

**Warning:** contains graphic descriptions of a male/male relationship. If that offends you, please turn away now.

## **HIGHER LEARNING**

### **A Charmed Fanfiction by AmandaK**

Cole wiped the towel across the mirror to clear off the steam so he could contemplate his own image. He sucked in a breath and held it, while he critically studied his stomach, chest and shoulders. After several long seconds he let the air escape and smiled at his reflection. He looked pretty good for a guy his age.

A knock on the door intruded into his thoughts. "Be right out," he called; Leo would be waiting to use the bathroom. A couple of droplets dripped from his newly washed hair and trickled along his temples. Cole reached for the towel again and began rubbing his hair once more while he opened the door with his other hand. He didn't see Leo standing right behind it and Cole bumped into the other man when he stepped out of the bathroom.

Leo let out a startled yelp; apparently he had been paying as much, or as little, attention as Cole. Taken by surprise, they stared at one another for a long moment. "Sorry," Cole murmured, but not before he had time to register the look in the other man's eyes when the Whitelighter noticed his state of undress: Cole was shirtless and only wearing black slacks.

He squeezed past Leo. Leo would be looking at him as he walked away, Cole was certain of it. The look on Leo's face couldn't have lied. As he reached the bedroom door, Cole snuck a glance over his shoulder. Leo was indeed still standing in the hallway and staring in Cole's direction. Cole gave him a sly smile and with satisfaction noted that Leo's cheeks turned red.

He chuckled as he entered the bedroom to finish getting dressed. Leo might be decades older than he looked, and a married man to boot, in some ways the Whitelighter was still a virgin. Cole was putting on a sweater when the thought struck. He stopped with his arms through the sleeves and the sweater raised halfway to his head.

A mischievous glint appeared in his eyes. Perhaps, he thought, he could teach Leo a thing or two about life. That wouldn't be an act of evil, would it? No, it wouldn't, he decided after another second. It would be naughty, yes, and fun, but not evil. At the very least, it would give them something to do until the girls returned. Cole couldn't believe how empty the house was without Phoebe.

Piper, Phoebe, and Paige had left the day before to drive up to Sacramento for a Halliwell family reunion. Actually, Phoebe had confessed when Cole complained that he wasn't allowed to come, it would be more of a slumber party. "Us Halliwells, we have a lot of girls in the family," she had said. "So it's a girl thing. You know, pajamas, chocolates, gossip. You'd be bored out of your mind. Besides, even Leo isn't allowed to come. And he's Piper's husband."

Cole tucked the sweater into his pants. He would have the Manor, and Leo, all to himself until tomorrow evening. It wouldn't hurt to engage in some male bonding with his brother in law.

oOo

An hour later, Cole finished his preparations. He scanned the room one last time and nodded with satisfaction. Yes, everything was ready and in place. Time to make his move.

He shimmered to the first floor. He knew Piper didn't like it when he shimmered in the house but Cole enjoyed the sensation of instant translocation too much. And she wasn't around to yell at him anyway. She wouldn't care much for a few of the other things he planned on doing today either, Cole chortled. He tiptoed across the hallway to take position just outside the sunroom. "Leo?" he called. "Think you can give me a hand here?" He said it without thinking and almost gave himself away when the double entendre sank in. He bit his tongue to keep the laughter from bursting across his lips.

"What is it?" Leo asked. The Whitelighter crossed the threshold and Cole's arm struck out to grab the other man by the shoulder. He whirled him around and shoved Leo against the wall, hard. The Whitelighter squeaked in surprise and his eyes grew round. He struggled against Cole's grip, and found his efforts were in vain. He was no match for the other man who was bigger and stronger, even without the use of Belthazor's might.

"What are—" Leo protested. Cole's mouth captured his and swallowed the rest of his words. Cole pushed his tongue past Leo's warm lips, seeking access and enjoying the feeling that was so different from kissing a woman. Leo continued to struggle briefly but after a few moments he relented and allowed Cole full entry. Cole experienced a surge of relief. He had not mistaken the signs; Leo was indeed attracted to him.

Without breaking contact, he shimmered them both upstairs. He let go of Leo, not because he wanted to, but because they both needed to breathe.

Leo soon found his voice. "What... where..." His head swiveled around and Cole watched

apprehension manifest itself on the other man's face as Leo recognized the bedroom he shared with his wife.

