with seeing his hands. I do not understand you two.
Best wishes,
RAB

Darling Reggie,
We will acquire you a cellular device. I do enjoy when he smiles. He was right.
Live long and prosper,
Sirius

Dear Sirius,
You are still not a part of our fleet and therefore not allowed to use that phrase, though I appreciate the sentiment.
See you soon,
RAB

You're rude where's my boyfriend?
I'm on my way to youuuuu

Yaaaaaay

I wanted to check in more, but we've been busy, they wanted to know everything about everything
That's
So good

They've always been curious and we were discouraged from curiosity so they're just getting used to being able to ask questions again
I noticed that, yeah

Was it productive?

Very

I think so, at least

I cleared all of my workbooks for maths and physics and chemistry so they can solve them

Should keep them busy for a while and give them a clearer picture of what it's like

That sounds good

Better not leave whatever chemistry answers you came up with in there

Oi! I said I cleared them

Mean.

:)

Hmph

Come here so I can apologize the proper way

One

Two

Three

“Moony!”

Remus was accosted by the greeting hug. Sirius pulled him so tight it should have hurt, except it didn’t because it was full of warmth and love and the soft scent of jasmine.

“That’s not an apology,” Remus accused with his arms still tight around Sirius. Reg and the bag of books they’d brought with them slipped past into the flat.

“It is if I hug hard enough.”

“I’m not sure that’s how it works.”

They bickered playfully about the constitution of a proper apology while they settled in with Reg on the sofa.

“Was it a good trip to Moony’s?” Sirius asked them, making herself comfortable against Remus.

Reg told her all about their afternoon pouring over textbooks while they unpacked them onto the coffee table.

They chattered to Sirius about maths and sciences while Remus fell asleep. And while James and Lily came home to add to the conversation. And still while Sirius set about making dinner. Sirius was
brimming with joy for them. She didn’t necessarily understand why they liked math so much, but there was no denying that the topic lit up their smile, and after dinner, they hadn’t even finished chewing before they’d disappeared into their room with a pile of textbooks half their height.

It was a pleasant evening in its uneventfulness. James, Lily, Remus, and Sirius played exploding snap and James painted everyone’s nails. It felt calm and, most importantly, it felt normal. There was a dull warmth to the night, and the whole flat smelled like food and polish and summer.

Sirius was still musing on that concept when Remus asked “Questions?” as they set up the sofa for bed.

And so Sirius asked, without much hesitation, “Does this seem like a life you want?”

Remus threw a leg out from under the covers and laid it over both of Sirius’s. “Elaborate.”

“It just seems like we’ve settled into something like normalcy - you being here, Reg being here, the family dynamic we all have together. It feels like… stable? Comfortable.”

Remus hummed and settled into the bed and into Sirius. “This is exactly the life I want. This life is better than any I could have imagined before I met you. This is where I want to be.”

Sirius smiled into Remus’s curls and waited quietly for Remus to ask his question.

“Do you think we’ll need to get a bigger flat someday, or do you think we’ll live here forever?”

Sirius knew the question was not entirely serious - that it was draped in humor and hypotheticality - but her heart still fluttered when Remus said “we”.

“Dunno. Once the others start popping out kids, we’ll probably need a bigger place. We’ve stretched this one to its magical capacity.”

“You’re already thinking about Lily and James having kids?” Remus asked.

“Oh yeah. Jamie can’t wait, they have it all planned out. Not, like, a time-line, but like what kind of parents they’ll be and how they’ll raise the kids together. That’s just a matter of time.”

“Do you think that far ahead like that? Like really think?”

Sirius nodded slowly. “Yes. I do. I think ahead, but what I imagine is always changing.”

Sirius could feel the next question coming. What does it look like right now? But Remus never asked it. He was already asleep.

The subject was long forgotten by breakfast, which was loud and bright and just as homey as the previous night. All five of them stood around the kitchen, eating pancakes off of plates they held in their hands, never making it to the table. Even Reg didn’t seem to feel the need to find a proper seat. Remus was still glowing with how much nicer this was than breakfast, alone, in his own kitchen, when Lily apparated him back home.

I love you have a good day at work

Thank you, love

Oh
Kiwi, lemons, washing detergent, garbage bags, milk, and a magazine.

Body disposal

Wow

I know, I'm shocked too

Aha

Keep an eye on that one

I will

Good

<3

Miss you

Miss you too

2 packs of cigarettes, toast, milk, cucumber

Insomnia

That's not a story

Tell me about the person

Nope

Well!

That's not the ruuules

The toast and cucumber are for comfort sandwiches. They used to have those at their mum's house when they were small. The milk is for warming before bed because every night since they moved to your town they've had dreadful sleep. They just lie awake for hours until they're too exhausted and pass out. The cigarettes are for when the milk fails.

Sad

But generous of you to call this place a town

:(
Welcome back to the world, Pumpkin

Mm hi

How was it overall?

Not too bad

Good

Mhm

Tired

Booooo

:(

I hate missing sleepy Remus

Send a people and I'll nap there

:((

I'm the only people

Reg is with Peter until I don't know when, next back should be James

Callll meee

"Hi, my far away love."

