

Made For It

by ConstantComment

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Chapter 1 of 4

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A/N: *Authority-holding!Anthony/cross-dressing!Terry written for a prompt on LJ. You have been warned.*

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His first mistake, Terry thought miserably, was waterproof mascara.

It was blue, you see.

However, when he actually thought about it, his first mistake had been sneaking into the girls' dorm over the holidays when he should have been studying for his O.W.L.s.

But Terry had never been a good Ravenclaw, and so studying in February for a June exam seemed a little overkill.

But, of course, so was the rouge and lip-gloss. And the girl's knickers...pink and lacey...that hugged his arse like a second skin. He wore nothing else.

Oh, *God*, he was done for.

Somehow, while rummaging through a couple belongings left behind, he'd found one privacy charm...

...that glued his palms to the low surface of the one trunk left behind in the circular room.

He whimpered for what felt like the billionth time, having dwelt on his current predicament for the last hour.

I mean, really, what else can you think of when you're cross-dressing and glued (bent over) to a trunk?

He would have to wait until someone came around to fix this mess... and then laughingly tell all their friends.

Well, at least there were no girls who could walk in on him.

Which, now that he was thinking about it didn't sound much worse than a boy...

The door slammed open, startling Terry out of his musings and into a screeching, "Fucking shit!"

Anthony Goldstein, Golden Boy of Ravenclaw and Head Boy of the school, stood stock still at the door, one hand still on the door handle and the other holding his wand.

There was never another time in his life when he had been more mortified. He'd nearly choked out a 'Of all the people in Ravenclaw Tower...'

The seventh-year stared unabashedly for a moment before shaking his wavy blond hair out of his face and closing the door behind him. "Do you need help?" he finally said.

"Please," Terry fairly whimpered. Over his shoulder he saw the boy smirk and walk slowly toward him, kneeling down at the trunk and murmuring a detection spell.

"Snooper's Sticking Charm. You should be more careful, next time," he said flippantly, glancing at Terry with his blue-green eyes, twirling his wand about to counter the spell and standing again, folding his arms.

It didn't help that the man was gorgeous...he practically exhaled masculine grace. And it didn't help that Terry'd found him attractive ever since he'd found out he, er... played for the other team. And it *really* didn't help that he was madly in love with him. Quite madly.

"Does it look like I do this on a regular basis?" Terry snapped, finally pulling his sweaty palms from the surface and letting them fall to fidget at his sides, straightening up and trying to look dignified.

Goldstein just stared pointedly at him.

"Yeah, don't answer that."

"I wasn't planning on it," Anthony replied, pocketing his wand and refolding his arms.

"...I would really appreciate it if you didn't mention this to anyone."

Goldstein hummed noncommittally.

"Please," Terry pleaded, wanting to vomit. "I'll do anything. I can't... I'll have enough trouble surviving two more years being taunted for being me, let alone for being a pouf."

Anthony, who Terry realized towered over him by about a head, his wide shoulders tapering into a narrow waist and strong legs as one looked him over (not that Terry was looking, uhm, at the moment), was silent for several moments, just staring. His teal eyes were burning into Terry's with a strange intensity that made the fifth-year want to crawl into a hole and die. "Anything, you say?" he finally murmured.

"Well, not anythi..."

"Suck me off."

"Wuh...what?"

"I'll keep your secret if you suck me off. Your lips were fucking made for it."

"I... Uhh..."

"Look, if you weren't so damned cute, Terry, I'd have just walked right out of here. And then there would have been no promises."

"You... you want me to suck your...?"

"I'll not tell a soul," Anthony said, looking down into Terry's terrified face, still done up with blush and mascara and cherry-red lips.

This would surely induce a panic. "I've never..."

The older boy seemed to take pity on him (Terry's heart was beating so fast he thought he'd have an attack) and pulled him closer. "C'mere," he said. "Let's start with a kiss, then, shall we?" Anthony brushed Terry's hair away from his eyes and leaned down to capture his lips in the most beautiful kiss Terry would ever experience (it was decided, then and there).

Terry nearly shook with excitement and nerves as Anthony wrapped a strong arm around his waist and pulled Terry flush against him, slipping his tongue across the seam of the other's lips.

"Hmm," Goldstein hummed. "Raspberry."

Terry gasped, and suddenly a clever, slick tongue invaded his mouth, tracing his teeth and sweeping over the roof of his mouth, giving him the shivers. His hands came up to fist in the material of Goldstein's button down, and Terry tentatively quested into the other's mouth, encouraging a satisfied moan from Anthony's lips. He was squeezed still tighter against the buttons of the crisp white shirt and suddenly was walking backwards, the backs of his knees hitting a four-poster on the opposite side of the room in record time.

Terry sat with a soft thump and was accosted by Anthony's lips once more, although those strayed across his jaw and down his neck, where the Head Boy preceded to suck and lick to his heart's content. Terry found himself whimpering pathetically and squirming on the lush fabric of the comforter as Anthony leaned over him.

"Now," the other boy said breathily, "you do the same to me."

"M'kay," Terry murmured, looking briefly up into those deep blue-green eyes and blushing. He tentatively kissed down Anthony's neck, pausing to suck and lick when he found a particularly vocal spot, and found his confidence building as the freaking love of his life moaned under his attentions.

This time he took the initiative and unbuttoned the other's shirt, continuing down his immaculate chest, abs rippling and contracting as Terry ghosted his fingers over the other's sun-kissed skin. How the hell Goldstein stayed this glorious during winter was beyond him.

Suddenly, he was at the other's belt, Anthony's hand combing through Terry's clean-cut brown hair as he paused, fingers skimming across the leather. He was kneeling on the floor now, peering up through blue lashes at the flushed face of Anthony bloody Goldstein. Who was showing him how to snog a boy. A *boy*!

Who knew?

"S'alright, Terr."

Terry spared one more look at that gorgeous face, but Anthony was quicker. The older boy eagerly unbuckled his belt and dropped trou like he'd been waiting for months to have this chance.

And then Terry was staring at his cock, full-on, a drop of pre-cum glistening at the tip as it bobbed up against his stomach. He allowed a brief moment of 'I can't believe I'm fucking doing this!' before he took Anthony in hand, squeezing his prick like he would his own, and kneeling up to engulf the head fully between his lips.

He distantly heard Anthony give a stifled moan, but he was too caught up in sensations of his own to give it much thought.

Oh, he was made for this!

He gently bobbed his lips up and down over Anthony's shaft, gradually taking more of him in with each thrust of his lips. Anthony was steadily groaning overhead, murmuring words like 'Raspberry lips' and 'Fucking made for this' and 'Ohh, Merlin, Terr!' as Terry did what he was made for.

Who knew?

Suddenly, he was very eager to please, and tried engulfing the entire length into his mouth, but ended up choking as the head slipped on the back of his throat. He quickly withdrew, hearing Anthony's, "Steady now," even as the other boy tightened his grip in his short-cropped hair.

Terry slipped Anthony's cock into his mouth almost immediately, as he was a Ravenclaw and a quick study, not one to make the same mistake twice.