Cole took a step back and spread his hands. "You can orb out of here if you want to. I won't stop you." His voice betrayed none of the tension in his gut. Leo stared at him but didn't leave. A slow smirk spread across Cole's face. "You don't want to, do you? You're curious, you want to know what it's like. But you're scared of the consequences. Leo, nobody needs to know. I won't tell if you don't. So, what's it gonna be? Time to make your choice, Whitelighter."

For long seconds Leo didn't move or speak. Cole held his breath. Would curiosity overcome righteousness? He let the air out when Leo's shoulders slumped in defeat.

"You're right," Leo whispered, his voice so low that Cole had to perk up his ears to hear him. "I want... need..." Leo blushed, flustered, and Cole laughed.

"Leo, Leo." His tone was kind. "Relax." He paused for a moment, then squared his shoulders and wiped the smile of his face. "Take 'em off." His voice was no longer gentle; instead, it held an ominous edge. Leo's head whipped up and confusion was written on his features.

"Wha...what?"

"Your clothes," Cole said. He indicated said items with a nod. "Take them off. I want you to strip for me."

"I..." Leo began. His eyes moved around the room, searching for a way out. Cole waited. Leo gulped, gave Cole an imploring look and when the demon merely stared back with a stern expression, the Whitelighter sighed. Inwardly, Cole couldn't help but smile. There was no real danger here. Leo could orb at any given moment if he so chose. But cats weren't the only creatures reigned by curiosity.

Leo's hands moved to the red plaid shirt he wore and began to undo the buttons one by one, his eyes never leaving Cole's face. Cole stared back; he kept his expression impassive although deep in his belly a familiar warmth started to build. It had been quite a while since he had been with a man. How long ago was it? He couldn't recall, and right now he didn't really care. The here and now were much more interesting.

While Cole watched, Leo had reached the final button and the shirt fell open. Though the Whitelighter's cheeks were still aflame with embarrassment, Cole noticed that his eyes had taken on a feverish glint that was anything but embarrassed. Cole himself had difficulty keeping his cool composure. Leo allowed the shirt to slip down his arms and

drop to the floor. He was rewarded with Cole's sharp intake of breath. Of course, Leo's naked torso was nothing Cole hadn't seen before, as they passed each other to or from the bathroom, or on the beach during the summer. However, in this situation, in these circumstances, it was as if he saw the Whitelighter for the first time.

"The rest too," he grunted. Leo slipped his jeans down his legs and stepped out of them. Now he was almost naked, only dressed in dark blue boxers that stood out in front of his crotch. It was evidence of his arousal, impossible to overlook and Cole's eyes immediately found their mark. Leo turned crimson all the way down to his chest and Cole found that strangely endearing. Leo glanced at him, a bit uncertain, and Cole nodded at the boxers. Averting his eyes and staring at the floor instead, Leo removed the boxers and stood naked in front of Cole.

Cole's gaze traveled down the length of the other man's body. He was of slimmer built than Cole but no less good looking, with a well-muscled chest, strong arms and long legs that were covered with blonde hair. Cole followed the line of legs upward until he reached the point where Leo's penis stood out, half-erect, amidst a bush of curly hairs. His own cock stirred inside his pants in response to the sight that he feasted his eyes on.

"C'me here," he commanded, his voice husk with desire. Leo stepped forward until he stood right in front of Cole. Cole reached down and took Leo's penis in his hand. "Ah, yes," he muttered when the member responded immediately to his touch and stiffened further. With his left hand, he took Leo's right and guided it toward the front of his black slacks. He placed the hand on the hard bulge that was straining there against the cloth. Leo resisted for a second, then relaxed and folded his hand over the bulge. Cole risked another sharp breath when the warmth of Leo's hand mingled with the heat coming from his erection. He gasped in surprise and shock when Leo began rubbing him through the pants. Leo accorded Cole a couple of uncertain strokes, then removed his hand and Cole grunted in frustration. His disappointment didn't last long, however, because Leo used both hands to undo belt buckle and zipper.

With frantic gestures, Cole began tugging on the sweater he wore and pulled it over his head. He needed to feel skin on skin and for a moment he wondered who was in control here now. It didn't really matter. Within seconds he had shed his clothing and was as naked as Leo. He stood proud in front of the Whitelighter whose turn it was to take stock of the other man's body.

Cole chuckled when he caught Leo staring at his pulsating manhood, then drop his gaze in shame. Within moments the Whitelighter's eyes traveled back for another look. Leo looked frightened, curious and excited all at once. Cole grabbed Leo by the scruff of the neck and pulled him close to grind his hips against the Whitelighter's. A rigid erection throbbed against his pelvic bone; Cole wasn't sure whom it belonged to. His lips crushed

Leo's in another rough kiss. Leo moaned into his mouth and at the sound hot fire coursed through Cole's veins. "Do you want me?" he asked in a hiss.

