

The Painful Secret

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1. Ron's Insomnia

Everything was quiet in the Gryffindor Common Room. Ron was staring at the ceiling wondering the same old thing he'd been wondering for the past week. Where had Harry gone in the middle of the night?

It had started nearly a week ago when Ron couldn't sleep. He had heard a curtain being opened beside him. With a little bit of curiosity he got up slowly and peeked through his red curtain. Due to his slowness all he caught was a flush of black hair.

The only boy in that room with black hair was Harry so, now that a week had passed and his insomnia was in the same state since the surprising midnight escape from Harry, Ron was getting a little nervous. "Why isn't he telling me where is he going at night?" he thought.

He decided that this would be the night. The night where he would discover what Harry had been doing at late hours for a week. But Ron wondered, too, what he would do if Harry didn't cooperate with him. With the help of Hermione he'd been learning disillusionment charms. At first she had refused to do it because it was an invasion of Harry's privacy. But after a few days she had reluctantly agreed to help him since she was getting a little worried and annoyed for the lack of confidence of their friend.

So, tonight was the night. He'd ask Harry what was going on and then, if he didn't answer, he'd chase him. It was not a nice thing to do, but Harry wasn't the type to get into stupid things and not telling him. But he was certain that, whatever it was Harry was doing, he wanted to be with him all the way, helping or whatever was needed.

Ron heard the curtain being moved and he got up quickly before Harry could escape. As soon as Harry was putting his invisibility cloak on, Ron grabbed his visible shoulder and turned Harry to face him. Harry got away from his hand and looked down to his feet.

Ron watched this strange behavior and asked, "What are you doing? Where have you gone this last week every night at midnight?"

Harry threw him a piercing look but Ron didn't hesitate: "I've had insomnia and I heard you climb from your bed. I've never heard you come back. Hermione and I are worried sick about you. I can help. On...whatever you're doing..."

"No you can't!" Harry said so fiercely that Ron was astonished.

"Well...then you wouldn't at least tell me what you're up to? I'm your friend I guess. I have the right to be trusted, okay? I won't interfere in your business but at least give me a little light will ya?"

“Look. It’s none of your business what I’m doing and no, I don’t intend to let you know more than what you know now. I’m in a hurry. Goodbye.” And flinging a smile at Ron, he threw the cloak around him and disappeared in the darkness of the room.

After he saw the door open and close alone, Ron cast the disillusionment charm on himself and disappeared through the door too. He guessed it would be difficult to follow Harry since he had the cloak. But he saw the soles of Harry’s shoes a little bit and was pleased with himself. He seemed to take the way that lead to the Transfiguration Classroom. After that, Ron lost him for a little but, following his instincts he arrived at Professor McGonagall’s classroom door.

He tried to look through the peephole, but someone had stuck a piece of paper there. He realized the door was slightly open and that he could open it a little bit just to sneak a quick look at what was happening inside and what mystery was Harry holding from him.

He suddenly heard a gasp, a terrible gasp coming from someone inside. The first thought that crossed his mind was that maybe Harry was being attacked, and Ron couldn’t breathe. He opened the door with a little more strength he had expected - he had to make sure as quickly as possible that Harry was alright.

The first thing he saw was Harry’s face thrown back sweating and with his mouth open gasping and breathing heavily. But suddenly Ron felt his feet stuck to the floor and he couldn’t move in shock. Ron’s eyes became wider as he tried to assimilate what he was seeing. Harry was almost naked; his bare chest was rubbing against another one and his trousers were down on the floor. Harry lifted his head and, with a greater shock than before, he saw Harry kiss the other person whose cock was as hard as Harry’s.

The other boy was Draco Malfoy.

They were rubbing their penises against each other gasping and kissing frantically. Suddenly Ron realized his feet could move and started running. Thoughts of that scene kept assaulting his brain, making him sick and nauseous. How could Harry have kept this outrageous thing from him? As he took off his disillusionment charm and recited the password to enter the Common Room, his mind was wild with views of Malfoy and Harry kissing anxiously for each other. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to vomit thinking about this but it seemed like a good idea to him.

Lying in bed looking at the ceiling, once again he tried to relieve his mind from the images of Harry and Malfoy. He wasn’t sure that, now that he knew the truth, he wanted to know more. He wasn’t actually disgusted by the act itself, because he had nothing against homosexuality, it was just...Harry and Malfoy - that bloody bastard he hated so much! Ron heard the door open and pretended he was asleep so Harry wouldn’t suspect he was spying on him.