"You're sooooooo far."

"I'm sorry."

"Even your long limbs can't reach me from here."

"Oi!"

"My point exactly!"

"Hmph."

"Hehehe."

"Heeey."

"Love you."

"Aha."

"I dooooooo."

Doooone
"I love you too."

"Yay."

"That was enthusiastic."

"I'm smiling and my face is warm."

"That's a nicer image."

"Do I really get to keep you tonight?"

"If someone comes get me."

"So then definitely?"

"Yes."

"Mmm... And I'm not pushing?"

"Not any more than I'm intruding."

"That's not at all."

"Exactly."

"Hmm okay."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Did tired Moony fall asleep?"

"Mh."

"Okay, sleep, sleepy Moony, while I paint things."

"Mmm."

"I love you."

"..."

"..."

"N-no."

"Mm? Moony?"

"Don't wan- no n-"
"Oh no, Remus. Remus?"

"..."

"Moonyyyyy!"

"W- Sirius?"

"Hi love. You awake now?"

"Yyeah."

"Are you okay?"

"I- I think so."

"Talk to me?"

"All blurry."

"Okay. Just breathe, yeah? Is there water nearby?"

"Um. Aguamenti."

"That works."

"..."

"Can I help?"

"Talk."

"Okay. Um. I've been painting. I was working on a bunch of flowers I saw one time when we were together. Whites and pinks."

"The garden we passed on our way to the market from the station."

"Mmmhm that one."

"Pretty."

"I'm enjoying it. I missed you and I was thinking about what we'd do when you got here if you're still up for it later. We need takeout and cuddles, I think."

"Sandwich."

"We can definitely do th- wait, for take out or cuddles? Because both are valid."

"Cuddles."

"Yes we can do that."

"Okay."

"Prongs is due back any minute."
"I'm all, uh, sweaty. I'm gonna shower, okay?"

"If you'll be more comfortable."

"Mhm."

"Okay. Want to get off, then?"

"Mhm."

"Okay, I'll call James and see where he is."

"Okay."

"I love you."

"Love you."

"Pumpkin, you don't have to go. You can leave me on the counter on speaker phone or something."

"That's okay."

"Okay. I'll talk to you in a minute and I'll see you really soon."

"Mhm."

Tell me when I can call again

Moony?

James is apparating over to your house in two minutes

I love you

Merlin I hope you're okay

I need you to be okay

I got him he'll be okay

Is he alright?

Not really

We'll be right there, just giving him a minute to get dressed

What does not really mean??

What happened?
He was on the bathroom floor when I got here

Did he fall or did he get stuck?

Stuck

Okay

Thank you

Breathe, Pads.

I am

Kinda

I love you

I love you too

See you in a sec

“I’m sorry.” Remus mumbled it a thousand times. Sirius gave up telling him he didn’t need to at about ten apologies in.

“You’re okay, you’re okay here,” he muttered instead and kissed the side of Remus’s head. James was in the linen closet in his own room finding a suitably soft blanket.

“T-too close. I’m sorry.”

Sirius shook his head. “No, I am. Is it okay if I’m still here?” He sat on the far end of the sofa, so that if Remus sat down he’d still have plenty of space.

“Yes, that’s good,” Remus’s voice was soft and too technically correct. Sirius hurt for him. “It was the dream. Not really a dream, though, a memory. I didn’t really remember it too vividly when I woke up, but then I was in the shower and I-” his sentence ended abruptly, but Sirius didn’t push him to continue.

Sirius sat up with the propulsion of a sudden idea. “Do you want me to build a blanket fort again?”

“No.”

“Okay,” Sirius sank back into the cushions. “Do you want to watch a movie? Or I could read a book?”

“I want to be alone.”

Sirius tried not to be too obvious in how his whole body felt smaller and his throat closed against his vocal cords.

“Still want to be here. Just. Alone.”

James came back with a blanket and Remus wrapped himself up tight in it and curled up on the sofa. Sirius stood and excused himself to the kitchen to make tea. Partially because Remus really looked like he could use a tea, and partly because he knew that if he stayed on the sofa he’d keep wanting to help and that was precisely what Remus did not need at that moment.
Lily came home with Marlene in tow. James had warned her before her arrival that the flat should be a quiet and calm place, and so they entered with soft voices. Lily blew Remus a kiss and the pair joined Sirius and James in the kitchen, where they were brewing their third pot of tea of the evening. They’d been taking turns running mugs out to Remus to replace the cold leftovers of the previous ones every so often.

“I’ll do it,” Marlene offered when the next round was ready.

“Careful,” Sirius pleaded, “he’s fragile right now.”

She rolled her eyes. “And here I was going to greet him with a swift deck in the face. I’ll be gentle, I promise, gimme the tea.”

Sirius handed her the mug and waited impatiently for her to return with a report on how it had been received, but she did not return. Instead, Sirius poked his head out of the kitchen to hear the low rumblings of quiet voices. He couldn’t hear what Remus was saying, but he was speaking, calm and steady, to Marl. Sirius’s whole body relaxed. There was nothing wrong with Remus wanting space and time to himself, but Sirius couldn’t help but be relieved anyway when he heard him talking.