It was then he realized how hard his own prick was, straining tightly against the pink lace of 'his' knickers, and he moved his hips in time with the bob of his head. He moaned around Anthony's cock when he managed to snake a hand down to rub his own through the fabric, causing a choked whimper from above.

He worked vigorously and began squeezing the base of Anthony's cock with his hand while working as much into his mouth as possible, keeping a tight grip with his lips. With a final twist of his wrist, Anthony came, causing him to nearly gag again as the salty liquid dripped down his throat.

He slowly withdrew and took a heaving breath, and suddenly he was pulled up into the other's arms straddling Anthony's spent prick. The Head Boy seized Terry's lips in a desperate, hazy kiss and ripped the panties away from his body, fisting his cock in one hand while the other caressed the nape of Terry's neck.

Terry moaned girlishly into Anthony's mouth, and soon came all over the other's perfect stomach, his orgasm seeming to last an eternity although grounded to earth by strong, possessive arms.

Slowly he came to his senses and received a lazy smile and a chaste kiss, and then Anthony was pushing him off onto the side of the bed and re-buttoning his clothing.

The Head Boy conjured a tight black v-neck sweater and a pair of fitted, faded denims from the scraps left of Terry's...erm,*the*...knickers and silently handed them to him, watching as he hastily Scourgified the area and threw on the new clothes.

Finally, they stared at one another for a long moment.

Terry couldn't help but break out into a wide smile.

Anthony just smirked and turned toward the door. "Don't let me catch you again, Boot."

Terry was too excited to censor the words that sprouted from his mouth next. "And what if you do, then?"

"There's no telling what will happen." Goldstein smirked and turned the knob to the stairwell. Before he disappeared behind the oak door, he murmured, "Check your pocket."

He found a note in his new denims, folded twice, that read:

Meet me tomorrow night in the Charms classroom. We'll need to work on your skills with a wand.

Terry left the girls' quarters in a cheery mood, not even bothering to remove the make-up as he practically skipped to the library.

Maybe he would study, after all.

Making Up For It

Chapter 2 of 4

Terry and Anthony meet up, as promised, in the Charms classroom, but Terry ends up waiting *anawfully* long time...

Terry swore he might just puke. Right here and now.

You see, he had been waiting for a good ten minutes, dread slowly inching down his spine as the seconds ticked by. He scuffed his trainers against the Persian rug, awakening dust clouds, and shoved his hands into his back pockets.

Where is he?

Feeling foolish and used, Terry licked at his lips (he'd stolen the lip-gloss and didn't plan to give it back) and straightened up. He'd wait...he checked his watch...five more minutes, then he would be gone and he would forget about sodding Anthony Goldstein and he would find some other bloke.

Yep.

Another bloke.

That he wasn't in love with.

That probably couldn't give a decent hand-job.

And didn't have stunning, deep blue-green eyes.

"I'm gonna make myself cry," he muttered miserably, his voice surprisingly loud in the Charms classroom. He snapped his jaw shut almost immediately, irrationally afraid someone would come in and reprimand him for...

...standing around... in a classroom... by himself.

Terry kicked the desk next to him.

It was 8:12 when he considered his book-bag over on the desk near the door.

It was 8:14 when he walked over to his bag and slung it over his shoulder, wrenching the door open angrily only to run promptly into a solid chest (clad in achingly soft material).

"Fucking shit!" he yelled, and a pair of hands seized his mouth and backed him into the room again. Hearing the slam of the door and the accompanying wards go up, Terry blinked and looked up into a pair of stunning, deep blue-green eyes.

"Evening, Terr," the older boy smiled down at him, resting his hands on Terry's shoulders.

"Goldstein," Terry answered coldly, shrugging out of the other's embrace and heading toward the door.

"Hey, wait!" Terry heard, and then he was spun around and pinned against the door. Anthony looked panicked and smirky at the same time, which ~~just~~^{just} *bissed Terry off* all the more. "Why are you leaving? I just got here," he murmured.

"Yeah? Well, I was here bloody fifteen minutes ago at your request. So, I think I'll be going. I have studying to do." Terry tried to push him away, but the Head Boy was known for being ridiculously strong as well as stubborn.

Anthony squeezed Terry's shoulders and stepped into his personal space, his features slipping into a much more appropriately worried frown. "I'm so sorry, Terr. Professor McGonagall held me up. I would've been on time, I swear."

Relief flooded through Terry, making his shoulders slump a little, but his face remained in pout-mode. He harrumphed as if he barely believed that story.

Anthony lifted his finger and traced Terry's lips, smiling slightly. "Were you afraid I'd stood you up?" he asked.

"No."

"That I was off with another bloke?"

"No."

"I'm sorry, Terr. And you got all gussied up for me," he whispered, tapping Terry's bottom lip with the same, distracting finger. "However can I make it up to you?"

Terry's eyes snapped to his, slipping the other's finger between his lips and laving it lightly, then taking it fully into his mouth and dragging it out again, nipping the tip as he withdrew. Anthony's eyes hardened, and Terry saw beautiful, white teeth come out to bite down on an equally beautiful bottom lip.

Merlin, I could come right now, Terry thought fleetingly.

Anthony stepped ever closer and leaned into Terry, removing his hand and trailing his fingers down an arm to take the younger boy's hands in his. Their lips hovered a breath away, and Terry could hardly breath. "*May* I make it up to you, Terr?" he said huskily.

Terry's eyes fluttered closed in acquiescence and waited for those lovely lips.

Nothing.

His eyes shot open when he felt hands at his belt, and he felt slightly disoriented to see Anthony kneeling in front of him, unbuckling his trousers quickly and shoving them (the ones Anthony'd Transfigured for him) down to his feet.

How the hell did he get down there?

But, most intelligent thought left him when the Head Boy shucked off his brown sweater, lightly muttering something like, "Mustn't ruin the cashmere!"

So now Terry leaned against the door in nothing but his button down and boxer-briefs, and there was Anthony, kneeling before him in nothing but his own, tight denims that hugged his arse so beautifully Terry could have cried. But, not *really*.

"You ready, Terr? You aching for me, already?" Anthony growled, placing his big hands over Terry's hipbones and hooking his fingers over the waistband of the younger boy's pants.

Terry whimpered and frantically unbuttoned his dress-shirt.

"I'll take that as a yes," Anthony murmured, smirking devilishly, and slowly peeled the cotton material down Terry's tense thighs, dropping them to the floor when the boy's stiff prick bobbed up. Anthony hummed appreciatively and slid the tip of his tongue up the underside of Terry's cock, causing his knees to nearly buckle. "You," Anthony breathed, "have a pretty big, lovely cock for a boy your size." With that he grasped the base of said cock with his left hand and slipped the head into his mouth, sucking hard and flicking his tongue over the sensitive underside.

"Ohh, Anthon...fuck! Oh, *god*," Terry yelped, scrambling to put his hands somewhere where they could find purchase, somewhere where he could find a way not to fall down. "Unh!" he whined, looking down as Anthony took more of him in his mouth. He watched, breathing hard as the older boy's eyes flickered closed and his hand came to rest on Terry's hipbone, preventing him from thrusting.

