### Boys Behaving Badly

by sifshadowheart

**Summary**

After a kidnapping attempt, Harry Potter-Black finds himself transplanted from his boarding school in Scotland to one renowned for its security...in Ohio of all godforsaken places.
One

Boys Behaving Badly

A Harry Potter/Glee Crossover

By Sif Shadowheart

Author’s Note: This is a non-magical a/u, the first I’ve ever done so I’m not quite sure how it’s going to turn out. I also used to be a Gleek once upon a time, mainly to drool over some of the actors *cough*Mark*Matthew*cough* *cough*Grant*Nolan*Darren*cough* and I am unashamed of my love of the three good Glee/HP Slash crossovers that aren’t Kurt-centric of decent size. That said, since there are only three of these that I enjoy, I decided to make my first nomaj HP AU a slash Glee crossover.

Also if you want to see the layout of the building I describe or Harry’s room inspiration, I have that up on my FB.

Warning! Slash!

Disclaimer: Glee and Harry Potter are the property of their respective owners, etc.

On with the show!

One: Really, Dad, Really?

23 August 2010, Dalton Academy, Westerville, Ohio

“You weren’t able to talk him out of, this?” Harry waved erratically at the massive Greek Revival mansion that was fresh off of construction on the Dalton Academy campus.

Him, naturally, being Harry’s godfather-turned-adoptive-Dad one Lord Sirius Orion Black the Third.

You, also naturally, being Harry’s other godfather-turned-adoptive-Papa one Consort Remus John Lupin-Black.

And lastly, this, being the Greek Revival monstrosity that the former had built in – Harry was pretty certain – part bribe and part not being able to control himself when it came to Harry as well as throwing money around to be Harry’s “dorm” while he attended Dalton Academy after the…unpleasantness at his former boarding school in Scotland.

Unpleasantness being what Harry called it.

Kidnapping of a double-heir was what the press called it.

Reason for murder and mayhem was what his Dad called it, but then Harry digressed.

Whatever the reason for his being pulled from his remote school in the highlands of Scotland and his enrollment at Dalton, one of the foremost boarding schools for young men of a certain wealth and/or prestige in need of education, it’d given his Dad a chance to partake in one of his favorite pastimes: excess.

Hence, Dalton getting a new mansion-slash-dorm with top of the line everything – including security
– and Harry having to *live* with the gossip and wonderment *that* was sure to create amongst his new classmates.

“You know your Dad, pup.” Remus patted the slim young man on his back, tone half resigned and half consoling. “He always wants you to have the best of things and after the, ah, *trouble*, at Hogwarts he wasn’t about to have you rooming with other students or even having to share a washroom. *Plus*…”

Harry sighed.

He knew the “*plus*.”

Harry was Harry *Potter-Black*, a double-barreled name with a double-corporate inheritance and double-lordships to go with it.

But back when he was just plain Harry Potter, his parents had been murdered in a terrorist attack and Harry kidnapped by a politician who was *supposedly* an ally of his father’s.

It took Sirius and Remus three years to track him down, not finding him until he was almost five.

Those three years were all it took for his mother’s sister and her husband to earn fifteen years each behind bars for child abuse, neglect, and endangerment, but it wasn’t until years later and this most recent *issue* with Dumbledore that the full story had been uncovered.

That didn’t stop his Dad from being overcome with guilt twice-over.

And Sirius Black being Sirius Black, he dealt with it the only way he knew how: spoiling the pants off of Harry.

“At least tell me there’s going to be other students rooming here.” Harry clung onto that with a bit of desperation. He *was not* going to be the only kid on campus living in the six-level mansion – if one included the half-below-ground basement/garage that had the quarters for the head of security and the “house mom”, which Harry did – so help him god.

“Yes, pup, you won’t be the only resident.” Remus tousled his hair as an excited Sirius, who’d been arranging Harry’s move-in with Gawain Robards, the head of security he’d hired – and part of the reason he’d had to bribe the Dalton Headmaster with a new dorm – and said Headmaster Richards, bounced back over to them. “Though I don’t know how many parents will likely be willing to pay the housing fees I’m certain the Headmaster will charge for living here.”