They all gave Remus and Marlene a good long while - two more pots of tea, which flowed faster when there were five mugs to fill instead of three - to talk before they meandered back into the living room to ask how everyone was doing. They were stunned to find Marlene in the middle of the sofa, legs criss-crossed under her, leaning forward to hug Remus. Not least because Remus was eagerly hugging her back, but because Marlene giving hugs was a rare and beautiful thing.

After that, Remus was feeling okay enough to be around everyone while they ate dinner. He didn’t eat much himself, but whenever Sirius was looking he managed to get a forkful down, for which Sirius was silently grateful.

Closeness still wasn’t better by the time they went to bed. Sirius closed the curtain behind them and cast silencing charms so that it seemed a little more safely secluded. They expanded the bed and each took a far end, but Remus’s feet found Sirius’s in the sheets. It seemed like maybe that wouldn’t be too much for the moment, so their ankles tangled together. Remus insisted on doing questions in spite of everything.

“Is this too much for you? This mess that’s me? This isn’t uncommon, this is just how it is sometimes. Do you still want this?” Remus asked and every word broke Sirius’s heart, because it was a genuine question.

He didn’t have to think at all about his answer. “Yes, Remus. I want all of this. I want all of your best moments and every single moment in between those, no matter how messy.”

Remus sniffed and wiped his face, but Sirius resisted the very powerful urge to lean over and wipe his tears away for him. “What should I be doing to help when it does happen? I’ve been trying not to ask all night because that would probably be overwhelming, so I’m using it as my official question.”

Remus very nearly laughed. “Yeah, it probably would be overwhelming. It kind of depends on the moment, there’s no hard, fast rule for how to handle me when I’m like this. Sometimes I want all the contact, sometimes I can’t stand it, sometimes it’s both at the same time and those are awful times. Tonight was good. Being around you and near you and having tea and listening to you and James in the kitchen was good. If I can manage not to feel burdensome next time that will be even better.”
“Moony, you’re absolutely, positively, never a burden.”

Remus shrugged. “Rationally I know you think that, but I can’t always convince myself of it. Maybe it’ll get better, though.”

“It will,” Sirius promised, “with time, I think it will.”

They fell asleep with their ankles hooked around each other and it was enough.

Remus felt like a different person the next morning. He could recall what had upset him so much, but it simply didn’t have the same terrible effect it had had before. Even looking at the set of scars that had originally sent him spiraling was easy enough to just shrug off. He stretched and reached out to pull Sirius to him but she was no longer in the bed.

The flat was quiet when Remus left the little sanctuary of Sirius’s room. There were noises in the kitchen and Remus followed them to find his girlfriend standing at the stove over a kettle. He padded over and put his arms around her. She startled at first, but immediately melted into him.

“Mmm, good morning. Sleep okay?”

Remus kissed her cheek from behind. “Very well, I think. Feeling more myself today.”

“Good!” Sirius twisted around to face him without leaving the warm circle of his arms. “Because I like yourself. A lot.”

They shared a proper good-morning-kiss that left Remus feeling even lighter and brighter than he had felt upon waking up.

Remus stayed at the flat for a while with Regulus after Sirius left for work. He checked over some of the practice-work Reg had done in the math books Remus had given them, but fairly quickly he realized Reg would need a better math tutor than him. Reg instantly understood concepts it had taken Remus years of schooling to just barely grasp.

They were so busy talking that when it came time for Reg to apparate Remus to work, they stayed in the shop to continue.

It was a day with very few customers, so Remus let Reg work the till. Unlike some other Black siblings, they were very adept with muggle money. They were fascinated by the pricing system and spent the better part of the day running up and down the aisles comparing prices and examining interesting muggle shop items, much to Remus’s amusement.

Reg walked Remus home at the end of his shift, still talking animatedly about the barcode system.

“You need to get better at texting,” he told them. “I need to be able to keep talking to you like this even after you go home.”

“Well,” they drew the word out for several syllables. “We could keep talking if you were to, I dunno, happen to be holding my arm when I did apparate back home.”

Remus felt his heart skip with excitement. “You think I could stay again?”

“Yes, obviously,” Reg held out their arm.
“Okay, but home first because I want clothes I didn’t sleep in.”

“Fair!”

_Honey bunny, lunch is on the table, when will you be getting home?_

**What?**

_From your busy day at work, cupcake_

**Excuse??**

_Sweetpea?_

_Sweetie pie?_

_Sugar plum?_

_Snowflake?_

_Darling?_

_Precious?_

_Sugar lips?_

_Sexy pants?_

_Pudding?_

_MUFFIN?_

 PICKLE?

_He won’t tell me what it is!_

**IS IT BUTTERCUP DOES HE CALL YOU BUTTERCUP??**

**Yes?**

_REALLY????_

_Maybe_

:) 

_That is so cute_

_Anyway, hurry home so I can see you before I have to go to practice_

_Reg and your boyfriend brought chips_

_Reg and *my Best Friend_

_Yes I will be home to see you before practice_
Good

Awwwww!