The next day, Ron’s insomnia got worse. Hermione asked him what he had discovered but he told her that he couldn’t pursue Harry under the cloak. He couldn’t tell her the truth, she would probably be as disappointed as him, or maybe he was respecting Harry’s silence of his sexy evenings.

He tried to ease his thoughts by thinking of himself with Hermione on top of him, her breasts with pink nipples pointing at him. He imagined sucking and licking those excited nipples and grabbing her full breasts into his large hands, caressing her. It was working - he was no longer thinking of Harry and Malfoy. He imagined Hermione lying down and starting to lick his nipples too. Thinking this, he started to stroke his cock slowly. Hermione was now sitting on his belly grabbing his hips, her mouth wet from constantly licking her own lips. She grabbed his cock and sucked it deeply and Ron realized a gap by thinking this. Hermione sucking and licking his cock as in his mind made him gasp heavily. But suddenly, it should have been Hermione licking his cock but it was not, it was Harry fulfilling Ron's thoughts now.

Ron stopped stroking his cock but its hardness wouldn't go away. He tried to think of Hermione again but this time only Harry would come to his mind. He imagined himself in Malfoy's place. His cock almost jumped with excitement from this new fantasy that did not include Harry. Harry's chest was heaving up and down while he kissed Ron. His kiss was soft but demanding. He slid his hand down Harry's boxers and touched his cock. In his imagination Harry was smaller than him in length but wider, and that satisfied him. Ron felt Harry pulling down his boxers and tossing them to the ground. In a second Ron was naked so he decided to do the same to Harry. As the two boys were naked he felt Harry's hands pulling him closer and he felt pressure on both cocks as they slithered against each other. It was wonderful to feel Harry's cock rubbing against his, feeling that Harry was enjoying it as much as he was. He felt Harry's lips kissing his neck and sucking it as their cocks continued to stroke.

A burst of desire spread in Ron's body. He felt ashamed by his thoughts about Harry. He had never felt that way about him, but he knew it was merely sexual. Thinking about that didn't relieve his sense of guilt and forbidden pleasure but, unnoticed, his insomnia disappeared and he went back to sleep peacefully with only one thought in his mind: how would he face Harry in the next morning?

2. Getting To the Point

As soon as he woke up, Ron realized his cock was harder than ever. It was always like that in the morning. Taking a quick look at his watch he realized he overslept, so it was too late for breakfast. Fortunately it was Saturday so he didn't had to worry about going to classes. Reaching out for his manhood under the sheets, he pulled down his boxers and started to please himself. At this time of the morning he didn't need to think about anything to make himself come.

As he felt the precome, he heard someone in the room. He quickly got up and peeked through the curtain. It was Hermione walking directly to him. He sat up in the bed, wearing nothing but his boxers, but he didn't mind her seeing him only with them. She had woken him up numerous times when they started dating in the sixth year vacation. They dated for almost two months but eventually broke up because of the endless fighting.

Only when she opened the curtains he realized she was breath-taking. She was wearing an almost transparent blouse, and she had some loosened upper buttons so her cleavage was showing a little bit. Her skirt was more above her knee than he'd expected. It was obvious they were going to Hogsmeade, and she had prepared herself with distinction.

"How do I look?" She smiled staring at him. He knew she took a fast glance at the sudden bump in his boxers when she came in. When the dated they didn't pass from touching each other. Obviously she was trying to see if she could still make him react.

He couldn't contain his urges anymore. He got up and kissed her intensely, exploring her mouth like before. His arms were around her waist and his hands were desperately not trying to grab her bottom. He knew that what he was doing to her was purely his sexual desire for someone to help him with his hardness. As she brought her hand to his nipple he stepped back. "Sorry Hermione. I...I don't know what I'm doing. I shouldn't be tricking you like this, I don't want you to get hope we will..."

"It's okay. I was thinking you were doing this only to please yourself anyway. I know you too well Ron," she smiled without any trace of anger and Ron smiled in relief.

"Okay so...what are you doing here anyway?" Ron couldn't stop staring at her cleavage and she seemed to notice.

"Well...actually since you didn't show up for breakfast I was feeling a little lonely so decided to come up and wake you up. She gazed at him with open eyes, Ron knew that she wouldn't come here only to wake him up, she knew he always woke up with a growing erection.

"What about Harry?"

"He skipped to nowhere as soon as he finished breakfast. He seemed weird, with a little angst in his eyes if I might add, but when I asked he just chewed his potato a little

harder and ran away without a single explanation. Well he must have something on his mind or whatever. He appeared quite happy these few days after the war with Voldemort, I wonder what happened...”

