

Tomorrow

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Summary

Lee has decided to actually come out. In public. He has all the arguments for it, too. And Tony's not exactly in the best state to shoot the thought down... but maybe, he'd admit, it's not such a bad idea.

Notes

Merry Yuletide!

"You have *got* to be kidding, right?" Tony's words were coming a little jumbled, because he was talking around big mouthfuls of food that he needed, but Lee didn't need to recognize enunciation perfectly to know what he was saying. And Lee knew way too well that he should have waited until Tony was steadier (though he'd slept for two spells, since the last mess came down, and his cheekbones were starting to look human once again) before springing on him his decision, but.

But.

There was a press conference tomorrow, and he wanted to tell Tony before he told CB, and he had to tell CB with at least some time before the press conference, and that meant telling Tony tonight.

"I'm not."

"It's going to mess up with your career, Lee. I can't let you do that, for me."

And that? That made Lee glare at his boyfriend.

"You know that it's not just for you, right? It's for me, too. It's for not hiding anymore, and not lying to my mom, or finding a girl to 'decorate' my arm when I go to a party. It's for the next time you almost kill yourself, when none of us get to you on time and they put you in ICU and they won't let me in to see you, because what am I to you? A co-worker? Yeah, I can wait. Except, *no*, I can't!"

"Lee--"

"I'm not joking, Tony. I've thought about it and I know what I'm doing. I'm going to sell this to CB, because it's publicity, and it'd still be better than some of the crap Mason pulls off and even that works, and when CB's done with me, I'll. It'll work out, and..."

"Lee."

"It's not like anyone hesitates to take me on into new movies and shit during the breaks, okay? And, look, I know shooting in weird locations is tough, but I've been staying out of trouble, and it'll be f--"

"Lee, shut up."

Lee's mouth firmed, and he turned to glare at Tony, only to have his momentum evaporate at the look Tony was giving him, from under the brown, messy fringe. It made something in his stomach feel warm and fuzzy and nice, and he was pretty sure that it had nothing to do with wizardry and everything to do with Tony being... Tony. And Lee loving his foolish ass more than he expected to. Except it was such a given, by now, that he's not even sure when he actually expected to love him less.

Anyway.

"Come here."

That part was easy, or *easyish*, with only making sure he didn't sit on pieces of bread or half-empty plates. Tony was sitting up on the couch, and Lee settled gingerly beside him, careful to avoid jostling him much. As soon as he was close enough, though, Tony reached up with a slightly greasy hand to tilt his face closer, and kissed him. He tasted like potatoes with cheese and bacon, and a little like carrots, and it was the kind of kiss that didn't opt for 'end' easily. What little was left of Lee being wound up about what he wanted to *tell* people tomorrow eased, and he moaned a little into the kiss.

"This is *not* fair, when you're not up for strenuous physical activities quiet yet."

"Who says I'm not?"

"I do. I can count your ribs through the sweatshirt, Tony."

"Well, you just told me that you're coming out so that the world, and especial hospitals, can know that we're together. I may yet overrule you."

"There's fresh Tiramisu waiting for you when you're done with the chicken that's following the potatoes."

"... that's cheating."

"Not while you need it."

"Some days, you're too bossy for me to like you."

"Yeah, well, I make up for the days when you're calling the shots. It evens out. For now." Lee found himself smirking in the pale eyes. "Then you'll become a famous director, and then I'll have to make up for it even more emphatically."

"You're changing the topic."

"Am I?"

Tony twisted his mouth, then reached for more of the carrot salad and chewed, thoughtfully.

"A little." More of the potato, and he speared bacon on his fork, pointing that at Lee. "You sure you want to do that?"

Lee frowned at him, then, slowly, nodded.

"I really am, Tony. I..." He looked down, then raised his eyes again. "The only reason why you didn't end up in ICU *this time* is because your night-time friend showed up and talked really fast, or something like it." His mouth twisted, yes, he knew it was way more in the *something like it* territory than all that. Still. "Next time, if we're too slow, well. He'd be able to show up and visit you, because he's what he is. But I won't. And I won't be able to make sure you're okay when he *can't* stay with you, and."

He swallowed. This one, he hadn't thought of in a while, but. "If they get their hands on you and start feeding you via IV, who knows what kind of shit they'll pump you up with. And I really don't want that to happen. It matters to me that you're you, and,"

"Lee, you're winding yourself up again."

"... sorry."

"If I show up on the press tomorrow, I'll still look like crap."

"We have a fabulous make-up department, Tony. And if you're wearing my clothes, it'll be all that much more adorable." Tony made a face at him, and Lee grinned. "But you've got to be able to walk on your own. So, eat."

"Bully."

"The glamorous kind."

"That's still a bully."

"Only for you, Tony. Only for you."

Tony blew a raspberry at him, then focused again on his food. But his other hand sneaked across Lee's thigh and laced fingers with his own.

After the Tiramisu, Tony was actually relaxed enough to lean back against Lee's chest, breathing easily, satisfied.

"So... you haven't talked to CB, yet?"

"No, he's next. And then I get to think of how to bribe Amy for the chaos she'll end up dealing with, for the week, after."

"Week?"

"Think it'll blow over before that?"

"... actually, I'm thinking that you're underestimating yourself again."

Lee considered that, then gave an exaggerated sigh. "Fine. Then I'll have to come up with something to bribe Mason with, too. So he'll grab the heat from me, after a week or so."

"Well, you may be rash about some things, but you do see what needs to be done..." They were both chuckling, until Tony caught his breath. "How 'bout your mom and dad? Think they'll be upset?"

"Only in that I'm not going to produce them a flock of grandbabies in the next couple of years."

"Really?"

"I... think so, yeah." Lee looked down at the side of Tony's face that he could see, and the half-closed eye suggested that, yes, he hadn't misheard. Tony's voice *had* started to sound drowsy. "I may have been sounding their opinions on bisexuality for a while, now."

"While?"

"... well, a couple of weeks after that first kiss, really."

"Must've thought you still 'pset and humored you."

"Maybe. Don't worry about that, Tony. It'll be all right."

The only reason why Lee didn't just let them sleep here on the couch was because of the crumbs. Carrying Tony back to bed was a bit more of an effort than last night, and Lee almost curled right back with him. But he had to talk to CB, first.

It was a couple of hours later when he finally made it back to the bedroom, phones turned decidedly *off* for the night. CB would let him, but he didn't sound very enthused about the idea. Amy was her usual mix of supportive and furious.

Tomorrow would be a big day, he thought, but then he focused on the way Tony's hair tickled his cheek, and then he was fast asleep.

It turned out to be a pretty good day, all in all.

He even suspended the ban on strenuous activities on Tony for the night. There was reason to celebrate, after all, if only one of their own.

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