Anthony breathed hard through his nose as he took even more in, sucking him ruthlessly when Terry gasped and cried out once more.

"*Anthony*," Terry breathed heavily, finally fisting his hand, tight, into the boy's wavy, honey-blond hair. He felt as well as heard an answering moan around his cock, sending a jolt up his spine and causing his knees to weaken once more. "Unh!"

He was slammed up against the door with the same strong, left hand and wondered briefly where the other one was. It was then that he realized Anthony was thrusting his hips in time with his mouth, and then it clicked, achingly, fantastically, that the older boy was...ahem...multitasking. Seemingly in answer to Terry's revelation, Anthony moaned loudly again and took him all the way into his mouth, his nose bobbing against Terry's dark thatch of hair. Terry could feel his head bump the back of Anthony's throat and frantically shoved his other hand into the boy's hair to join the other one. He was sure Anthony was his only tie to Earth right now. Terry barely registered the tensing of Anthony's muscled back as the Head Boy came on the floor below and set to his final task with a vengeance.

"Ah! Oh, Christ!" Terry murmured, then screamed when Anthony sucked. Hard. He whimpered and opened his eyes, sparing a glance downward, only to see a pair of piercing, blue-green eyes looking intently up at him, the accompanying mouth tight around the base of his prick. "Oh, god! Anthony?" he whimpered girlishly. "I'm gonna...unh... I think..." he gasped. With that Anthony took his left hand and snaked it around to squeeze his bollocks. "Unh! Anthony, I love you!" he cried and came, it seemed, the hardest he'd ever done before, spewing loads of cum down the other's throat.

He slid dazedly to the floor in a puddle of post-orgasmic bliss and barely felt warm hands redress him and tuck him into the right places. Then, he felt the same beautiful

hands scoop him up and deposit him, straddled, on a lap. His forehead came to rest in the crook of another's neck. Someone's arm came to nestle into the hair on the nape of his neck, and another snaked around his waist. He still breathed hard, and his heart beat a tattoo into his chest.

Oh, merlin, he felt...

Suddenly he snapped back to awareness, feeling wetness on his eyelashes and on his cheeks.

"Shh," said Anthony against his temple. Terry took a ragged breath and placed a tentative kiss against Anthony's warm, golden skin. The older boy hummed quietly and cupped his face in his hands. There was a sort of... panic... in Anthony's eyes as Terry looked up into his face, wide-eyed. Finally, Anthony asked, "Did you mean what you said?"

"What did I say?" Terry asked, feeling a fuzzy, niggling sensation in the back of his brain and then shot out of Anthony's arms, scrambling back until his shoulders hit the door and curling in on himself, stricken.

Anthony, I love you!

"Terr?" Anthony prompted, his voice calm if not a little raspy.

"Oh, god!" Terry wheezed. The heels of his hands came to push against his temples as he stared anywhere but into that face. "Oh, god..." he whispered, and tears spilled down his cheeks again. He closed his eyes tightly against the rejection he would surely feel as soon as Anthony opened his mouth.

But instead all he heard was a soft, "Oh, Terry." A hand cupped his cheek lightly. "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have..." There was a sigh. "I didn't know."

Terry sniffed disgustingly and wiped his nose on his sleeve. "How the hell would you?" he asked. "We'd barely spoken before yesterday." His eyes still stared fixedly at Anthony's knees.

The same hand came out and grasped Terry's chin, pulling his eyes to the other's. The blue-green was surprisingly emotive...Goldstein was known for his ability to keep cool in a situation, as well as his unnerving ability to give nothing away (a trait that caused some to wonder at the Sorting Hat's choice). "I shouldn't have taken advantage of you," he said quietly. "Even if you didn't... feel that way about me."

Terry's eyes watered. *Merlin, what am I? A waterfall?*

"You were just... so cute. And obviously gay. And I was strangely attracted to you," Anthony continued. He tentatively leaned in and placed a kiss to the corner of Terry's mouth. "I'm so sorry," he murmured.

Terry sobbed and dove into Anthony's chest, straddling him again and wrapping his arms possessively around Anthony's neck. "No!" When all Anthony did was give a startled grunt, his hands splayed across the small of his back, Terry elaborated. "You can't be sorry! And you can't just stop and leave me here! Because if you stop... I'll..." He hiccupped. "I can't be... close to you..." Terry trailed off.

Anthony pressed his lips into Terry's temple again. "Who said I'd just off and leave you?" he muttered.

"Wha?" Terry mumbled, finally distancing his face from Anthony's so he could look into his face properly.

Anthony's small smile slid quickly into a smirk. "It seems I have much more to make up to you than a bout of tardiness, Terry. Do you have anything in mind?"

Terry looked into those deep, blue-green eyes. "Can I stay with you, tonight?"

Anthony looked mildly shocked.

"Just sleeping, mind. I'm not really *ready* for that sort of thing..."

Anthony pondered for a moment, then smiled lopsidedly, softly nudging Terry off of his lap and standing up. He Summoned his sweater and put it on hastily, then extended his hand to Terry, lifting him up to stand.

They shared a slow, languorous, mind-blowing kiss in the doorway to the Head Boy's chambers, but it was nothing compared to the bliss of Anthony's bed as the older boy cradled him from behind, the two sliding into peaceful sleep.

Making A Scene

Chapter 3 of 4

Terry has a close-call, but Anthony, Head Boy and knight in shining armour, saves the day.

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"Oi, Boot!"

Before Terry could even react to the catcall, his book bag had split open, spilling its contents across the hallway floor as he scrambled to prevent the rest from tumbling out. Curse Harry Potter and his distractingly perfect arse!

The other fifth years, Gryffindors and Ravenclaws alike, paid him no mind as they filed out of the Charms classroom. Potter and his friends barely glanced over their shoulders as they heard the big crash.

So much for Gryffindor heroism.

Kneeling to pick every fucking thing up from the floor, as obviously no one was going to help him, he avoided the eyes of everyone around him, those dodging his island of stuff as well as the sixth year Gryffindors who gathered around, chuckling and nudging each other as if it was some big accomplishment, picking on a younger kid.

Terry sighed, feeling a little helpless if not bored with their lack of creativity.

Then he saw it.

Dread crashed through him like breaking waves, and he tore across the hallway, crawling on his hands and knees to get to...

"What's this?" A shiny boot pressed down on the small pink phial, nearly stepping on Terry's questing fingers.

Fucking shit.

McLaggen picked up the little tube with two big, gorilla fingers, examining it with a big, gorilla expression on his face. "What is it, Boot? ~~A~~ove potion?"

Someone giggled.

"Nothing." Terry reached out to the sixth year, his face flushing. "Hand it over."

McLaggen cocked an eyebrow. "Can't be nothing. S'all pretty and pearlescent."

Terry was about to comment on McLaggen's surprising range of vocabulary for an ape when another voice rang out.

"It's Witchy Woman Lip-gloss. 'Raspberry Rapture'." It was Katie Bell, who only looked apologetic when she'd seen Terry's face.

"Lip-gloss, Boot?" McLaggen smiled wickedly. "Care to explain?" The Gryffindor didn't relent. "Got a girlfriend, then? I never knew!"