“About a dozen right now.” Sirius answered the unspoken question as he tossed an arm around his pup’s shoulders. “All the single rooms have been reserved as well as the doubles, but there’s still room in the triples and a couple of the reservations are just paying for the rooms this year so their darlings will have a spot next year when it’ll be full.”

“Where’s my room then?” Harry asked with a sigh. There was no point in fighting it and hurting his Dad’s feelings. He’d *meant* well after all.

“Second floor.” Sirius beamed, pointing to the only floor other than the first-level with the wraparound covered porch that had a balcony attached, even if it was only accessible from the three rooms on that floor. “The Potter-Black suite.”

“Let me guess.” Harry asked in a deadpan as his Dad towed him up the stairs to the teak – *bloody teak!* – porch and the solid matching door with the electronic lock that required both a passcode *and* a keycard to open. “It’s being called Potter-Black Hall.”
“How’d you know?” Sirius asked idly as he fiddled with the keycard that would be Harry’s once his son was fully moved in and punched in the code, missing the shared eyeroll between his son and husband.

“Lucky guess.” Remus drawled, holding in a snort.

Robards snickered and Headmaster Richards gave a light cough to remind the trio that they were in fact still there, simply waiting for Lord Black to open the door so they could commence with the tour of the newest Dalton facility.

Sirius swung the door wide then stepped to the side to allow his pup his very first look at his home-away-from-home for the next three years as the Headmaster began with his polite patter that he’d long established from giving tours to interested parents and students who could afford the – even he would admit – significant housing cost associated with being one of the few students allowed to room in the facility. The only exception of which being, naturally, young Mr. Potter-Black. When one’s parents spent over a million dollars “gifting” a facility to an institution such as Dalton Academy it went without saying that their rooming fees were included.

“No expense spared for our pup.” Sirius linked hands with his husband as Harry took the lead into the residence, looking right and left at the airy entrance way with it’s balcony and soaring vaulted ceiling that came to an end at the ceiling between the second and third floors, sun shining down from the massive bulletproof windows. “He’ll be happy and safe here.”

The floors in every direction were the same light-golden honey color of natural teak, a few paces in and on the right giving way to a massive room that was separated from the foyer with a half-wall and more bulletproof glass that soared to the ceiling, the state-of-the-art security system, monitors, and area for the security guards to work, including Robards’ glassed-in office all accessed either from the outside via a separate secured entrance or the main entrance that led in from the foyer. It was excellent positioning, as the security guards could physically see both the entrance of the residence as well as the two biggest common areas: the study/living area across from the security center and of equal size as it and the pass-through leading to the kitchenette and great room with fireplace. Passed the combined living area/study with soaring bookshelves in mahogany with elegant throw rugs in rich burgundies and creams to soften sounds with complementary warm chocolate leather seating both in conversation formations of three and four as well as at the pair of mahogany study tables, was a quick left that led to the elevator for accessing the upper floors and the basement, all secured by the same passkeys as the doors, as well as the laundry facilities.

Following the long hall that ran from the entry through to the back wall, Harry found another large study area to his right, only with walls sporting beautiful maps of the world or an elegant periodic table of elements or even a – somehow – tasteful diagram of the human skeleton. More rugs softened footsteps, this time in cool blues and greens, with tables of a golden teak to match the floors rather than contrast and chairs to match as well with cushions in alternating green and blue upholstery. Halfway into the second study area, the wall on the right side of the hallway ended, leading into the Great Room with its fireplace and comfortable cream and brown couches, complete with a wide flat-screen over the fireplace mantle and a wide bar that ran almost the entire length of the Great Room set with green-topped barstools for students – or staff – to perch upon at the kitchenette island.

Being a kitchenette – and the Headmaster not wanting the extra expense on the school’s insurance – there was no stove or range for the residence, the same as the other two rooming halls on campus. Instead, there were cupboards which had nameplates corresponding to each student resident and a pair of large refrigerators and full-size freezers, the students having to label their own food therein – and hope that their housemates would respect as such, though if they were anything like the students
in the other houses they would either bring small mini-fridges for their rooms or deal with the inevitable snack-theft. Teenagers. There were also a trio of microwaves, a single countertop convection/toaster oven, and a top-of-the-line barista machine and coffee grinder for use by both the boys and the staff.