Love you

And now I guess you can have my Best Friend

Hi hi I love you I miss you

I love you you're still there???

I went to work and then I came back

Reg was with me the whole time

They find working the till very easy

Aww

And rude

Why are they so good with money?

Because it's simple maths?

Hmph

<3

Home in two minutes

Yessss

I missed youuuu

I missed you too I'm by the door

Away from the chips

So you know I mean it

Oh wow

Mhm

Open the dooooor

As soon as the door opened, bringing in the unmistakable cacophony of natural scents that could only come from either the Lush factory itself or Sirius’s hair, Remus pulled Sirius into the confines of his curtained room. Sirius was hugging him before they’d even stopped moving.

“You’re still here!” he yelled, face shining with joy and also with actual sparkles.
“Well, kind of. Not *still*, technically. I did go to work for a bit and all.”

Sirius waved his protests away. “Yeah, yeah, whatever, you’re here!”

He jumped up for a kiss that Remus gladly granted him.

James knocked on the wall outside of the curtain, requesting entry with an offering of chips in exchange for a few minutes of their time before he had to get to practice. While they chatted about their respective days Sirius sat in Remus’s lap, munching on chips, sticking one in Remus’s mouth every third or fourth chip. Remus played with Sirius’s hair idly, more comfortable than he could ever remember being.

While James was at practice, Lily and Sirius set about throwing a small, impromptu party. Peter, Marlene, Mary, and Benjy were there by the time James had returned, drinks in hand, all laughing uproariously at a surprising joke Reg had made.

Sirius and Remus had the honor of gathering blankets and pillows to put in the dining area so that everyone could sleep there together.

“My question for the night,” Sirius announced, throwing a cushion at Remus for him to jam a pillowcase onto, “is: what potion did you put in Marlene’s drink that first night you met her? I’ve known her most of my life, I’ve never seen her take to anyone so well so quickly.”

Remus laughed, even despite his ongoing struggle with the cushion. “I didn’t put anything in her drink, I just *get* her, I think. And it seems like she gets me.”

“It’s lovely,” Sirius mused, glowing with a soft smile.

“My question is how many nights can I do this in a row before you chuck me out?” Remus gave up and left half of the cushion poking out of the case. He tossed it onto the pile of similarly dressed pillows ready to go out to the other room.

Sirius shook his head so hard his hair billowed around him. “There is no number for that.”

“How many nights until you start wishing I would leave without you telling me to, then?”

“How many nights until you realize I really do love you and want to spend every moment of my time in your presence?”

Remus grinned like an idiot. “Many more, probably.”

“Then I’ll just keep telling you.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi, if you want to leave a comment saying you can't wait for the next chapter, maybe instead go check out our other two fics which we just updated as well (both wip, one gets updated as regularly as this one, the other every 3 years or so く(丫)／く)
Chapter 60

On Saturday, Sirius and Remus boarded a train for Wales.

Hope greeted them on her way out of the house, leaving them to wander the garden, picking ripe fruits when the whim struck them.

Sirius twirled his wand in the air around them when they found themselves lying out under the sun, trailing soap bubbles in its wake. Remus followed his lead and they spent much of the sunlight in a hazy contentment, Remus blowing bubbles with little rainbow swirls in them, and Padfoot dancing after them.

Sirius expected the magic of the day to part like mists when they sat down to dinner with both of Remus’s parents, but their mood was unbreakable.

Both Hope and Lyall were in good spirits. Hope, to her misfortune, accidentally referred to apparition as “teleportation”, and nobody had let her live it down until Remus and Sirius were taking their ice cream upstairs after dinner and the evening with his parents effectively ended.

Sirius followed Remus up and up and out onto the roof of the house. The sky was already dark, but the air remained humid and just on the side of too-warm. Everything felt hazy and slow - the ice cream; the kisses, the soft conversation.

Questions before bed turned into an uproarious faux argument over which is better, rice or potatoes, and their sleep came only after nearly an hour of breathless laughter.

When Sirius and Remus came downstairs in the morning to find something quick for breakfast before it was time for Sirius to leave, they were greeted by Hope, James, Lily, Peter, and Reggie. For a moment, Sirius was sure he was dreaming, but when Remus ran over to give morning hugs, Sirius leapt at James to find out that he was, indeed, very real.

So instead of cold breakfast cereal and bittersweet goodbyes, the morning was full of pancakes and chatter. And when it really was time for Sirius to leave Hope and Remus to their Sunday, all of them took the train together.

They passed the hours talking about talking the train to school all those years. It felt right, being on a train with Peter and James again. And it felt even more right to be doing so with Lily and Reg.

He did his best to squash the thought that lingered - it would be even more right if Remus were there, too. He peeked out the window so that he could accurately report later that there were no elephants on the journey home.

No elephants

Shame

One day

For sure
Mhm

I have hope

You do

She's nice

Oh ha ha

:) :

Mhm.