"No," Terry said sullenly, folding his arms.

Biiiiig mistake, Boot.

"Give it here, McLaggen," Terry urged.

The other boy just raised the tube over his head and declared, "Terry Boot's a pouf! Who you kissin', Boot? Scamander? Coles? Or is it your mirror?"

Terry whipped out his wand before anyone had taken a breath.

And two other meaty Gryffindors grabbed him by the arms and shoved him to the floor.

Strong arms caught him, however, and a familiar voice called out calmly over his right ear. "What seems to be the problem?"

The Gryffindors all rolled their eyes resentfully and some started to dissipate into the Charms classroom. McLaggen spoke out, though. "Boot here's been disturbin' the peace."

"S'that so?" Anthony stepped out in front of Terry, extending his hand. "Give that to me, would you?"

McLaggen's hand clenched around the tube of glass.

"Unless you want it for yourself..." the Head Boy added in nonchalance.

The Gryffindor practically threw it at Anthony, grimacing in repulsion.

"Boot, what's your version of events?" Anthony asked, his authoritative voice cracking like a whip over the crowd.

"Hey! I didn't get to..."

"Cormac, you informed me that Boot here was disturbing the peace while your cronies shoved him to the floor. I don't need any other explanations from you. Now..." He turned back to Terry, an expectant expression on his perfect face.

Terry felt more than a little emasculated. He didn't need a knight in shiny armour to come and rescue him on their shiny white steed. Rubbing absently at his left bicep, feeling a bruise starting to form, Terry muttered, "Someone split my bag open. It's nothing. I'm fine."

Anthony folded his arms, anger flitting across his face. He shook his head and pocketed the lip-gloss.

"Pocketing it for your boyfriend, eh, Goldstein?"

Anthony whirled around and stormed over to McLaggen staring down into his suddenly repentant face. "Get to class, McLaggen, and stop picking on people smaller than you. It doesn't make you look stronger; it makes you look like a fucking arsehole."

Terry buried his head in his hands, hearing the rueful, "Sure, mate," from McLaggen and the funny *Zoop!* of Anthony's silent Reparo. Peeking through his fingers, he saw Anthony slip the lip-gloss into the front pocket of Terry's (now pristine) book bag where he kept all his quills.

"How is it that I'm always having to rescue you from sticky situations?" The tone of Anthony's voice was put-upon, but Terry saw as soon as he'd lowered his hands that those deep blue-green eyes crinkled at the corners, giving him a funny warm feeling somewhere near his sternum. "Got a free period?"

"Yeah," Terry sighed. " Was gonna head to the library."

"Care for an angry snog in my quarters, instead?"

Terry's eyes snapped to Anthony's, mind screaming *YES, YES, YES*, but really, that would sound a bit undignified. Although, given their past experiences, one couldn't get much more undignified than Terry post-orgasm.

Terry looked up at his... er, whatever he was, watching the older boy peer around the hallway for stragglers.

Merlin, he's gorgeous.

"Well, what d'you say?"

"Yes, please," Terry managed, grinning widely.

They walked down the corridor to the Great Hall, turning right towards the stairs and walking past, taking one of the secret shortcuts to the Head's wing where the Head Boy and Girl's quarters were located, alongside the corridor to the library and the stairs to the kitchens.

Anthony passed his hand across the plaque next to a portrait (of a young man transforming into a Thoroughbred), murmuring "Raspberry," at which the man turned to them, winked, and traced an archway with his wand. That same archway became bigger and bigger until it swallowed the entire canvas of the portrait. And, in the blink of an eye, they were staring into an empty, gilded frame, beyond which was a bright hallway lined with tapestries. Terry'd gaped unattractively the first time he'd seen it. But of course, this was the seventeenth time, so it had become almost mundane. Not that he was counting.

"Wouldn't Bones mind me coming in here?" Terry asked quietly as they passed through the hallway.

"Susan knows I'm gay. And as long as I don't go tattling about her conquests, she'll keep mum."

"Who's she with now?" Terry rattled out before he could stop himself.

"Nosey Parker," Anthony chuckled, nudging him with an elbow and guiding him into the common room.

They sat on the couch...well, Terry sat beside Anthony until the other boy pulled him onto his lap...and Anthony ran his fingers through Terry's hair, just looking at him.

"Sometimes, I wish I could just tell people I'm a poufy, cock-loving gay and to bugger off," Anthony muttered, staring into Terry's eyes.

"What a stellar choice of words, Mister Goldstein," Terry laughed. "That would go over very well."

He hummed. "I'm sorry McLaggen's such an arse. He's trying to make up for other things, if that makes you feel any better."

Terry rolled his eyes, not bothering to ask how Anthony knew such facts. Anthony knew just about all the gossip in the school and rarely divulged his information, so... "It's nothing new, Anthony. He's just got more ammunition now than when I was just some puny Ravenclaw."

"Yes, and now you're a puny, lip-gloss wearing Ravenclaw." Anthony smirked, placing a kiss to the corner of Terry's mouth. Terry's eyes fluttered closed. "My puny, lip-gloss wearing Ravenclaw," he murmured against the other's lips.

Terry's huff of breath tickled Anthony's nose causing it to scrunch up. "What a scandal that would be...for them to find out."

Anthony kissed him again, this time tracing Terry's bottom lip with the tip of his tongue. "Sometimes, I wish..."

Terry cut him off, grabbing his face between his hands and diving in. Anthony was relatively pliant under Terry's ministrations, following him wherever he chose. To Terry's utter delight Anthony let out a lovely moan when Terry trailed his mouth over his jaw and under his ear, nipping lightly. "How much time do we have?" Terry asked, feeling the hands that were slowly inching down his back still and the right one lift away.

"We've got an hour," Anthony said.

"D'you think that's enough time?" Terry sniggered.

"Mmm... There's always enough time." And Anthony placed his hands on the small of Terry's back again and slid them down, past the dip in his spine and into his trousers.

"Anthony."

The Head Boy just hummed again, pressing Terry down on his body and rolling his hips once.

Terry bit down on the sensitive flesh below the other's ear, meeting his thrusts eagerly.

"Terr, you'll be the death of me," Anthony growled, reaching between them, unbuttoning his trousers and pushing his pants down, exposing his already stiff prick. He immediately went to work on Terry's trousers, causing the younger boy to abandon his attentions on the other's neck and straighten up, looking down between them.

Their cocks had never been this close before. It was interesting, actually, because Terry's prick was a bit bigger, thicker around and probably an inch longer. But that didn't mean that Anthony's was small by any means. Terry knew it wasn't small.

He'd had the thing in his mouth, for Circe's sake.

It was probably good that it was smaller than Terry's, though, because he didn't think he could handle much more going up his arse.

Not that that had happened yet.

And not that he didn't want it to.

In fact, he really wanted to, now that he was seeing them both together.

Anthony surprised him by taking him in hand and pumping, gently but firmly, startling a strangled moan from Terry's lips. "Mustn't dawdle," Anthony murmured, reaching with his other hand and snatching up Terry's short brown hair. He shoved them into a rough kiss, and Terry began helplessly thrusting into Anthony's hand, fumbling to find the other's prick between them and humming happily when he did.