At the Headmaster’s prompting – and ignoring the speech he was giving his dads – Harry noted the half-bath off the second study area that had a pocket door leading back to the laundry room, bringing them back to the elevator which they were ushered into and using Sirius’s – Harry’s – keycard up to the second floor.

“What do you think so far, pup?” Remus murmured as they filed out into the small hallway that attached to both the elevator alcove and the balcony that overlooked the foyer.

“Sirius overspent himself – again.” Harry muttered, feeling more than a bit put-upon over everything. “Do we really need a barista machine?” He asked in exasperation as the Headmaster pointed out the solid oak doors with nameplates that were already engraved with their future residents – Robards opening the each with his master passkey to show a double and single that were just as lavish in base components: hardwood floors, built-ins, closets, beds, etc.; as the downstairs.

“Each student family is responsible for supplying their soft furnishings,” the Headmaster explained. “Our laundry service doesn’t pick up after the students, that’s their own responsibility. A schedule will be posted the first day giving a day when each student is to bring their bedding and clothes down to the laundry room for service.”

“I noted the labeled bins.” Harry told him, showing that he was paying attention even if it didn’t seem like it. “Do we also need labels on our clothes, towels, and so on?”

“That’s up to personal preference.” The Headmaster explained with a half-smile, pleased at the question. “While the occasional snack-theft in other dorms is an ever-present issue, we’ve never had a problem with true criminal behavior, just normal things being misplaced. You will also want a laptop to take notes during classes.” He continued. “Which will be registered with campus security as a safety precaution, but any printing needed can be done either in the library or computer center which I will show you later during the campus tour.”

Harry nodded, understanding the need for it though he’d be getting one during orientation later in the week, something which he’ll be attending with a handful of other transfers rather than throwing him in with the incoming freshmen – a blessing he hadn’t been certain he’d receive since his dads had warned him that Dalton required at least six transfer students to bother with an extra orientation.

“Your floor will only have one other resident this year.” Robards told him in his gruff bass as Harry noted the empty bookshelves lining the short hallway.

“Ah yes.” Richards nodded, the headmaster forgetting to mention that. “Misters Clarington, the single, and Smythe who will room next year in the double with Mister Vassar, are both partaking of a sophomore year abroad through our exchange program with Beauxbatons Institute in France and Ouran Academy in Japan, but no worries.” He smiled over at Harry. “They will be back for your joint Junior Year.”

That was another thing, and perhaps the part of this whole transfer Harry wasn’t thrilled about other than being across the ocean from his friends and family.

His dads had held him back a year, making him the oldest student – if only by a month based on what he understood of American school age cutoffs – in the incoming sophomore class, having just celebrated his sixteenth birthday.
Dad said it was to help him acclimate to the different curricula – plus, bonus, coming to America at sixteen meant he could get his driver's license.

Papa said it would be good to have a year to take things a bit slower with his academics, letting him relax and make friends after all the drama with the kidnapping…not to mention his ex-friend Theo and his ex-boyfriend Blaise…the fucking wankers.

Either way, it would either massively suck or be awesome, he didn’t really see any middle ground.

Though he couldn’t lie – it would be nice to be the oldest in his year group for a change instead of the baby.

Even Nev had been older than him – by a day and a half but still, it counted.

“No books up here?” He asked, a bit confused given the packed stacks in the first study area on the ground floor.

“We thought we’d let the inaugural residents of each floor make a list for their floor.” The Headmaster smiled, though it hadn’t been his idea but that of the house mother, their art professor Ms. Charity Brown to help them all feel a part of the christening of the hall. “Enable them to leave their own mark on the hall. On this floor with only four residents you’ll each get to select books for a full set of shelves,” as only this one had the Potter-Black suite instead of a triple-occupancy room. “Whereas the other floors all have six residents – or will – so a set number of shelves each.”