"Hnn," Leo murmured.

"What was that?" Cole asked. He drew his head back so he could look down upon Leo's face. The Whitelighter's lids were drooping and the whites of his eyes showed through his lashes. "I want to hear you say it."

"Yesss. Please. I want. You." The words came in reluctant gasps but there was nothing hesitant about the hand that worked itself between their bodies and stroked the length of Cole's shaft. Cole groaned at the unexpected touch and nearly lost it then and there. With a supreme effort of will he controlled himself, took Leo's hand away and guided him toward the bed. When its edge made it impossible for Leo to back up further, Cole pulled him close again. His fingers molded the Whitelighter's buttocks; his tongue probed into his mouth, hard and demanding.

"Climb up. Get on your knees and turn around." The commands were curt, Cole's voice rough. It took everything he had not to flip Leo onto his stomach and ravish him.

Keeping his eyes trained on Leo, Cole reached for the small packet that he had put on the bedside table in preparation of this moment. He tore the wrapper and in a single fluid motion rolled the condom onto his hardened cock. He knew it wasn't truly necessary, but old habits die hard.

The Whitelighter climbed up on the bed, turned his back to Cole and rested on his knees. Cole admired the pale cheeks that were displayed so nicely; they belonged to him, at least for the moment. Leo's body was trembling, in fear or anticipation or both, Cole couldn't tell. It didn't matter. It was too late to turn back now, and they both knew it.

Cole snatched the tube of lubricant from the table and mounted the bed to sit behind Leo. The Whitelighter jumped when Cole's erection brushed against his buttocks. Cole leaned forward to whisper in Leo's ear. "Shh. Don't be afraid." He nibbled on the lobe and was pleased to see some of the tension drain from Leo's shoulders as he dipped his head to give Cole better access.

With one hand Cole squirted some of the lubricant on to his cock and smoothed it out. His other hand slipped around Leo's waist, caressed his chest and nipples for a moment before traveling south toward his crotch. Without further warning, Cole wrapped his fingers around Leo; the Whitelighter bucked involuntarily in response. A loud moan, almost a wail escaped his throat and Cole knew Leo was as ready as he'd ever be.

With gentle pressure he forced Leo to bend over until the Whitelighter rested on his hands and knees. Cole's fingers never left Leo's erection and they brushed along his balls every upward stroke. Leo shuddered.

Cole shifted behind Leo and positioned himself against Leo's opening. He was so hard that it hurt and the merest touch send chills along his spine. Slowly Cole pressed forward to enter Leo. At first his muscles resisted and Cole waited a few seconds until Leo relaxed again. He continued to push in, slow but insistent. Leo had reverted to the Whitelighter clicking language and was mumbling something that Cole couldn't understand.

"I'm in," Cole whispered. Leo only groaned in reply. Cole rested for a minute to give the Whitelighter time to adjust to the ramrod that now impaled him. His left hand continued to stroke Leo up and down, pinching and rubbing gently, fondling his scrotum. He wrapped his right arm around Leo's hips to steady him for what was to come next.

He pulled out until he nearly broke contact, pushed back in, and repeated the cycle again and again. Cole continued the strokes in a progressive rhythm; low moans coming from his throat mixed with Leo's. The Whitelighter caught on quickly and soon they were moving in unison, flesh slapping against flesh in an ever increasing staccato until Cole's world exploded.

Leo bucked against him, screaming. Violent shudders racked both their bodies, the blood roared in Cole's ears and he heard a feral moan that he only later realized had come from his throat. Leo's fluids spurted through Cole's fingers, hot and sticky, while Cole shot his own load into the condom that was buried deep inside Leo.

It felt as if it lasted forever. Then, finally, their passion spent, they both slumped forward, Cole falling atop Leo. He knew his weight would be heavy on the Whitelighter but at the moment Cole was too exhausted to move. It took him several long minutes of trying to catch his breath and regain his wits before he slipped out of Leo and rolled to the side. Leo opened one eye, stared at Cole, grinned and fell asleep.

Cole's lips curled upward in a sated smile as he also drifted off to sleep. The Manor no longer seemed so empty without Phoebe.

**Disclaimer:** this story based on the Spelling Television/WB Television Network series 'Charmed'. All characters belong to their original owners. The story is meant for entertainment purposes only and no copyright infringement was intended.