:) :) 

Yeah, yeah

Love you

I love you too.

:D

Sorry, was gardening

No worries, that's what you're supposed to be doing today

Yes but I miss you

I miss you too

<3

You too

Gonna help make dinner now.

Ohhh what?

Roast

Mmmmmm

It will be

Enjoy

Thank you

<3

Love you
Love you too

Miss you though

I'm gonna bath while I'm waiting

*We're sitting down to eat*

*It smells and looks delicious*

*I'm gonna try to pretend I'm not thinking about you in the bath the entire time*

;)

**Enjoy, pumpkin**

*Stop texting from the bath!*

*What does it smell like?*

**Smells like lemon, looks like stars**

*Ohhh*

*Spacey*

*There were bubbles, but I've been in here too long. Still smells like lemon, though.*

*Yummm*

**Feels yum**

*Ughhh*

*I'm sorry?*

*Not fair*

*Envious?*

*Yes*

**I can get another Intergalactic for you**

*No I want a different one*

**Oh okay**

*I already tried this one*

*I want a different one*
And one for you
The same kind
Okay?
So we can kind of take a bath together
And smell the same
:
You're a nerd and I love you
I am and so are you and I love you too
Mmm true
Dessert, talk soon
Enjoy
Oh we will

Oh my god
Maybe I'll save you a slice (probably not)
I'll hope and not get my hopes up
We already put half the cake away for all of you
Awww??????? How did you manage that???
I think
I thiiiiink
I might love you more than food

WHAT

Yep

This is huge

I know

I need to tell everyone

Go right ahead

Hold on

I've been thoroughly congratulated

Moony?

Yes, sorry, talking

All yours now

Good talk?

Chit chat, but it was pleasant

Oh good

Yes

Mum is proud of me

Oh?

I called her to tell her the news

Oh wow

:) 

Amazing

It is!

More than food

Well since you already called everyone, how about you call me next?

"Hi."

"Hey, hi."
"Missed your voice."

"Mmm missed yours too."

"That cake was so good."

"I can't wait"

"It's gonna be waiting for you when you finish work tomorrow."

"Mmmmm."

"Mhmm."

"Tomorrow?"

"Reg's coming to work again. And then I'm staying over and hopefully making it to class this time on Tuesday."

Oh wow

Wow

Yes

"Aaand stay til Wednesday morning?"

"Please?!"

"Mm okay."

"Yesss, thank you thank you thank you."

"Thank you."

"Happyyyy."

"I am too."

"Mmmm."

"Mmm indeed."

"Mmm tomorrow."

"Yes."

"Love when it's sooner than I dared to hope for."

"Want it all the time."

"I do too."

"Because you loooove me."

"Oh do I?"
"Mmmhmm."

"Yes, I do."

"You do you do you do."

"I love you."

"I love you."

"One more time."

"I love you."

"Thank you."

"Anytime."

"All the time."

"I love you I love you I love you."

"Mmmmmmmmph."

"Tell me about your day, Buttercup."

"There was a lot of it."

"Tell me about three nice things."

"Took a bath. Rescheduled Stars Wars with Peter. Talked to you."

"Nu uh, I know about two of those things, that doesn't count."

"There was too much day in today."

"Okay."

"I tried painting but it didn't work. And I thought about riding but I didn't have anywhere to go. I haven't read in a long time and I wanted to, but that didn't feel like an option."

"We can read tomorrow if you'd like. And we can go for a ride. We don't need a destination."

"Yeah?"

"Definitely."

"Okay, yes."

"Perfect."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, love."

"Mmm."
"Music."

"Something wizard?"

"Whatever you want."

"Mine or yours?"

"Yours."

"Hmmm okay... Okay."

"

"This alright?"

"Don't know it. Sounds wizard?"

"It's Roaming Bards. They're a bit older."

"I'll try to guess your favourite song."

"Awww yes, do that."

"Not this one, there has to be better ones."

"There are, just wait."

"Okay."

"

"

"Mmm."

"Pretty."

"Right?"

"Very."

"Mmmmmmmm."

"

"

"

"This one."

"Hmmm. Second favourite. Very very close to favourite."
"But the favourite hasn't come up yet, right?"

"Correct."

"Mm okay."

"So yes, favourite so far."

"See, I- turn it up."

"Turning up."

"..."

"..."

"I think... I think my dad used to sing this one."

"Oh."

"...and then and then and theeen - I saaaw her."

"Awww you do know it."

"What's the title?"

"Third Chance at a First Glance."

"Roaming Bards, right?"

"Yes."

"Can we go to Diagon sometime soon?"

"Ooh sure. Any reason?"

"To get this record."

"Absolutely. I can lend you this one if you want it, though."

"Want it for dad."

"Whenever you want to go."

"Thank you."

"No problem."

"..."

"Just listening?"

"Mhm."

"Okay."
"Oh, oooh, it's this one, isn't it?"

"Moonyyyyy."

"Whaaat?"

"How did you know?"

"You're my girlfriend."

"Truuuue."

"I know what you like."

"You know me."

"I do."