That was actually kinda cool Harry thought, already making plans of filling his shelves with fun reading material, all fiction and nothing that would end up on a required reading list anytime soon…probably even a bunch of the non-naughty (to prevent a visit to the Headmaster’s office) banned books that tend to get the moral-monitors in the US all in a twist like *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *The Giver*.

With that, Sirius handed over the passkey to Harry and stepped aside, allowing his pup to swing open the double-doors to the Potter-Black suite and step inside to take stock without having any of the adults watching his reaction.

“Holy…” Was all he could say, eyes wide as he took in the massive airy room.

And it was massive, he estimated as he stepped forward and through to the far wall with its bank of windows and glass-paned (bulletproof like every other exterior window in the place he would guess) door that gave access to the wrap-around covered balcony that he’d share with the other residents of the floor – and the main perk of being selected for this floor over the other three residential floors which didn’t have any outside living space, and if he wasn’t mistaken, his rooms alone took up the same amount of space as the Great Room and second study area on the ground floor combined.

“The suite has an open-concept.” Sirius told him as they watched Harry wander the empty suite, the furnishings something Sirius had insisted on allowing Harry to choose – a project for after their tour to be completed mostly via internet with pieces shipped overnight from London or New York or Chicago to arrive tomorrow for set-up. “Your fireplace,” he nodded to the righthand wall. “Is directly opposite your shower only separated by the privacy walls for your private bath and walk-in closet. You already saw the built-in desk and study area to the left of the entry, but beyond that is your glass-block shower, whirlpool tub, and sink/vanity. The walkway makes a U-shape through the left side of the suite.”

“In an emergency.” Robards picked up. “You’ll exit onto the balcony and take the exterior stairs down. They’re secured from the bottom to prevent residents and non-residents alike from accessing
the upper floors and bypassing the security office. There’s a spiral staircase that leads from the top-floor gym to the second floor, after which residents and visitors will exit through Mr. Clarington’s room onto the balcony and down the stairs. Under no circumstances are they to exit through your rooms or that of Mr. Vassar.”

“What about next year when that room is occupied?” Remus asked, concerned.

“Security can unlock that one dorm via remote access.” Robards explained. “For emergencies such as a fire. General and Mrs. Clarington are aware of that feature and agreed to the measure, as each set of parents and student who live in that room will have to do.”

“They are reimbursed for the inconvenience and occasional lack of privacy, I assure you.” The Headmaster hurried to inform them seeing the unimpressed looks shared between the trio of Potter-Black and his parents. “As well as the student in question given extra privileges for the responsibility such arrangements require. An extra off-campus pass every month was what was settled upon.”

Students at Dalton could leave campus on the weekends, but other than for school events couldn’t leave but once a month during the school-week, and that was only if there were no discipline or academic issues they were experiencing, making an extra pass – usually used on Friday nights as the off-campus hours didn’t start until Saturday morning – quite the reward.

“The painters finished last week?” Sirius double-checked, since Harry would officially be taking up residence in a few days he didn’t want him living with paint fumes.

“As agreed.” The Headmaster held in a sigh. More money than god or not, when it came to his son Sirius Black was a whole new category of helicopter parent – at least where young Harry’s safety was concerned. Understandable from what he’d been told. But irritating nonetheless. Better Robards than him.

“It looks nice, Dad, calm down.” Harry did sigh, coming over to pat his dad on the arm. And it did, with half-walls of teak-wood paneling to match the floors and a soothing light bluey-green color he’d liked called Blue Glass that should go with whatever he decided to do for furnishings. He eyed the wide windows. And first on the list was going to be sheers to let in light while protecting his privacy since he wasn’t going to want the nice blackout roman shades that were on a switch down all the time, even if they were a pretty mist grey to play off the bright white sheers he was thinking of.

He still found it a bit weird that he knew as much as he did about home design but given that if he left it up to his dad and papa their entire house in England would either be in browns and tans (Papa) or red and gold (Dad) he’d learned out of self-defense for his eyes.

At least the simple bronze rods with round ends were in place over the windows, just waiting for curtains.

One less thing.

