

though it was a secret from his family and almost everyone in his life, it was more than he'd ever hoped for.

Oliver's hand trailed down to his backside, still a little sticky with lube, both of them too sated and lazy to do a Cleaning charm. "Good morning, gorgeous," he drawled, that thick Scottish burr rumbling in his chest. "It's going to be a good day."

"Is it, now?" Cassius asked, rolling over to look up at his partner, raising one dark eyebrow. "What makes you say that?"

"Well it started fabulously," Oliver reasoned in a husky whisper, sea-green eyes darkening. "And I'm in the mood to cook a proper breakfast. Then I thought we could go back to bed."

"Hmm, interesting suggestion," Cassius murmured, tingles running down his spine as Oliver leaned over him, those broad shoulders blocking out the light from the window above them. "I could be persuaded, I suppose." He arched up, biting lightly at one of Ollie's nipples in a way that made the older man gasp; a sound that quickly turned into a moan as Cassius' tongue soothed the sensitive flesh.

"Mm, Cass," Ollie groaned. "Food first. Then more sex."

Cassius gave an exaggerated huff, but lay back against the pillows, letting Oliver sit up properly. "By all means, go start cooking," he insisted lazily. He drew one leg up, setting his foot flat on the mattress, giving Oliver a perfect view as he reached down to stroke his own cock. "I'll be here. Entertaining myself."

"Fucking insatiable," Oliver growled, eyes lighting up as he crowded Cassius against the bed, pinning him down. Cassius smirked in triumph, leaning up to nip his lover's pouting lip.

And then a hand pounded on the door, and both of them froze.

Cassius' arousal died quickly, replaced by overwhelming fear — who the fuck would be knocking for them so early in the morning?

Knocking for *him*, rather. Only a handful of people even knew Oliver lived there.

"*Fuck*," he whispered vehemently, scrambling to his feet, almost knocking Ollie off the bed in the process. "Hide!"

As he summoned some clothes, he looked around the flat, frantically trying to figure out if there was anything that might give them away. Some quidditch pads in the corner — Cassius could claim those were his, his uncle wouldn't know the difference — a book on the coffee table about Puddlemere, a pair of jeans that were definitely too big to be Cassius' on the floor. He kicked them hastily under the bed, pulling on a t-shirt and some trousers, and when he turned around Oliver was under a Disillusionment charm, nowhere to be seen. Cassius hoped he'd moved somewhere out of the way — it was a studio flat, there weren't many places to hide if spells started flinging.

The knock on the door sounded again, and Cassius hurried to answer it.