

Don't Apologise

by secretsofluna

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The approaching return of summer was evident in the thick heat of the air as it settled over the sunlit grounds of Hogwarts. Students who, by virtue that they evidently lacked, should have been in the library researching by dusty tomes were instead relaxing lazily outside under the shade of the trees and by the cooling water of the lake.

Hermione Granger was among them, scowling as she sat between her two best friends, her hair wilder than usual in the air's humidity.

"One hour."

"No."

"Forty-five minutes?"

"Hermione, we spent five hours in the library yesterday."

"And we finished two essays apiece. What more do you want from us?"

Hermione clicked her tongue in annoyance at the pair of them.

"It's not even nice outside," she muttered. "Too hot."

"Oh, stop complaining," Ron said, grinning at her.

"If the two of you aren't going to go to come in, then I'll just go by myself."

She stood up and, her arms crossed, glared at them expectantly. Neither of them moved. Furrowing her brow in annoyance, she grumbled, "Boys," and stormed off towards the castle.

"What did I tell you?" Ron said with amusement. "Knew she wouldn't last longer than ten minutes."

Harry grinned, glad that Hermione hadn't tried too hard to drag him back into the dark corridors of the castle. Today just wasn't a day for studying.

"She was right about one thing, though," he said lazily. "It's too hot."

"Are you suggesting we go cool off in the library?" Ron asked sceptically.

"No. I just feel like I'm going to fall asleep if I lie here any longer," he answered with a yawn.

"Then get up; we'll find something else to do..."

"The Slytherins are already using the Quidditch stands."

"That's not what I had in mind."

Harry stood up, shaking the grass off his trousers and looked at him appraisingly.

"Do I even want to know?"

"I was just thinking... ever wonder where that Ford Anglia got off to?"

Harry gave a snort of laughter.

"You want to go hunting for an old car, in the Forbidden Forest?"

"Beats anything else I can think of. Though, mind you, one spider and I'm running for it."

"I believe that," Harry said with a smirk. Then, shrugging, he conceded. "Alright, I'm up for it if you are."

Sometimes, there wasn't anything more enjoyable than a good waste of time. Taking his hand, Harry helped Ron up off the ground, and the two strolled casually towards the Forbidden Forest, staying in the general direction of Hagrid's hut so as not to arouse the suspicions of any possibly watchful professors.

The heat receded somewhat as they entered the shadows of the forest. The trees they passed upon entering were familiar to Harry, having seen them so often over his years at Hogwarts. He and Ron travelled along the various winding trails that had been trodden upon the ground, only keeping half-an-eye out for the blue Ford Anglia as they made their way. Harry laughed at Ron's growing nervousness as they started going into darker, less travelled areas of the forest. "It was your idea, mate."

Ron glared at him, but didn't respond, still making his way over thick roots and under tangled branches, Harry following shortly in his wake. The area they had come into now was completely hidden from the grounds, and from the sun. The air was cooler, but still thick with humidity, and Harry felt himself sweating, his pulse pounding.

But he didn't want to go back just yet. He didn't care about the Ford Anglia and suspected that Ron didn't either. He simply liked being there, concealed in the dark woods, away from the attention and the worries of school and other little things such as Voldemort and the war. He liked being with his best friend, who never tried to force his responsibilities on him, understanding how much of a burden they already were for him.

Lost in thoughts, Harry let out a wince as a branch tore into the side of his arm, causing Ron to whip around in panic.

"It's not a spider, Ron," Harry remarked sarcastically.

"Well, are you alright?"

"Just a small cut."

"Do you want to go back?"

"Over a cut? No, I'm fine."

He gestured to Ron to continue, and Ron looked at him reluctantly before attempting to press onward. They were apprehended, though, by the fact that Ron had managed to get his foot caught under a heavy fallen branch. "Dammit," he cursed, pulling at his leg to no avail.

Harry took out his wand and waved it over the branch with a flick and swish, muttering *Wingardium Leviosa*. The branch was taken into the air, and Ron jerked his leg back suddenly smashing right into Harry and causing them both to fall backwards onto the hard, bumpy ground. Harry let out a groan as he felt Ron topple onto him, his body heavy above him. He couldn't help but notice which part of Ron had fallen directly upon his lap.

"Sorry," Ron said quickly, pulling himself up.

"Don't apologise," Harry replied. "Er, I mean... it's okay; it's fine."

He shut up awkwardly and looked away as he, too, pulled himself off the dirty ground and leaned up against the tree.

"Your arm is still bleeding," Ron commented, standing closer and resting his eyes on Harry's considerable wound.

"Yeah, and now I have some nice bruises to match."

When he glanced back in Ron's direction, still a bit too flustered to look him in the eye, he realised how close he was. It was much too close...

"Ron "

"Nobody's around, Harry," the red-head murmured. "Nobody has to know."