He gripped. Hard.

And Anthony groaned beautifully, plunging his tongue between Terry's lips and tracing the roof of his mouth, giving Terry goose bumps.

It became a race, somehow, each trying to push the other over the edge first. Terry always liked this game because the adrenaline flowed so much faster, and Anthony gave these desperate moans throughout that made Terry want to melt into him and stay stuck there, never leaving the comfort of Anthony's warm, sun-kissed skin.

"Oh, God, Terr!" Anthony whimpered, speeding up his movements, his legs lifting Terry off the couch with his strength, and sought out his neck, biting down.

Terry held back just one more moment, giving Anthony's cock one final tug, and the older boy came, hard, against their stomachs.

"Shit," Anthony groaned and squeezed Terry's, pushing him over the edge mere seconds afterward.

"Unh, *Anthony*..."

They slumped, sated, in the dip of the sofa, feeling sticky and blissful and Terry sensed those words on his tongue. The same damning words that always escaped him in post-orgasmic bliss.

"I love you."

Anthony sighed, grabbing his wand and cleaning them up.

"Sorry," Terry huffed into the other's neck, squeezing his eyes shut against what was sure to be a grimace on that perfect face.

"S'okay, Terr."

Terry felt fingers flitting against his neck and then a faint ticking sound as Anthony brought his watch up to his face, peaking at the time. The fingers at the nape of his neck carded through the soft hair, making Terry want to purr. "I'm going to fall asleep, if you keep doing that," he murmured, taking the other's soft prick and tucking him in, then doing the same on himself. "Cooling Charm?"

Anthony obliged, and Terry snuggled closer. "That was only fifteen minutes. Can you afford to miss lunch? We'd have an hour-and-a-half to nap, then," Anthony suggested,

a surprisingly hopeful tone in his voice.

"Mmm, yes." Terry smiled kissing him on the cheek. "Got any snacks in your room?"

"We'll get them later," Anthony murmured and shifted quickly so he lay down on the couch, Terry still atop him. Then he switched quickly to his side, back to the back of the couch and Terry stretched out in front of him, one leg slung over his hip.

Terry looked up into those blue-green eyes, seeing a wistfulness he'd never noticed before. It was saddening.

"What's wrong?" he muttered.

"Nothing," Anthony sighed, correcting his expression into a sleepy smile. "C'mere and get some rest, will you?" He lifted his arm, inviting Terry in for a good, long snuggle, and snuck his hands under Terry's dress shirt, warming his skin.

Terry eventually fell into a light slumber, the steady beat of Anthony's heart keeping him tied to earth so he couldn't fly too far away with his happiness.

A/N: *Comments are love!*

Making Up For It

Chapter 4 of 4

Things have finally gotten serious in Anthony and Terry's relationship, although not exactly for the better. While Terry struggles with his very real feelings for Anthony, Anthony struggles with being true to himself, for Terry's sake. Sometimes, though, things don't go as well as we hope. M for mentions of canoodling in the shower, teenaged canoodling (in general), and hate crimes.

Disclaimer: Well, Anthony and Terry are practically mine, but the Potterverse still belongs to JKR. *lesigh*

Author's Note: There isn't much happy boy!sex this time 'round. I needed to get plotty. It's a vice.

~For Michael~

Terry tried not to think about the approach of the end of school. It meant a great many things, among them a long, boring, boring, boring summer without magic as well as Anthony's graduation.

It blew. And not in a good way.

They didn't talk about it much...Anthony didn't like to talk about himself, which included his feelings about Terry, so they never discussed it. Terry, being the silly, almost Gryffindorky half of the equation that was their relationship, never failed to tell Anthony how he felt, even though he tried (often in vain) to keep his emotions under check when they weren't in the privacy of Anthony's quarters.

The approach of spring break was just another reminder that Terry's time with Anthony was coming to a close. They would have only a month after break to be together, and then Anthony would be apprenticing as an Arithmancer for Gringotts the next year. Anthony liked to talk about Arithmancy a lot, which was incredibly snore-worthy in Terry's opinion, but he liked seeing that look in Anthony's eyes instead of the wistful one he often saw these days. Terry didn't want to push him. Even though he kind of did.

He just had a terrible feeling that Anthony'd forget about him...not forget him, but... but would find someone better when he left. It was stupid and irrational, but Terry, like many a fool in love, was still terrified.

"What are you frowning about?" Anthony asked from Terry's left, reaching out a hand and ruffling Terry's hair as they leaned over Terry's Herbology text.

Terry smiled sheepishly. "You know I hate studying."

"Which is why you're going to sit there and study terms for your exam like I told you, right?"

"Oh, stuff it, Anthony. You sound like my mum."

The older boy looked temporarily horrified and buried his nose in his Potions notes.

"Not so keen on bossing me around now, are you?" Terry sniggered.

"Git," Anthony muttered, but a grin spread across his face. "I could always threaten to take away your blow-job privileges if you don't ace the exam. Does that sound like your mum?"

Terry gasped, quickly whapping Anthony over the head with *Magical Herbs and Fungi, Fifth Form* Anthony barked out a laugh, causing a group of third-year Hufflepuffs to jump in their seats a few tables away. "I'll take away *your* blow-job privileges if you put my mum and sexual innuendo in another sentence!" he hissed. Really, he would. Mums and blowjobs in one sentence. Vomit.

Anthony rolled his eyes, leaning toward Terry until his breath ruffled the short hairs around Terry's ear. "You like sucking me off too much *træally* mean that," he whispered.

Terry blushed, rubbing his ear on his shoulder. However, Anthony just dived in again and pressed his lips to Terry's ear, smiling when Terry sucked in a breath. "I'm studying, Anthony." *But, oh, don't stop*, his mind shouted.

The Head Boy chuckled, pressing another kiss where jaw and neck meet. Terry shivered all over, turning his face toward the caress of his boyfriend's lips. Anthony nipped at his earlobe.

"People could see!" Terry breathed, regretting it immediately.

Anthony moved away quickly and picked up his quill, dipping it into their shared inkpot and focusing on his notes again.

Terry felt bereft.

--

It was a week until break, and Terry strode up the corridor after Potions, humming a Muggle song as he remembered his and Anthony's last venture into the wonders of boy-on-boy action. Anthony had beckoned him into the shower two days ago, after a particularly warm day of classes. Terry had seen his boyfriend entirely naked for the first time...Anthony's face shining as he'd pulled Terry under the hot spray. He'd almost died of happiness, seriously.

They'd stripped clumsily, laughing, tripping over their school robes in their hurry. But Anthony seemed to be content just to kiss under the shower of the hot water, slipping his hands around Terry's waist to splay against his bum, squeezing affectionately every now and then as Terry nipped at his lips. They'd taken turns washing each other's hair, and back, and chest, and bum, and everything in between, before giving in to the need of their hungry pricks.

Terry's eyes glazed over while he trudged up the staircases to the Entrance Hall and beyond into the bright, breezy outdoors where he planned to meet Anthony for more studying near the lake.