“Maybe something happened between him and Malfoy” he thought with a glower in his eyes. His erection had almost worn out, but at the sudden contemplation of last night vision about Harry and him it immediately was forcibly against his boxers again.

Hermione, still thinking this all excitement was because of her, contemplated Ron’s sudden strike inside his pants. She could see a little wet spot, probably of precome. “Ron. Just relax okay? Don’t need to worry about feelings about now.” So she slid her hand under his boxers and pleased him as she had many times before.

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He was starving at lunch, and Harry and Hermione were watching him with a funny look on their faces.

“Wa? An’t somone eat aound e anymoe?” Ron said splattering smashed potatoes all over the table and juice drinks around.

“Yes you can, but you don’t need to bless us with the food in your mouth. We’re not that divine you know?” Harry said with an impatient look on his face.

Ron didn’t dare to look in Harry’s face; he’d been avoiding it for the past days since the incident. Ron had noticed that Harry hadn’t been sneaking out at midnight anymore, and that was a little bit of relief to Ron since the continuous thoughts from Harry and Malfoy touching each other kept popping up his mind. *“I want to talk to him about this but how can I? I can’t just come to him and ask: Hey what’s up with you been snogging Malfoy in the middle of the night?!”* Ron kept smashing his potatoes and turning them in to puree. Harry was his best friend, and he would come up with a way, though he was still angry at him for not telling anything about it.

He had to admit that, since Harry stopped that midnight adventures he was looking rather sombre. He couldn’t control a particular duel between himself and his conscience: he wanted Harry happy, but didn’t want him with that git Malfoy.

“I have to ask him what he was doing and has to be as soon as possible! It has to be tonight while he is still – maybe - in angst. Oh my god! I sound like Hermione with all these feelings and stuff!” he laughed to himself and felt his ears becoming hotter.

“Hey Ron!” Harry was staring at Ron trying to put as many potatoes has he could in his mouth “Want to make that essay for Potions after you... stop trying to eat?”

“Sure.” Ron answered after having swallowed an amazing amount of food down his throat.

“Can you help us Hermione?” Harry asked her

“No Harry, I’m sorry. I have an important essay to do for Arithmancy.”

“Okay then. Let’s go Ron.”

Ron gulped the remaining pumpkin juice in his cup to better push the food down his throat. Hermione raised a disapproving eyebrow but said nothing.

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“What are those stupid notes I took in class last week? I was sure I put them inside the book.” Harry was rooting around his school bag for about ten minutes searching for some paper Ron was oblivious about.

“Hum. Harry?” It was now. It had to be now that they were alone in the room; Ron sitting at his bed amusedly watching Harry losing his mind.

“Yes Ron? Have you found it?”

“No, but I wanted to ask you about something.”

“What about?”

Ron decided it would probably be less painful to just get to the point.

“What have you been doing with Malfoy?”

Harry froze. For about ten seconds he didn’t move from where he was, his back to Ron. Ron thought that maybe getting to the point wasn’t that much of a good idea after all.

“What...what are you talking about?” Harry stuttered.

“Don’t pretend you don’t know. I know all about your encounter with Malfoy and what...you do. I just wanted to know why you didn’t tell me about it. Or maybe just why the hell you’re doing it with Malfoy, I mean could you at least pick someone who was less of a...jerk.”

At this point Harry turned around to face Ron.

“What have you got to do with it? I do whatever I want with my body and I do it with who I want.” Harry was now looking intently at him. His lips were firmly pressed and Ron sensed that maybe he’d gone too far. “And how did you find out about it?” Harry’s eyes grew wider. “Have you been spying on me?” That was the question Ron was most afraid of, but he had to answer it, he couldn’t avoid the truth.

“You don’t have to put it that way! Suddenly you were sneaking out at the middle of the night for more than a week! What would you want me to do? Sit back and be worried about you all the time and where were you going, afraid you were doing something stupid?” Harry was now looking quite shocked. “How could you do it anyway?”

Hermione said you looked pretty happy those you were...snogging Malfoy." It was almost torture for him to think about that.

Harry hesitated for a moment and sighed deeply. "Ron, look...I don't expect you to understand, okay? I just had...needs and...was a little down after the war with Voldemort and Malfoy appeared and help relieve my stress. It was no big deal. I was just accepting his strange way of helping me."

"But...with Malfoy?"

"What is the problem?"

"You could have asked me for help. I could have helped you! Or are we not best friends? Or am I wrong?" Ron almost shouted with fury. He couldn't believe Harry chose Malfoy over him to help him. What about their friendship? What about all they'd gone through all those years? His right hand was shaking and he felt his nails penetrate skin.