Moving to the fireplace he picked up the remote, flicking a couple buttons and then turning to arch a brow at his Dad when the shades lowered and the fireplace clicked on, only to blink when Sirius shook his head and pointed at his now-blushing husband.

“Central control.” Remus cleared his throat at being caught participating – actively rather than just letting his husband go wild – with Sirius’s newest extravagance. “It controls the fireplace and shades as the lights and…”

“Let me guess.” Harry smirked. “The red button is a panic button?”
“Sets off one heck of a siren down in the security office.” Robards confirmed, then waved him over to the build-in desk with the shelves above it. “It’s connected here.” He pushed a metal “decoration” on the right-hand wall, the whole built-in done in teak with bronze fittings, making a section next to the button slide open, revealing an electronic touch-screen. “All the same controls, plus an emergency lock-down feature for your doors.” He tapped the screen to bring it live and then showed him the various controls. “Which will also sound an alarm downstairs.”

“It’s a giant panic room.” Harry shook his head, incredulous – but not – over the going overboard his dads were indulging in.

“Not quite.” The Headmaster noted drily. “Since there’s no massive metal panels to cover the windows or bars for the doors.”

Harry held in a grimace. Because that was so much better.

“No cameras either.” Remus soothed him. “We wouldn’t invade your privacy that way. Only the public areas of the residences are under surveillance not the dorm rooms.”

Well, that was something at least he supposed.

They hurried through the rest of the tour: gym on the top floor that was small given the limited residency of the hall, a couple weight machines, some free weights, couple of treadmills and a rower, though he was assured that the open gym in the athletic complex as well as the student gym in Warrington Tower – the result of the last bribe of Dalton Academy built six years before when the last Warrington started at Dalton – would be available to him, including the boxing ring, fencing salle, and pool in the athletic complex.

Dalton took excellence in all areas: artistic, athletic, and academic very seriously, one of the reasons it was a top-ten international private academy.

“At Dalton we encourage participation in a host of extracurriculars.” Richards was saying as he showed them through the main academic complex. Dalton had two academic complexes on campus: the main building and Wilson Hall that housed the computer center as well as the art and music rooms to go with the athletic complex, the administration building, and the now-three dorms. All serving a student body of around a thousand students in total. “Being an all-boys school, for some clubs and activities we partner with our sister school St. Mary’s for dance club and a few other co-ed options, as well as for the two annual Homecoming and Spring Ball events which are optional, but participation and attendance is encouraged.”

And Harry couldn’t care less, despite the meaningful nudges from his reformed-playboy dad.

One bad breakup didn’t magically make him straight after all, something that Remus was quick to hiss in his husband’s ear as the Headmaster led them back around to the admin building where their hired driver for the trip over was waiting with their rented Mercedes SUV, looking sharp and ready to go despite him probably having spent the last couple hours bored out of his mind and playing on his smartphone.

After the Headmaster shook hands with the wealthy trio and trotted off to his office, Robards turned to Sirius assuring them: “The whole security team will be here in the morning to vet all of the deliveries and workmen. Nothing will slip passed us, Sirius.”

Harry’s dad smiled and clapped his former co-worker from MI-5 – back when Sirius was still a
playboy and not yet a dad – on the shoulder.

“I don’t doubt it for a moment, Gawain.”

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Harry was actually pretty happy with how his room turned out.

Lots of recycled and reclaimed teak furniture, overstuffed chair and sofa, floating/wall mounted entertainment system, it all somehow worked playing off the blues and greens of the bedding and area rug, a color scheme he’d added to with wall art.

All in all, it was soothing but fun and almost before he knew it he was waving goodbye to his dads as the driver took them away from Dalton and off to O’Hare for their flight back to London, leaving him to his orientation that started the next day, the rest of the Dalton students arriving today and through the week with school set to resume on the first.

Taking a deep breath, he steadied himself as he entered his passcode and swiped his keycard when the SUV disappeared around the bend of the drive.

This was it: the start of a whole new life for the next nine months.