Anthony had pushed him up against the tiled wall of the Head Boy's shower, plundering his mouth with fervour as Terry thrust against him, whimpering. Terry had come first, loud and wanton, before becoming limp and wobbly in his post-orgasmic haze. He'd moaned the same thing he could never keep himself from saying during these moments of high emotion, and hoped that when Anthony's orgasm ripped out of him seconds later, splattering Terry's stomach with pearly white fluid, that maybe those three words had more of an effect on Anthony than the boy was willing to admit.

"Hey there, daydreamer," Anthony's voice broke through his thoughts.

Terry grinned up at him. "Lo, yourself."

"How're you?" he asked as they strolled over the green grass toward their favourite study spot.

"Professor Snape didn't sneer at me today," Terry joked.

"You must be on the right track then."

"I'm sure of it. What about you? How was your day?" It was then that Terry saw the strain in his boyfriend's smile.

"I'll be fine," he said, frowning out at the dark blue lake as they neared their study spot. "Just a couple absolute pricks giving me shite about stuff and things."

"Stuff *and* things? That's the worst. I hate when pricks give me shite about stuff and things," Terry said, nudging Anthony with his elbow. Anthony grimaced. "Don't let 'em get to you, Anthony. They're probably just jealous, or something."

Anthony looked on the cusp of jumping at him, wrapping him up in an embrace and kissing him. His hands were twitching at his sides, when a gaggle of girls walked past, calling out to the Head Boy, who snapped out of it and waved charmingly in their direction.

Terry rolled his eyes, irrationally despising those giggly fools for ruining that tiny possibility of a public display.

"Or something," Anthony muttered, after a moment.

Terry sighed. "What's wrong, Anthony?"

"Nothing, mate. I told you, these blokes just threatened me, is all. No one likes a threat, even if it's an empty one."

"They threatened you? Who?"

Anthony snorted, glanced over at Terry through his fringe of honey-blond hair. "What? You gonna go beat them up for me? No offense, Terry, but you're no boxer."

Terry didn't know what a boxer was, but he got the hint. "So you're allowed to play 'White-Knight' for me, but I can't feel protective of you?"

Anthony reached out for Terry's arm, but Terry shrugged out of his grip, shoving his hands in his pockets. "Terr'..."

This was so ridiculously one-sided. Anthony got to be protective, but Terry was the only one who ever expressing his feelings, and Anthony was of course the only one who initiated contact because of that. God forbid Terry forget himself in public, or even *look* at his 'tutor' in a way that was less-than-professional. After a moment, the other boy relaxed, probably thinking Terry had let it go, which only fuelled the fire that was burning like acid in his stomach.

"You know what? I'm gonna go," he said.

"What? Why?" Anthony asked, face whipping around so fast that his neck cracked.

"I can't be around you right now. I..."

Anthony reached toward him, tentatively. "Terr', please, what's got into you?"

"I'm sick of your crap. I need to cool off. See you later."

Terry had gone twenty steps before Anthony said a word. "Terry," he called out, a desperate tinge in his voice, "We've got to study."

Terry nearly screeched. What was it with Anthony and *studying*? They couldn't just talk, like normal people, like friends? Or was that not allowed, either? "I DON'T FUCKING WANT TO STUDY, YOU BERK!"

Terry stormed off, leaving Anthony to shuffle his feet in the grass, trying not to feel all the eyes on his back.

--

Terry didn't see him again until the following Saturday when the Hogwarts Express left for London. Terry was moping around, strolling down the corridor while everyone else hung out with friends in the compartments. He'd just made it to the loo when the wooden door slid open and a taller boy nearly knocked him over.

"Oh, sorry, mate!" the friendly voice said, and Terry knew without even looking who it was.

He shrugged. "It's not a problem, Anthony."

The seventh year looked down at Terry, eyes finally focusing, and a hint of a frown flitted across his face before his lips broke into a smile. "It's you." He looked down the hall before continuing. "Where've you been all my life?"

Terry resisted the urge to roll his eyes. "Cooling off," he finally said.

"Didn't realize you had such a temper," Anthony joked, smirking gently.

"Yeah, well I'd had enough of you for the time being."

Anthony furrowed his brow. "Listen, Terr'... I'm sorry for whatever I did that's got you in such a twist. I didn't mean anything by it."

"It's fine," Terry said, looking away.

"Hey," Anthony murmured, lifting a hand to cup Terry's arm. "Please tell me."

"I can't."

Anthony sighed exasperatedly. "Are you one of *those* blokes?"

Terry gritted his teeth before saying levelly, "Wouldn't want anyone in the hallway hearing, would we? They might see that you're a huge poof..."

Anthony dragged him into the loo and slammed the door, locking it and putting up privacy charms before sighing. "All right, I get it."

"It's not me who's *one of those blokes*, Anthony," Terry gritted out. "I don't give a shit anymore. I want to be able to..." His voice cracked. "See, this is why I can't talk to you right now! I'll start weeping like a fucking girl." His eyes burned from trying to keep the tears at bay.

Anthony's gulp was audible as he took Terry's hand. "You know why we can't just flaunt this..." He gestured between them. "...thing between us."

"I don't want to flaunt it! I just don't want to have to hide! Pretend to be someone I'm not...pretend I'm alone."

Anthony looked down at his shoes. "I understand. I do."

"I don't have any close friends, Anthony. It's only you."

Anthony dragged him into a clumsy hug, wrapping his arms tightly around Terry's small shoulders and nuzzling his soft hair. Terry let out a shaky breath, allowing the tears to escape for the last time, letting them sink into Anthony's brown pullover. There were few tears, this time, even though the pain was the same. He slipped his arms around Anthony's waist and squeezed for a moment, before letting go and backing away.

"I'll see you after break, yeah?"

Anthony looked a little stunned. "Yeah, definitely."

Terry nodded and left.

--

My Puny, Lip-Gloss Wearing Ravenclaw,

Hope you're having much more fun than I am in London! Days at the Goldstein house are cool at best (we have air-conditioning...that's the Muggle equivalent of a domestic Cooling Charm that runs on electricity) and absolutely dull at worst. I'm taking care of 'The Terrible Twins', my four-year old cousins, while Aunt Rachael comes to stay. Other than that it's rather uneventful. Although Dad's got me working on his car when the women are out. Wish I could have you around whenever I can get away from the family. We'd have lots of fun in London.

That reminds me! My friends from home are taking me out to a club this weekend. I'll tell you all about it when I next write.

.

Anthony

Terry stared for a long time at his letter three days into his holiday, wishing Anthony'd told him what was actually happening, instead of all this tripe about cousins and friends from home. Terry was having a hell of time getting used to sleeping in his old bed in Bath where his mum lived and worked as an Obliviator. He wondered how different it was to have to hide one's magic, to pretend he was something he wasn't...and then Terry realized, suddenly, that Anthony should be used to that by now. Keeping their relationship in the dark because he was so worried about his *image*. A guy can't be perfect if he's a gay, right?