"I enjoy that."

"Good."

"..."

"...

"Padfoot?"

"Mhm?"

"The record ended."

"Oh oops."

"Everything okay?"

"Just thinking."

"Okay."

"Good thoughts."

"Care to share?"

"You know me. You can predict me. You spend time thinking about me. You know what I like and how I think. And you want to be with me."

"I very much want to be with you."

"Even though all those other things are true. No. No. BECAUSE all those other things are true."
"Yes."

"Thank you."

"What for?"

"That. Loving me."

"It's my absolute pleasure."

"..."

"Questions?"

"Oh okay, yes."

"You first."

"Did your dad sing a lot when you were little?"

"All the time."

"Does he still?"

"No."

"Hmmm."

"Do you think it's right that I try with him?"

"Yes. I do. As long as you're not forgiving-forgetting all at once, I think it's amazing and you're such a strong person for being able to do it."

"Yeah."

"I do."

"Thank you."

"Anything."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"..."

"Was that your question?"

"Hmm. No. My question is, do you want to take that road trip we joked about ages back?"

"Oh? Which?"

"When I dreamt that me and Alice went and you said you wanted with?"

"Oh wow. Yes."
“Yeah?”

"Yes."

"And whoever wants to go?"

"Yes yes yes yes."

"We just have to figure out when is good for everyone."

"Yes, oh wow, okay."

"Okay."

"Okay."

"Exciting."

"I'm really really excited."

"I can hear it."

"Aaaaaaaah!"

"You can learn how to drive."

"Oh wow, that sounds like a terrible idea."

"It does."

"Yes please."

"Whatever you want."

"Mmm."

"We'll probably have to take two cars, even if we expand them."

"That's okay. We can switch around who's in what car every so often."

"Mhm, my thoughts exactly."

"Where are we going?"

"Well in my dream it was around Europe, but we could start more realistic. Maybe... Scotland?"

"Sounds pretty."

"If you want."

"Yes I want."

"You sure? You've all been there a lot."

"And we love it."
"Okay."

"I want to."

"It's a plan, then."

"Yessss."

"I have so much love for you."

"Oh. I like that."

"It's true."

"Mmm. Me too."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Sleepy?"

"Mhm."

"Sweet dreams, my Moony."

"Mmm."

"Good night."

"Night."

"..."


Good morning

Correct

It is

How long have you been up?

Two hours

Not so much then, okay

Not terribly. Why?

Just want to know how much of you I missed
All of me I hope!

Mm yeah

:)  

Tea?

Minty

Okay

Want

Make

Out

Yes, we can make out later

Oh oops

Best accident ever, yessssss

Also we're out of mint tea

:)  

:p  

It's delicious, I can tell you that

Hmph

Sooo yummy

H

Mph

:D

Meanie

Am not!

Yuh huh

Nu uh

Yuh huh

:(

*:(
I love

This tea

We're no longer on speaking terms, you and me

Okay that was a joke I thought I was in a good enough place to handle but I guess I'm not please come back

i wasn't either

I'm sorry

You love me

It's so pointless to be so upset

I love you I'm sorry

i love you so much

i never want to not talk to you please

Please never stop

don't tell me to

I won't

I'm sorry

thank you

I love you

i love you too

Extra hugs later

yesplease

Can I call now? While I'm on my way to work?

mhm

"Hi."

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

"Yeah but... Still."
"No. I told you I don't want you to not joke. Sometimes my head just doesn't act the way I'd want it to and it's not okay, when maybe five minutes before it would've been perfectly fine."

"Me too though. I don't know why it was so bad all around just then."

"It just happens. I'm sorry too. I love you."

"And I'll see you soon?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

"Have a good day."

"You too, please."

"I will. Love you."

“Love you, hug you soon.”
Chapter 61

Chapter Notes

It's October 3rd.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I think I ruined Reg

They're on their third bag of malteasers

It's amazing to watch them get more and more relaxed. Right now they're sitting on the floor solving maths problems, and they seem really into it. Nerd.

We're done

Just gonna stop at home to pick up the cheesecake and then come to yours

Yeeees come here, I miss you both

They're amazing to watch, right?

Really really they are

We miss you too

Yessssss

We'll be there in a sec, you're already home?

About to be

Perfect

It's about to be

Mm

Can I expect hugs and kisses?

Yes you can

Yessss

:)))

When the spinning, imploding feeling finally ended, the first thing Remus was aware of was how
much colder it was. Sensibly, his friends chose to keep a cooling charm draped over the flat, while Remus was more likely to – and in fact had been, just moments ago – lie on the floor of his attic bedroom with the window wide open, begging some worthwhile summer winds to blow.

Immediately following the chill, however, was the much warmer greeting. He walked through the door that now felt so familiar; he knew where it stuck a little on the lip of the doorway, and where all the key-scratches were from whatever muggles had lived there before. And the smell that came with the opening of the door. Always food, and dull flowers, and a jumble of unnameable other things.