"Ron "

Ron was breathing unevenly, shaking nervously. But they both felt the line had been crossed. There was just something about sweat and bruises and a dark and forbidden forest that made sexual tension harder to overlook. Harry's heart pounded madly in his chest as Ron leant in and kissed his lips. First soft, a kiss that tested the waters, but then harsher and rougher, a kiss that matched their surroundings.

Harry pushed him back forcefully, gasping for breath over the magnitude of what had happened.

"I'm sorry," Ron apologized quickly, again. "I don't know why "

"Don't apologise," Harry said shortly. He nodded past Ron's head, "It's just the car."

Ron turned his head around to see what Harry was looking at, and there it was the blue Ford Anglia that had driven off to live a wild life in the forest over four years ago. Its headlights, both broken, were stuck upon them in wide circles. It seemed to be staring at them, but one could hardly determine the facial expression of a car.

"Ron " Harry started again. "I have an idea."

Ron looked at him quizzically, but said nothing as Harry stepped determinedly toward the car, which did not drive away. He opened the backdoor and gestured back to his best friend.

"Get in," he said with a wicked grin.

"To the backseat, mate?" Ron asked, his eyebrow arched.

"Yeah."

Ron stared at Harry disbelievingly, but obeyed his orders, climbing inside the back of the car. Harry got in after him.

"It's a little more comfortable in here."

"I think the level of discomfort is the least of our worries at the moment," Ron said with nervous laughter, his eyes betraying his thoughts as they dropped their gaze to Harry's lips and then further below.

Closing his eyes, Harry leaned forward and continued their kiss, biting Ron's lip as he felt Ron's hand travel down along his chest and to the buttons of his shirt. He let out a groan and pushed Ron onto his back, moving his mouth to his neck and kissing him forcefully. Ron let out a strangled moan of pleasure and Harry felt him get harder beneath him. Harry felt his own blood rush downwards, and was unsurprised at the hurry of his body. After all, a sexually frustrated male only needed so much to get going. The look of pleasure on Ron's face, the sheen of sweat on his freckled brow and the feel of his hands making their way along Harry's body were certainly doing it for him.

Harry busied himself with Ron's belt buckle, quickly opening it and pulling Ron's trousers down past his arse, tugging his underwear along with. He looked apprehensively at Ron's erection, not sure how he would feel if it was more impressive than his own. As his green eyes rested upon it, however, the thoughts of comparison were chased away, and instead the sight of it caused him a groan as he felt his own erection grow more stiff again.

To Harry's contentment, Ron was now at work on his trousers, though he was having more trouble with the belt than Harry had. After some fumbling hands, however, he had it undone and moments later, Ron's hands were on the bare skin of Harry's bottom, his nails digging in as Harry pressed their bodies together, grinding slowly and torturously against him.

Their breathing was audibly heavy and intermittent with groans as Harry began to pull Ron's shirt off, and Ron with a smirk busied himself with stroking Harry's throbbing erection. He kissed Ron again, roughly, enjoying the sensation of the hand moving up and down against him.

"I want you now," Harry muttered hoarsely.

Ron closed his eyes and gave a choked murmur of assent. It was followed by a small gasp as Harry worked a wet finger inside of him, easing the impending entry. It was joined by another, and Ron began to moan at the feel of any part of Harry inside of him. He craved more, however, and Harry's own cravings were becoming just as difficult to tame. Ron's thighs pressing hard against his waist, Harry finally dove inside of him. "Bloody hell," Ron gasped.

Harry bit his lip at the sensation as he pulled out of Ron and then pushed back in, harder. Sweat was dripping from his hair, and he was relishing the look of ecstasy on Ron's face, taking pleasure in the heat emanating from his body. Harry slowed himself, enjoying the torturous pull of Ron's body around him. Ron's eyes opened, and he watched Harry's reddened face as he worked himself in and out.

Pushing in again, Harry wrapped a fist around Ron's erection, and stroked him in time with his thrusts. Down, in. Up, out. His movements were slow, then faster. The heat building inside him was becoming unbearable in the best sense possible. He prayed thanks that they were in the heart of the forest, lest anyone even remotely nearby hear the heightened sounds of excitement passing his lips.

There was an explosion inside of him, and Harry came hard inside Ron with a shudder. Licking his lips, he looked at Ron's face; his eyes were closed again, with a pained expression, and his hips were bucking upward into Harry's hand. Harry worked him harder until finally, Ron let out a loud moan as his body shook with pleasure.

Harry collapsed against Ron's heaving chest, and Ron lowered his feet, which had been in the air, and wrapped his legs around Harry. Their heartbeats and breaths became slower and steady. Harry opened his mouth to say something to Ron, but just as he did so, there was a rush of force and the two of them were thrown from the backseat, naked onto the ground.

"Ow!" Harry shouted, and his clothes landed on his head as they were also thrown from the Ford Anglia.

"I think we upset it," Ron laughed as the Ford Anglia sped off as fast as it could.

"I think we traumatised it, actually," Harry said back with a grin. "Now shut up and get dressed."