Terry hugged his shoulders, feeling ashamed for a moment...because surely Anthony had his reasons. He'd said he'd understood on the train. He looked back at the blot of ink above Anthony's initials, hoping for a moment that the older boy had wanted to write something else. Maybe a 'Miss you,' or even a 'Yours.'

The pain in his chest didn't stop him from writing back, though:

Anthony,

Thanks for writing! Sorry you have to play nanny for the rest of your hols...never get a break, do you?

Bath has been nice and quiet for the past few days, but it's strange without your constant nagging to study. When I said you were like my mum, I didn't realize you were worse! I'm joking of course. I'm such a good boy; there's no nagging necessary. I just hang around my room wanking to thoughts of you reading. Yesterday it was so sunny and warm, though, that mum and I ventured over to the Muggle pool! It's a pity they don't have a better way of avoiding cancer from those VU rays you told me about. Mum makes the best sun-potion.

Please tell me about your night out. What kind of club is it? Is it a gay club? Can you dance well? Maybe you can take me this summer or something. I'd really like that...I'll be sixteen then, so I'll have none of that 'You're too young' shite. I hope you have fun.

I miss you. More than you'd like to know, I'm sure. Maybe you could visit this week or next before we go back to Hogwarts? We wouldn't have to hide...my mum works most days.

My house (not this Owlbox) is on the corner Vinewood Bend and Wulfric Street, but if you go to the Bath Apparition Point, you can use the Point Me spell to find our house. Think the word 'Gleason' (my mum's maiden name) and you'll be able to see under our Fidelius. Anyway... just think about it.

Love,

Terry

--

Terry lounged in bed that Saturday night, thinking about...who else?...Anthony. He'd gone up to his room while his mum listened to her weekly Wizarding radio show. His mother hadn't asked questions any further than 'Do you need a potion for your headache?', probably sensing that her son just wanted to be alone. She always knew the right thing to do, and he loved her even more for that.

So a spring rain splished against the windowpane above his bookshelf that sported many pictures of him and his mother doing various things that families do...even without the presence of a father. He was particularly fond of the picture of him and his mum on a Cleansweep in the nearest Wizarding park. She'd been Ravenclaw Quidditch captain in her time, but apparently those genes hadn't been passed down to Terry, who proceeded to fall on his arse in the next four seconds of the loop, laughing and blushing and sporting a bruised tailbone.

To the best of Terry's knowledge, Anthony had never been very good with Quidditch, either. But he was good at everything else. Including faking his life away.

Terry sat up and rubbed his face roughly with his hands. He needed to stop thinking about this. Anthony was trying to protect his name, of course. But Terry just couldn't get past Anthony's reluctance to be with him in a true relationship in order to protect that cherished reputation.

--

Terry jumped from his bed to the spare twin in his room for at least half-an-hour before an urgent racket came from downstairs, scaring the pants off Terry for a moment. His mum's radio show continued to echo fuzzily through the house as if the quietude hadn't been completely shattered. A spark of worry lanced through Terry, and he took the stairs two at a time with his wand stretched out in front of him, only slowing once he'd seen that his mother was safe and curled up on the sofa in her study where he'd left her. Except now her hair was a bit mussed, and she was snoring lightly.

Terry stood still in the hallway, waiting for another sound. It didn't take long, for there was another loud banging, coming from the front door. Terry rushed forward, leaning on the door to peer through the peephole into the rainy night. Someone's silhouette...a young man's...was backlit by the lamp on the street corner, shivering. It took only a moment to figure out to whom the silhouette belonged.

In less than a second Terry was flicking on the hall lamp and swinging the door open with such force that he caught his foot on the door. Swearing at his throbbing toes, he opened the door fully to let the light from his entryway fall onto Anthony's soaked form.

"Terr'."

Terry just looked at him. Anthony was shivering all right, shoulders hunched as his hands cradled his elbows. He sported a nasty shiner and his shirt was mussed and his denims were ripped at the knees. He had a split lip, and when he walked forward to take Terry in his arms, his left leg protested with a noticeable limp. Terry grabbed him up in a tight embrace while trying to close the door on the rain.

"Terr'," Anthony murmured, again.

"Mum!" Terry yelled, and slammed the door closed, reaching under Anthony's shoulders to help him walk into the living room. He took Anthony's hand as he lowered him onto the couch, feeling the scrapes against his palms. Anthony hissed loudly as Terry passed a thumb over the scratches, and Terry called for his mother again with a renewed urgency. He heard a stirring in the study just as Anthony hushed him, asking for him not to make a big deal out of things. "You're hurt," Terry choked out before rushing to the kitchen cupboard where they kept the first aid.

"What's wrong, love?" Terry's mum asked groggily, interrupting Terry's inner monologue of *oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no* leaning on the doorjamb to the kitchen as Terry rummaged through the cupboard.

"It's... it's my friend, Anthony. He's in the living room. He's hurt." Her eyes widened and she slipped her wand from her sleeve, concern replacing the tiredness Terry had just seen in her face.

"I'll go see to him, then. Bring the first aid. Good boy." Terry followed his mum into the living room, wishing she'd walk faster so he could stop Anthony from hurting. Anthony was curled up against the arm of the couch where Terry had left him, but straightened up with a wince as soon as he'd seen Terry's mum, trying to stand. "Don't get up, love. There's no need," Terry's mother murmured, and sat on the couch next to Anthony. Terry stood, shifting from foot to foot restlessly. "Let's get you cleaned up and healed before you tell us what happened, how about it?"

Anthony just smiled weakly, muttering, "Thank you, Ms. Boot."

Terry watched, feeling unhelpful as his mum took Anthony's jaw in her hand and healed up his bruise as best she could, noticing the twinge Anthony gave when she pressed her fingers to his chin. Terry knelt on the floor at Anthony's feet, unlocking the first aid kit and retrieving the bruise paste for his boyfriend's eye. He used the best cut-cleansing spell he knew on Anthony's palms before applying a droplet of Dittany to each hand, squeezing Anthony's wrists as the green smoke sealed the broken skin. Anthony took one of Terry's hands with his as his mum asked where else he was hurt.

"My knee," Anthony said more clearly this time, now without an injured jaw. "And my ribs. It's hard to breathe."

His mum uttered an oath before asking, "How many were there?"

Anthony was quiet for a moment. "Four."

"Terry, get your father's old sleeping robes out of the second drawer in my wardrobe. Poor Anthony will never fit in your clothes and he's soaked to the skin in his Muggle attire." She turned again to Anthony and said calmly, "I'll need to see your ribs to heal them, is that alright?" Terry stood while Anthony struggled to get out of his black tee. When he was back with his father's old pyjamas, Anthony was sitting ramrod straight with his t-shirt around his neck, eyes squeezed shut as Terry's mum murmured in Greek. There was a crack, which caused tears to leak from Anthony's closed lids, and then his face relaxed. He took a deep breath and opened them, immediately focussing on Terry. He smiled wanly.

"That's as good as it'll get, love. You might be a little sore for a day or two," she said, patting his shoulder, and then she looked up at Terry.

"Here," said Terry, handing Anthony the pyjama top. Anthony slipped the tee over his head and tossed it to Terry.