He walked in and found a pair of irrationally fluffy socks that he kept hidden under Sirius’s bed-sofa. They weren’t exactly where he’d left them. He found them tucked politely into the corner against the wall. Sirius had cleaned, found them, and chosen to leave them where Remus knew they’d be.

Remus’s heart filled just as the incredible datefriend in question appeared, presumably coming from the kitchen, and leapt at him. Remus, already seated on the floor, fell back against the rug and let Sirius kiss him all over his face. Even that didn’t seem at all out of place in his life.

He came to the conclusion – or the conclusion had already existed and Remus was just marvelling in it – that this felt like home now. This could become the life he had discussed with Sirius not so long ago. He knew what Sirius had meant by “normalcy”.

The moment progressed so naturally – Reg rolling their eyes and skiving off to their room to do more math, like the nerd they were; Sirius adjusting herself in Remus’s lap so that they could talk more about their days and whatever else came up. This was periodically interrupted by kisses of various intensity, until the kissing won out and the talking ceased altogether.

When Reg emerged from maths and Remus and Sirius emerged from the living amalgamation of every fantasy Remus had had as a teenager, it was because Lily and James came home smelling strongly of some form of fried potato, and everyone was hungry enough to be diverted.

Over dinner, Reg continued to rave about concepts Remus had long tried to forget (or never really understood in the first place). None of the rest of them could possibly care less about the subject, but also none of them had ever seen Reg so vibrantly chatty, and so James, Lily, Sirius, and Remus scrambled to keep asking relevant questions all through the meal.

Playing games with everyone after dinner and well into the night kept Remus’s mind well enough away from the anxiety of the following day’s class. It wasn’t gone from him completely, but it was genuinely harder to feel fear surrounded by laughing friends.

It managed to creep in around him as they were crawling into bed. His heart was still racing too long after he laid his head down on the pillow next to Sirius’s. His body found the warmest niches of Sirius’s as they settled.

“Will you be disappointed in me if I don’t go tomorrow, too?” He asked.

Sirius reached back to place a soft hand on Remus’s jaw. “Is this your question for the night?”

“Ohmmmm, haven’t decided yet.”

Sirius found Remus’s fingers and brought them over her waist, drawing him as close as possible. “No. Of course I wouldn’t be.”

“But what if it’s next time, too?” Remus asked, heart beating faster, thoughts spiraling downward. “And the time after. If I just keep trying and I can never do it?”
Sirius kissed the back of Remus’s thumb. “Love, there’s no amount of times that would make me disappointed. If apparition isn’t your thing, like it isn’t my thing, then it’s not the only way to see each other. I like train rides, and I have the bike.”

Remus let Sirius keep talking, nodding into her hair. “And, then, I could always move to Wales.”

The portrait of it flashed before the eye of Remus’s imagination. Of Sirius and Remus getting a small home near his parents’. Of coming home to Sirius and Hope laughing in the kitchen; Sirius lying in their meadow in all kinds of weather, through so many years. He could keep working at the shop and Sirius could…

“I would never ask you to move away from James.” There was no bitterness or discontent in Remus’s voice.

Sirius kissed his hand again. “It means so much to me that you think of things like that. And that you understand my relationship with James.”

“Our life together gets to be whatever we want it to be. Whatever makes both of us happy.”

“Precisely. So do you feel a little better about what will become of us if you never make it to an apparition lesson?”

Remus was pleased to find that he’d forgotten to worry for a small moment. “Thank you.”

Sirius waited for a moment before asking, “So have you determined whether that was your question?”

“Yes, it was. One of them ought to have been, anyway,” Remus smiled, nervous, still, but not as overwhelmed with it.

“Okay. My question is this. Would it maybe be helpful to you if I walked you there tomorrow?”

The thought alone eased Remus some. “Yes. I think it really would.”

The nerves came back full force as morning light broke Remus from a restless, grainy sleep. Sirius put her arms around him and held him until he’d relaxed enough to start getting ready.

“I have an idea,” Sirius whispered. It was too early in the morning for normal voices, even if there was nobody sleeping near enough to disturb. “Why don’t we walk?” Remus began to protest instinctually. The addition of a to-do item to the list buzzing around in his mind was unwelcome. But Sirius gave her arguments before Remus could refuse. “It’s early, still, and sitting around here will do nothing but make you more jittery. This way we can take our time getting there, maybe stop for a muffin or something along the way if you’re up for it.”

Remus could only describe what Sirius was doing as caring. It was like that the entire morning. She was always two steps ahead of Remus’s racing mind. She didn’t let him stay on the street while she went to get a pastry, she made him go in, knowing he’d smell something chocolatey and want one. She kept him distracted when she saw him slipping back into himself. And she held his hand the entire way there. Not just the entire way to The Ministry. She was still playing with his fingers, rambling on about one of the games they’d played the previous night, as they walked through the atrium, into and out of an elevator, down three corridors, and right up to the door of the room where apparition lessons were to take place.
They chatted quietly while others gathered around them – around the door to the classroom. She didn’t show any sign of leaving his side even when it was time for him to enter the room.