Dalton here he comes.
“Am I crazy or wasn’t that an empty part of the campus last year?” Blaine Anderson asked one of his fellow-Warblers, the Dalton acapella competitive show choir, Thad Vassar as the older teen had asked him to help schlep his stuff from his old room in Warrington Tower to his new room neglecting to mention that his new room wasn’t in Warrington Tower and Thad mainly wanted him for his Escalade.

“Nope, new building and res hall.” Thad, a Junior who was on the lacrosse team – hence his room in Warrington Tower that had all the first-team athletes and some of the second-string of Dalton’s many sports teams living there – as well as a Warbler and on the Debate team chirped happily, the Italian-American son of one of the Congresswomen from Illinois completely unrepentant over taking advantage of his younger teammate and friend – more, said teammate’s car given that Thad didn’t have one himself since he spent most of his time either in D.C. or on campus. “It’s high security, only has room for twenty-two students plus two on-site staff. My mom was thrilled.”

“What about you?” Blaine asked with an accompanying arched brow.

“Meh.” Thad shrugged. “Only have to share a bathroom with one other boy – and not even that until next year. My roommate is on exchange.”

“Nice.” Blaine grinned as Thad fumbled his way through his passcode and swiping his keycode, Blaine letting out a whistle as they walked into the new dorm, each juggling boxes. “Really nice.” He added as he took in the expensive furnishings and the security command center that looked like something out of a James Bond flick, noting the “welcome” banner that dubbed the place Potter-Black Hall.

“Cost is nice too.” Thad snorted. “Even more expensive than Warrington but worth it I guess for the increased amenities and security – or so my parents said.”

There were no names listed on the elevator to tell you who was on what floor – a security precaution he guessed – but “garage” “ground” and “gym” were all labeled, someone liking their alliteration, plus a row to the right of those three with a keycard scanner beside them, once Thad swiped his card the three labeled buttons plus the top button on the blank row all lit up, Thad pushing the blank button for his room floor.

“Only two guys are actually here this year for this floor.” Thad explained as the stepped off into an empty hallway. “Guy in the big suite and me. Clarington and Smythe won’t move in until next year when they’re back according to Professor Brown.”

“You have Prof Brown as your house mom?” Blaine said, impressed. He was gay and even he
appreciated the pretty – and blonde with an affection for pencil skirts – Ms. Charity Brown.

“I know, sweet right?” Thad grinned, being one of her legion of Dalton student admirers. “Her room is down on the garage level with the head of security.”

“Cool.” Blaine decided even as he followed Thad into the double room – that had a frickin’ balcony door. “I thought that was for decoration.” He groaned, jealous.

Blaine’s family was well-off, both of his parents tenured professors at a nearby private college, but not in the same realm as Thad’s – lawyer-turned-congresswoman and practicing lawyer – to afford a room like this at Dalton. He was lucky as a member of the boxing team to get a room in Warrington instead of the main dorm which all had three or four guys per room plus communal bedrooms. Rooms like this – even with a roommate or two – would be out of the question.

“Nope, behold and be jealous sucker.” Thad swung an arm around Blaine’s neck after they both set down their boxes of personal items, including his bagged bedding, on his “side” of the large room. “This is what having a paranoid mother gets you.”

“At least I have a car, jerk.” Blaine swatted at the back of Thad’s head. “Which we need to empty before your scary head of security kills me for leaving it in the cul de sac instead of parking by the garage.”

“Slave driver.”

“ Spoiled brat.”

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They were almost done with moving all of Thad’s crap from Blaine’s Escalade – it only took one trip since all of his clothes as well as his personal electronics had been already packed and dropped off in his new dorm – when the door down the hall opened up and probably one of the prettiest boys Blaine had seen in his freaking life stepped out, in what looked like workout gear: sweatpants, running shoes, and a plain white tank; albeit posh workout gear.

Blaine might not be the stereotypical fashion-obsessed effeminate gay boy but he wasn’t clueless either and that was a Gucci trademark down one leg or he was blind and most people knew a Nike swoosh when they saw it.

Plus the expensive smartphone and the Beats™ earbuds kinda clued them in to this being the super-wealthy kid who got the big suite on that floor from what Thad had explained of the dorm layout.