"Now, your knee, love," Terry's mother said gently. "Which leg?"

"This one," Anthony said, gesturing at the bloodier knee. "Shall I take off my jeans? That'll make it easier, right?"

"It would," his mum said.

Terry blushed, but helped his boyfriend while he stood and unbuttoned his denims. He slipped them down carefully, inhaling sharply as the bloodied fabric that had dried against his skin ripped away again. Anthony swore, but apologized immediately afterward.

Terry's mother chuckled lightly. "No need to worry, love. I have to say this situation calls for a good amount of profanity."

Terry snickered as Anthony smiled sheepishly. However, his mum made quick work of the nasty bruises on Anthony's knee and ordered Terry to give him the pyjama bottoms before Anthony fainted from embarrassment.

"Thank you," Anthony said, over and over as Terry's mother stood and patted him on the head.

"I'll make some tea," she said kindly, and left for the kitchen.

Terry slumped onto the couch next to Anthony, abandoning all pretence and wrapping his arms around his boyfriend as he tried awkwardly to shimmy into the loose flannel pyjamas. "What happened?" he whispered.

"My... friends. I came out to them. I hoped they'd understand. Or at least...I don't know what I was thinking, honestly."

"Oh, Anthony."

"We were at that club, and they asked how crazy boarding school was. Who I was into... Who I was shagging... I told them I was seeing someone, and they asked all about you. I told them you were amazing. Sweet and fucking sexy when you wanted to be." Terry flushed red to the tips of his toes, or so it seemed. "But they got caught up on your name. There aren't many girls called Terry. And I told them you weren't one of those girls, anyway."

Terry untangled himself from Anthony and rested his elbows on his knees, sighing heavily. "God, Anthony, when I said I didn't want to hide anymore, I didn't mean I wanted you to endanger yourself."

"I wanted to tell them, Terry. I've known them since I was, like... dunno, six or something? I didn't know what to expect. I haven't seen them enough in the past couple of years to know how they feel about..."

His mother stepped into the room just then, cutting their conversation short. Placing the tea tray on the coffee table in front of them, she poured three cups of tea.

"Thanks, Mum," Terry said.

"I'm sorry, Anthony, but I didn't know how you take it."

"I take mine with a splash of milk and two sugars, thank you, ma'am," Anthony said, reaching for a cup. Terry scoffed.

"With a splash of milk, you say," Terry muttered, nudging Anthony with his elbow.

"And how d'you take yours, you great prat?" Anthony asked, dropping two sugar cubes into his cup.

"Black, thanks." Terry watched Anthony drink his tea down quicker than lightning, his hair still wet from the rain.

"Oh, dear. I'd forgotten you're still all soggy." Terry's mother charmed Anthony's hair dry, returning it to the nice gold waves that were so enchanting to Terry. She Summoned a blanket from the hall closet and quickly wrapped it around Anthony, who smiled at her in thanks.

--

They never did talk about Anthony's turning up on their doorstep. Terry could tell that his mum itched to know, but didn't dare press. Terry looked at Anthony, seeing the haunted look in his eyes as he poured himself another cup and sipped, staring off into space. He just wanted to take him up to his room and cuddle, as pathetic as it sounded in his head.

"I don't want to pry, Anthony, but do your parents know where you are?"

"They think I'm at my friend's for the weekend...although, a different friend's. Circumstances have changed, obviously," he said quietly. "My parents have not met Terry yet, but I'll write them tomorrow. I'm sure they'll be fine with it." He smiled at Terry.

"Well, that's good, then," she said, although Terry was sure she understood more than what Anthony had admitted to. "You are free to stay with us, tonight, Anthony, if here is where you feel safest at the moment. I'll have to put bedding on Terry's spare bed," she said to herself, standing. "But don't feel like you are imposing."

--

Anthony thanked Terry's mother profusely before she wished them a pleasant rest and shut the door to his room. Immediately, Anthony approached him and hugged him tight, nuzzling into the crook of Terry's neck.

"Terry," he said, voice gravelly. Anthony took a big gasping breath, and before Terry had fully realized, was crying into his shoulder, shaking uncontrollably. Terry stood on his tiptoes and hugged Anthony back, wishing things hadn't happened this way. He could feel Anthony's tears wetting his t-shirt, and as he wove his fingers in Anthony's hair, Terry's heart broke.

"C'mon, let's get you in bed," Terry whispered. He slipped his hand into Anthony's and pulled him toward Terry's bed.

"This is your bed," Anthony said, dumbly, wiping at his nose with his sleeve.

"Yep, and yours, too. For the night," Terry answered.

"But, your mother..."

"She'll not wake us. She leaves before six each morning."

"But, I don't want to screw anything else up..."

Terry had to dig his fingernails into his thighs to keep from leaping on his boyfriend...no need to break his ribs again. When he seemed to have control of himself, he said, "You don't have to be alone, Anthony." Anthony sat heavily on Terry's bed, and Terry quickly sat next to him. "What happened to you?" Terry asked. Anthony turned to Terry and just looked at him, raised a hand to card his fingers through Terry's hair, then dropped his hand to his lap.

"It seemed like they didn't care, at first. There was just a bit more alcohol passed around after that, and soon enough everyone was shitfaced. I admit I had too much as well. But I have a wand, so there's less to worry about... But..."

Terry nodded.

"But when we left, Eric decided to clarify whether or not I was taking the piss out of him. 'So, you're a fag,' he said. I shoved him. And then they shoved me into an alley and took turns beating me to a pulp."

Terry's chest clenched. He took Anthony's hand again.

"By pure luck I managed to Apparate here," Anthony laughed. "Perhaps I splinched a toenail or something. I couldn't go home like this, though. And anyway, all I wanted was to see you."

"I'm glad you're here," Terry said, leaning in to kiss Anthony on the cheek. He lingered at Anthony's jaw, feeling the scratchy stubble against his lips.

"I love you."

Terry sucked in a breath, biting his lip. "Really?"

Anthony huffed out a breath, smiling. "I love you," he said, turning to Terry.

"I love..." Terry started, but Anthony captured his lips before he could finish.

"Stop that," Anthony breathed against Terry's lips. "I have to catch up first, alright?"

"I'm afraid you'll be behind forever, counting how many times you've brought me off, you tosser." Terry smiled, kissing Anthony again.

"I love you so much. God, and I love *saying* that."

"I know, right?" Terry said through a smile.

"I am. Tuckered. Out." Anthony flopped back onto the pillows, wincing a bit as his back connected with the springy bed.

"I bet," Terry murmured, slid down next to Anthony, and pulled the covers over them. Anthony snuggled in toward him, and Terry welcomed the warmth, snickering as Anthony wiggled a thigh between his. They both sighed, contentedly.

They were silent for several moments before Anthony said, "I'm so sorry I never told you before. I know I've thought it, billions of times."

Terry looked at Anthony, studied his face...his blue-green eyes, his full lips, his straight nose, his furrowed brow. Terry smoothed the frown away with a thumb. "I forgive you," he said. They kissed again, and as Anthony drifted into a deep sleep, Terry whispered, "*Nox*."