“I’ll be here. Whenever you’re done, I’ll be right here.” There was an assurance in her eyes that if he came back through the classroom door sooner than the duration of the lesson, she would be just as happy to see him. Before following his peers, he kissed her hastily on the cheek. And then he did it. He walked into the classroom.

Sirius waited outside the classroom diligently. Which, for Sirius, meant walking around the corridor, making a mental map of the area, and generally just doing some shallow exploration. But she made sure she was always within earshot of the apparition classroom.

When Remus returned to her, at the end of class, amid the throng of other students, Sirius was waiting with the second half of Remus’s croissant and hot tea from earlier, kept fresh with magic. They each had plenty to tell each other about their time apart.

Remus informed her that according to the cute boy maybe a year or two younger than them next to whom he had sat, all he had missed in the first class was theory, which Remus had already studied at home, so he had had no problem integrating into the class as though he’d been there all along. He and Cute Boy had formed an alliance, agreeing to help each other through the lessons. Sirius couldn’t believe Remus was such a nerd he’d already done the work ahead of time, but she didn’t give him too hard of a time about it.

Sirius told Remus all about how boring the classrooms were at the ministry, and then described in great detail all the ideas she had for making them much more impractical and fun.

All the while they made their slow way to Diagon Alley, for lunch. Sirius didn’t even try to suggest that Remus might not be hungry as he’d technically just finished his breakfast. After sandwiches, they moseyed through the little forgotten shops that wove between the bigger, more well established ones.

They looked through several stores of records before they found the Bards one Remus was looking for. Despite Sirius’s pleas that they just splurge the three galleons and get him a brand new one, Remus insisted that a second hand one for a handful of knuts would be more valuable. To relieve the stress of this lapse in logic, Sirius bought herself nine new records. All of which happened to be ones Remus had lingered on noticeably whilst combing through the bins of wizard records.

The day was still too warm, but the air was also thick with rain. They made their slow way back to the flat and spent the day listening to the records they’d purchased. Including the one for Lyall, as they needed to be sure it would play well, of course.

Remus remembered even more of the words that time, and every once in a while he’d interrupt the lazy conversation with bouts of dramatic performance that made Sirius laugh until her head was light and her chest was heavy with affection.

Hours passed in uneven stretches, until they were both too achy to stay on the floor any longer and set up the bed instead.

“Earlier, in the first record shop, you said something,” Remus mused aloud. “You said we’d listen to the ones you were buying when we got home. I didn’t even notice it in the moment you said it, but it is something I’ve been thinking about a lot, lately. I think of it that way, too. Of here, as home. Is that not okay?”
Sirius, still wearing the clothes she’d worn all day, climbed onto the bed in order to close the space between them. “No, Moony, it’s perfect. I love it.”

Remus leaned over to grab Sirius’s pyjamas and toss them at her, unable to hide his giddy grin. “That was my question, your turn.”

Sirius waited until they were both in more comfortable attire and were settling into bed to ask her question. “How are things with your dad, really?”

Remus took a breath and a moment to consider. “Progress is slow, but it’s good. He asks me more questions now, and he seems to be interested in the answers. I’m not completely letting my guard down, but I’m giving him a chance.”

Sirius nudged Remus onto his side so that she could be the big spoon. “That sounds good. As long as you know you don’t owe it to him.”

Remus nodded, sending his curls tickling the tip of Sirius’s nose. “I know I don’t. I’m giving him the chance on my own.”

Sirius kissed his cheek, soft and sweet, before sleep closed around them.

Remus was too deeply buried in comfortable sleep to feel Sirius get out of bed in the morning.

He did feel when she kissed his cheek, though. And he felt when she booped his nose before she left. Something about it made his face feel tickled, but before he could so much as scratch his lip, sleep had pulled him back.

When he finally woke at the more reasonable time of ten thirty, Remus didn’t remember the strange nose-boop occurrence, and was surprised to find a small, square post-it note stuck to his face. “I love you”, it proclaimed. Remus smiled and tucked it into his wallet so that it could continue to make him smile whenever he opened it.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for your patience, as always, and sorry that it's a short one, I've been on vacation (visiting Amina!!) and now I'm sick :(. A couple of things, a couple of links:
- we were nominated in 3 categories by the Shrieking Shack Society for Marauder Medals, you can vote for us here: https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSdGm5P_Ehq5Sjxudt6wJd71jZbh1EMQLREyDFhXlq
- if you happen to have an extra buck or two, you can buy us coffee: https://ko-fi.com/ladyamina https://ko-fi.com/irrationalwitch
- we've been thinking of "finishing" this fic (DON'T PANIC) at the first appropriate opportunity in the story where it would make sense; this is purely because there's some people who aren't reading it because they're scared of WIPs, so we'd like to make a satisfying "ending", but then continue the story in part 2, published separately - we still have a bunch of material to work with. how would you feel about that? which things would you as a reader want to be addressed or concluded so that you'd feel okay
stopping there? (basically, what are the things that feel too open-ended to you at the moment?) we'd also try to publish the "last" chapter at the same time as the "first" chapter of the 2nd part, as to avoid the potential panic or doubts. thoughts?

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!