A little glow appeared in Harry's green eyes. "You could have helped me? What do you mean by that?"

Ron rapidly realized what Harry thought he meant. Of course he didn't mean in that way. He was not thinking of it at all. He only assumed that it was maybe some jealousy that Malfoy was making Harry happier than him, and helping him in ways Ron had never thought. Or was that it? His fantasies about Harry flashed quickly through his mind. But Ron knew that they were merely fantasies that he had never thought of making come true.

He bit his lower lip and noticed that Harry was in right in front of him. He looked in his eyes and his chin dropped. Harry was staring at him with a devious smile. "Maybe you can still help me Ron." And, as Ron felt Harry's mouth so close to him breathing he was caught in a kiss with his mate. At first Ron just stood still but he couldn't resist. Harry's lips were softer than what he'd imagined. He felt Harry hand grab his waist. *"What am I doing? I'm kissing Harry! He actually kisses very well and he isn't using tongue or anything. BLOODY HELL, WHY AM I THINKING OF HIS TONGUE?"*

Before the situation could get out of his control, Ron pushed Harry away and broke the kiss. He met Harry's eyes and felt the urge to kiss him again, but he was so confused about everything; he didn't know what to feel.

"Did I do something wrong?" Harry asked looking slightly crestfallen.

"Harry...hum...look...I don't know what you are doing but..."

"That was called a kiss Ron. Time to learn something new, you know?" Harry said teasing his friend

"I know what a kiss is! It's not that... YOU kissed me!"

"I realize that. So the problem is...?"

“I...I...” Ron couldn’t think of a straight answer; actually, he couldn’t think of anything. Harry’s lips were sweet and his kiss was soft, and when he placed his hand on his waist, something jumped a bit inside Ron’s pants.

“When you come up with something to say, you know where to find me.” Harry winked and left the room, totally forgetting about the potions essay.

3. The Ink Bottle

Ron didn't know what to think. His body and mind were in absolute war.

"He's Harry!"

"But he kisses so well!"

"He's a boy. You're not gay!"

"I'm not... but what if I like it?"

"What would other people think? What about Hermione?"

"I'm done with her. The hell with other people."

Almost a month had passed since Harry had kissed him, and Ron remembered it as if it had happened the day before. Talking with Harry, Harry kissing him, Harry's soft lips on his, Harry leaving without an explanation, leaving Ron lost with thoughts.

He couldn't stop thinking about it! Actually, since then, his dreams about kissing Harry (and things far away from only touching lips) had been increasingly alarming. During classes he tried to act normal with Harry, but he couldn't stop dropping his wand every time Harry "accidentally" rubbed his leg against Ron's.

This began to get out of control one day, in a potions class. While preparing an increasing potion for Slughorn, Ron noticed that Harry's face was contracted - it seemed he was trying to forget something unpleasant. Ron's eyes searched the classroom and noticed a blonde boy with a smirk crossing his pale face. Draco Malfoy was on the other side of the room making obscene gestures toward a grossly shaped root.

"Are you okay, Harry?" asked Ron, trying to contain his impulse to punch Malfoy.

"Yes, everything's fine... I guess." Ron saw him throw a quick glare at Malfoy. Harry's face was stony.

"Don't worry about him, Harry. He's just trying to get a rise out of you."

"And he's doing it." Harry couldn't stop looking at Malfoy, and Ron detected an increasing bulge between Harry's legs.

"Please Harry..." He grabbed Harry's hand. "He doesn't deserve it."

Harry turned his full attention to Ron's hand. Watching Harry's eyes he felt his face burn and, faster than he would have liked, he took his hand from Harry's. Harry stared at Ron.

"Why did I have to grab his hand? He can learn to deal by himself with Malfoy. That sick bastard was getting on his nerves, he should just shove off!!" Ron was now so full of rage that he didn't notice his lips pressed together and Harry staring at them.

"Are you alright, Ron?"

“What? Oh-!” Ron cursed. The shock of coming back to reality had startled him, and all his roots fell to the floor.

“Mr. Weasley, pay some attention to what you’re doing! We don’t have an infinite supply to account for your clumsiness,” Slughorn snapped.

While picking up the falling roots, Ron paused by Harry’s legs, and peeked at the bulge between his legs. Ron sighed as he felt his cock getting harder too. He slowly rose and looked Harry in the eyes. Those beautiful green eyes.

“Have you thought about the end of our last discussion?” Harry asked.