If Thad was a degree of wealth separated from the comfortably-rich life of Blaine, then this kid was another above that, the kind that no amount of splurging – or building special dorms at an expensive private academy – could spend away.

*Old money* as Blaine’s Nana would dub it.

“Oh, hey.” The other guy noticed them – arms juggling the last few of Thad’s posters and random junk from his old dorm room – a few steps into the hall. “One of you must be Vassar.”

“That’d be me.” Thad gave a jerky nod as he fumbled his way through darting inside the blocked-open room door to set down his stuff then emptied Blaine’s own armful then came back out into the hall to the sight of his floor-mate watching him in clear amusement. And, sweet gay that he was, Blaine watching his floor-mate in bashful awe. “Thad Vassar.” He finally managed to offer his hand now that he wasn’t juggling random crap. “Call me Thad.”
“Harry Potter-Black.” Harry shook hands with the attractive older boy, then tilted his head in question at his friend – or so he supposed since he was helping Thad move in. “It’s Harry.”

Taking the head-tilt as the prompt it was, Blaine blushed brighter then supplied: “Blaine Anderson, but, uh, I live in Warrington Tower.”

“Athlete then?” Harry asked, intrigued. He’d enjoyed sport at Hogwarts and his primary school after he’d been adopted by his dads and hoped that the teams here would be ones he was interested in.

“Blaine’s a boxer.” Thad stepped up, amusement dancing in his eyes as his friend and fellow-Warbler fell headlong into a crush with the – probably – wealthiest boy on campus. He thought his mom had said something about Potter-Black but he couldn’t remember what it was. Either way, anyone who had the cash to toss around like Potter-Black’s parentals obviously did, wasn’t the worst guy in the world for his baby-gay to crush on but given that Potter-Black wasn’t in-your-face flamboyant and Thad’s gaydar wasn’t the best he might not be the best guy to crush on either. “I’m co-captain of the varsity lacrosse team.”

“Brilliant.” Harry smiled at the other guys, seeing the crush forming before his eyes from the blushing and the darted-glances but not paying it much mind. Everything being equal, with the move and all he wasn’t interested in diving into anything with the first guy he met at his new school. Though that said, Blaine was massively cute with his gelled-back curls and retro rolled-cuff t-shirt and jeans. “I’ll have to check out those teams during sign-ups at orientation.”

Blaine gathered his wits together and gave himself a mental head-slap, not wanting the cute guy to think he was a total incompetent.

“Lacrosse is the main team on campus.” He supplied, nudging Thad in the side. “Followed by football and soccer but there’s more than a dozen different teams depending on what you play.”

Harry’s smile this time nearly dazzled his audience – even the straight-as-a-ruler Thad – as he thanked Blaine for the information.

“I’ll let you guys get back to business.” He took his leave, turning for the elevator with his keycard in hand. “I’ll be seeing you later, Thad, Blaine.”

“Hey, wait, Harry.” Thad rushed to ask. “What year are you?”

That got them – adorably as far as Blaine was concerned – a wrinkled nose over his shoulder as the other boy waited on the elevator.

“Sophomore.” He said with a put-upon sigh. “My dads don’t want to strain me with the move and all so I’m repeating a year, making me one of the oldest in the year instead of the youngest.”

“Maybe we’ll have classes together then.” Blaine got out around his shortness of breath. *Too damn cute* what with the wild curls in an undercut and the *eyes* and the *smile*… “I’m one of the older guys in our class too.”

“I’ll look forward to it.” Harry nodded at the others then stepped into the elevator and swiped his card to go up to the gym.

Better than go for his run outside with students and cars and parents running around everywhere. He’d rather *not* be squashed by someone not paying attention, thanks.
“Yeah…” Blaine breathed out after the elevator doors closed, ignoring Thad laughing hysterically next to him for a minute before lashing out with a hard punch to the other boy’s shoulder. “Shut up.”

“No way.” Thad wiped away the tears of laughter from his eyes, then padded over to his room to close the door and match sure he had his own keycard still in his pocket since he’d have to escort Blaine downstairs and out of the dorm per the rules of the place as his “guest.” “The other Warblers are going to die over your insta-crush on Richy Rich.”

