

# The Missing Piece

*by luvsev*

A late night meeting between Severus and Remus.

## The Missing Piece

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Footsteps shuffling against filthy, traversed stone. One. Two. Three. Then four. A full stop; then closer, closer they come. No flickering light dares to shine upon his face... only shadows like the darkness within. His graceful movements cease near a deserted alcove. He's near me, I know; I can feel him as though he's inside my very soul, and so he is... more than he knows.

A huff of breath, and he steps from the darkness, light from the dancing flames illuminating his pallid face. Tired, haunted obsidian eyes penetrate me from beneath thick eyelashes. His gaze reveals more than he desires.

'You have a lot of nerve showing up here tonight, wolf,' he says with so much venom that I recoil as if bitten.

'No more than any other night. We share an employer, Severus.'

'The first truth you've spoken in fifteen years, no doubt.' He stalks away, his woollen robes billowing behind him.

'Severus, wait—'

'Not for you!'

'We need to talk.'

'You said all that needed to be said fifteen years ago, so save your breath and my time.'

His body is pressed against mine in a flash; my hands are pinned above my head and pushed into the cold, jagged stone cracks. His breath is strangled, or maybe it's mine, but I can feel his heart pounding.

'Why appear after all this time? Why not let go of the past? It was so easy for you then—to walk away as if we had shared nothing more than a few tumbles in the hay—surely it wouldn't be a stretch for you now.'

'How dare you say—'

'The truth? You told me that I meant nothing to you, that we were a mistake.'

'Mistake, never. It was a lie! I long to touch you, kiss you, prove to you anything so you would believe I never meant any harm.'

'Which part? Any of it? All of it? Do you even know the truth, Lupin?'

'I was falling for you, and I was scared of what that meant... not just for me, but for you.'

You let go of my wrists and back away from me, sighing. 'Why not say that?'

'Stupidity, fear, and not having certain things figured out. I've changed since then.'

'One would hope.' For the first time in years, your eyes meet mine, not in anger or disappointment, but rather with hopeful expectancy.

'I'm not afraid to do this anymore.' I take your hand and brush your knuckles with my lips then guide your head to mine, placing a kiss on your lips.

I've waited for this to finally feel right, and it does. It feels like all the pieces of my life fit and make sense.

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A/N: This is a birthday present written for the wonderful slytherinlaurel. SL requested: Severus and Remus run into one another on night rounds soon after Remus joins the staff. (slash or no, take it wherever you'd like...). Thanks to peppermint for the last minute beta work!