“I...I don’t know. I don’t know what you want me to say.”

“I want you to say if you have thought...”

“Of course I have thought about it! How can you not think about a discussion like that?!”

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to get you angry.”

“You didn’t; it’s just...I don’t know what to feel.”

“Then I’ll wait. I don’t want to end our friendship over this - you know that, don’t you?”

“Yes, yes I do. Don’t worry about that.”

He looked across the room to Malfoy again and remembered him and Harry together. Tonight was going to be a long night again.

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It was Christmas holidays and Neville, Seamus and Dean had gone home to their families. Ron couldn’t stop thinking about the fact that now he and Harry were the only ones in the dormitory. He accepted the fact that indeed Harry was a great kisser, and that maybe wasn’t a bad idea to try it again... and maybe go farther than that. Of course it was a bit complicated, since he had never experienced something like being aroused by another boy, let alone his best friend.

One day, in the middle of an extensive over-the-holidays essay for transfiguration, Harry dropped an ink bottle. Ron found this suspicious since the bottle wasn’t near the edge of the table at all.

“Could you go and get another one for me Ron, please?”

“Sure.” Ron was surprised Harry asked him to do that but it was a relief to stop working for five minutes.

As soon as he found the new bottle, he heard the door close behind him. As he turned around, he saw a flash of black hair and the touch of lips on his own. Ron let the ink bottle drop and gasped in surprise. Harry grabbed his waist and Ron shivered and pressed his tongue against the other boy lips. Harry opened his mouth a little and Ron explored the inside of his mouth while feeling Harry's tongue playing with his too. "Bloody hell he kisses so well. I wish I'd known this earlier." Harry broke the kiss and looked at him with uncertainty crossing his face. Ron didn't want to stop now, it was feeling so good. He'd never kissed a boy before and he admitted it was rougher than he'd imagined, but he'd enjoyed it.

"What's wrong, Harry?" His fear was now that Harry regretted something.

"Look Ron, I don't want you to think anything that..."

"I don't want to think anything right now, Harry." Ron pushed him forward and whispered in his ear, "I just want to kiss you again."

Harry moaned and desperately pressed his lips against Ron's. He grabbed Ron's hips pulled them into his, and Ron started to kiss Harry's collarbone. With his hands trembling, Ron grabbed the shirttail of the boy who was now sucking hard on his neck. He removed the shirt from his friend and admired Harry's small, lean muscles. He traced a finger around them, and then passed it over one of Harry's nipples. Harry bit his lower lip and the red-haired boy licked two of his fingers, making Harry's eyes grow wider before closing them as he felt Ron's wet fingers touching his nipple.

Harry removed Ron's shirt too and firmly grabbed his bottom, leaving Ron feeling so hard, willing for touch. Ron felt himself being pushed onto Harry's bed while the buttons and zipper of his trousers were opened. Harry sat Ron on the corner of his bed and pressed himself fully against Ron, making him shiver for more. Ron grabbed Harry's bottom and kissed him deeply. Harry groaned when Ron's hand slid inside his pants and tentatively touched his balls and ran up and down his cock..

Harry removed his trousers and boxers as Ron watched him. Ron, getting even harder as he saw the precome coming out of his Harry's tip, threw his trousers and boxers to the floor. Now that he was naked, Ron could feel Harry's cock pressing and rubbing against his while Harry was making groaning sounds against his ear. "I want you Ron. I want to give you so much pleasure."

And, before Ron could even think about that last sentence, Harry got on his knees on the floor and started licking Ron's cock tip. Ron's jaw dropped, but before Ron could speak, Harry sucked hard making Ron gasp and grab the bed hard so he wouldn't fall off out of immense pleasure.

"Oh God! Harry, Harry what are you doing?" Harry sucked Ron's cock deeper into his throat. "That's so good Harry. Please don't stop." As Harry sucked faster and faster, Ron carved his nails into his palms, releasing himself inside Harry's mouth.

Ron fell backwards, now lying in bed. Harry climbed onto the bed and lay next to him. Wanting to pay him back, Ron grabbed Harry's cock and smirked, watching Harry's blissful expression. He rubbed him up and down, making Harry shiver from delight

while breathing heavily into Ron's neck. As he sought his release Harry threw his head back and filled Ron's hand with his come.

Ron picked up his wand and cast a cleaning charm over himself and Harry. He laid down again, naked, next to Harry.

"You were pretty great, Harry," Ron said sleepily.

"You weren't that bad either, Ron," Harry said with a smile on his face.

Ron closed his eyes and fell asleep silently.