“Ass.”

“Hey,” Thad teased him mercilessly. “I’m not the one who looked like I’d been smacked upside the head, all dazed and confused and blushing, that was all you baby boy.”

“Dude, stop.”

“Never man, this is priceless.”

…

For the most part, his new student orientation was a snooze-fest for Harry given that he’d already gotten the run-down on the campus rules, layout, and so on when he’d arrived with his dads.

What was interesting however was reviewing the list of sports teams and clubs – which, yeah, there were more than a dozen of each – and the rules regarding tryouts, signups, and maximum participation since as an elite school known for its academic program, the administration capped how many activities a student can participate in while also, ironically, encouraging participation in many of the clubs, activities, and sports.

Harry was more sports-minded than club-minded, not the least of which due to being a competitive and borderline hyperactive soul, and only glanced over the list of clubs before turning his attention to the sports teams.

Four were the most he was allowed to join – if he passed whatever tryouts the teams used – one per season and one of the year-round teams that had meets or competitions speckled throughout the schoolyear instead of limited to a single sports season like the other teams. Though of the year-round teams there wasn’t a wide selection to choose from. Only fencing, boxing, and tennis.

But of sports Harry was already interested in and/or previously played or participated in, Dalton had fencing, football (soccer, he had to remember to call it soccer now that he was in the States or he’d confuse himself and everyone around him…) and from their description two different types of running teams as well as a swim team.

Well, he’d see how he did with cross-country, one of the running teams, and fencing during the first quarter and decide from there if he wanted to keep in shape for foot-, soccer, season in the Spring with swimming in the winter once signups/tryouts for the swim team floated around closer to that season or continue on with gymnastics even though his interest in it had waned over the years.

Cute boy was cute, but he wasn’t about to waste years of instruction using a foil just to follow a cute boy onto a sports team that lasted all year, like he’d been tempted – for a minute – to do with Blaine and boxing.

Joining up with a sports team or four also gave him access to the dedicated time-slots each coach reserved for their team-wide workouts in the gym and/or pool either at Warrington Tower or the main complex, which was a perk when he wanted to do weight lifting with a spotter since there weren’t many guys living in his hall that year as they were at less-than full capacity and even next
year would still only have another twenty-one guys staying in the mansion masquerading as a dorm which made having another person conveniently using the gym at the same time as him to spot him on weights not highly likely.

He just had to survive the year without any major issues and his dads would calm down.

Harry did not want to move to yet another school if anything less than a quiet year was had by all – or at least, by him.

…

One Year Later:

“Hey, who’re they?” Harry asked Robards, tilting his head towards the tall drinks of water climbing out of a pretty sweet Benz and a slick Audi respectively in the student parking of Potter-Black Hall.

Gawain looked over at the pair and checked the license plate of the car against his registration sheet for the new and returning students living with his priority.

“Hunter Clarington is the driver and owner of the Mercedes and Sebastian Smythe with the Audi.” He told the teen. “The two missing occupants of your floors as it happens, returned from their year at schools abroad.”

As far as bodyguard gigs went, protecting Harry Potter-Black was easy for the most part and the kid made it decently painless to keep track of.

If he wanted a little bit of privacy now and again or some information, that was a deal Gawain was willing to make.

“Hmm.” Harry dragged his eyes over long, lean bodies and handsome faces. One thing he’d definitely enjoyed about his dads moving him to Ohio was that while the local talent may be slim pickings, the student body on the other hand was quite well stocked with nice scenery to appreciate.

Even if it had led to him getting burned – again – last school year.

At least his most recent ex had the decency to break it off instead of cheat which put him one-up on Blaise.

“Looks like it’s shaping up to be a most interesting year.”

“Just don’t do anything anywhere I’ll have to report to the Dean.” Gawain sighed, rolling his eyes at the wicked grin that gained him from Harry. “Or worse: your dads.”

“Oh, no of course not.” Harry snickered. “Scouts honor. I’ll behave.”

“Sure you will.” Gawain drawled, shoving away from his desk to greet the boys and show them around. “Like what is the question.”

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