He hadn’t meant to, really, but when he reflected on the matter he hadn’t meant to all the other times either. It had, to his mind, just ‘sort of happened.’ Just like all the other times. Hermione, he was sure, would be able to explain it better than he ever could. In fact, there was a reasonable probability she would have to. Ginny too would probably be able to make it sound like it made some sort of sense, but it would have been a lie. His sister would be able to give an explanation,
He had betrayed Harry.

Just another in a long list, most of which Harry wasn’t even aware of, and much of the rest of which he didn’t bother remembering. This time, Ron suspected, he probably would remember. Ron wouldn’t be able to blame him, because he was sure he’d remember it even better than Harry would. From stealing chocolates in first year to abandoning him and Hermione in the midst of Voldemort’s reign, there was a long list of the ways he had failed Harry as a friend. Each and every failure made him hate himself, but when failures made him love himself he knew he would inevitably do it again. Being Harry’s friend carried just too many benefits, none of them expected.

Ron had always known that being the best friend of the Boy-Who-Lived would get him places and things, but it was only ever in hindsight that he was able to see them. In the process they were invisible to him. In the moment it seemed as if Harry got everything, and the redhead’s envy would always boil. He’d resent Harry and betray him, bringing himself satisfaction and then rationalizing it afterwards to himself that Harry had deserved it. After that he would look back and realize he had come away doubly blessed. Then Ron would hate himself to blindness, vowing not to let any good come to himself at Harry’s expense ever again. Ron would only blind himself to it though, and eventually he would become convinced that everything good happening was happening to Harry. It was a vicious cycle.

When he had pinned Hermione against a wall, plundering her mouth with his tongue while he slipped off her skimpy lingerie, it was rather like how he had ridden Harry’s broom every day while he was in the Hospital Wing, having to do no schoolwork while Dumbledore sung his praises for defeating Voldemort in the dreaded third-floor corridor. He, Ron, had received nothing, even though he still had a bruise on his head from the chess game, while Harry looked fine. Beholding the brunette witch’s pale, nude form and then carrying her eager body back to his bed felt just the same as stealing Harry’s invisibility cloak to play pranks while its owner lay unconscious.

Waking up naked in bed next to her after a night of wild lovemaking, kissing her naked in the shower as he pushed inside her, watching her eyes filled with lust as she licked and sucked him clean, and then seeing her talk about a late night of investigative work with Harry in her magic mirror while Ron ate breakfast with her felt just as when Dumbledore had praised him and given him points in front of the entire school, when his brothers had cheered him as a hero, when his parents had scolded him but then told him sincerely how proud they were of him that he had done the right thing. It was the same rush of sick guilt, and the same rush of adrenaline that he had gotten away with it. It was the same vow not to do it again, and — when Hermione gave him a passionate goodbye kiss and when he caught a glimpse of Harry’s Nimbus hiding in his trunk — the same crumbling resolve.

He had betrayed Harry.

He liked to betray Harry.
Harry had always forgiven him, of course. Ron had always thought he wouldn’t be Harry if he didn’t. Sometimes it took more time, sometimes it took less, but in the end Ron would make a halfway apology and be the best mate of the savior of the wizarding world again. Harry didn’t press him, didn’t force him to be who he wasn’t. He was understanding like that; accepting like that. On some level that might occur to Ron the few times he lay sleepless in the early morning hours, he assumed that Harry knew what he was like; that Harry knew Ron liked to strike out against him. Then he would roll over and the thought would be forgotten in his deep slumber, replaced with the certainty that Harry could take anything. Perhaps — on even more sleepless nights — even that he deserved to take anything, because he was Harry. Perhaps that was his lot in life.

Hell, Harry even always tried to get the best for Ron regardless of his shortcomings. He wanted Ron to be happy. He wanted Ron to find his best place in life. In fifth year he had pushed to improve Ron as a keeper; in sixth he had even braved Hermione’s wrath to make Ron believe he couldn’t lose. He had sacrificed some of the rarest potion in the world for him; potion that could’ve alleviated some of Harry’s unfortunate circumstances. Maybe that was why Harry always forgave his best mate.

Food, grades, detentions, time, even girls Harry had given up for his best friend. When they had been on the run (and even before) Harry had stepped aside because he knew Ron had fancied Hermione. In hindsight that was all too clear. It was Ron who had forsaken Hermione, when Harry had all but given them his blessing to be together. Even as Harry had stood at the alter with Ron beside him, reciting vows and exchanging rings with their brunette friend, he had given Ron one last subtle glance to make sure that it was okay for him to be with Hermione. If there was one thing Ron was sure about, it was that Harry hadn’t changed.

Maybe that was why he could go through with asking Harry to cover at his work so he could take advantage of Hermione’s free day without guilt bubbling in his stomach. His faith in Harry kept him whole; his best friend condoned him and believed in him. When Hermione called Ron’s name over and over again, he felt affirmed. As the brunette’s naked breasts pressed against him in her bed, her legs wrapping around his hips as they shared another spine-tingling orgasm, Ron remembered that Harry had meant for them to be together. As he neared his edge and spilled himself in her, Ron was sure that Harry would understand that he had only been taking care of Hermione until Ron was ready. After all, Harry still had Ginny, and that meant his lovemaking with Hermione was balanced. Still…

He had betrayed Harry.

He liked to betray Harry.

It was good to betray Harry.

It wasn’t as if there weren’t boundaries, of course. Even if Ron had never discussed them with his friend, they both knew where the boundaries were. There were things Ron would never do, depths he would never sink to. There were limits that understated their friendship, that made it survive and kept it strong. When Ron had left his friend in fourth year for hogging the glory, they had both known that it was only temporary, and that Ron would never do anything to really hurt his best mate. He might have left him, but he still silently supported him, and never sided with
Harry’s enemies. Ron knew that was going too far, and that he could hold out against the temptation. He would stick within the limits.

Even still, the redhead knew that Harry would forgive him if he crossed the line. The limits were for Ron, not Harry. Harry had no limits; he was the best person Ron knew, and he forgave everyone unconditionally. He had forgiven Snape for his years of torment, Dumbledore for his lies, Gryffindor for all the times they had turned their back on him, even Draco and the Malfoys. Ron knew he was safe. Even when he eventually crossed the line, Harry would see that it was inevitable, that Ron was only human, that it was only natural for his best friend to take from him things he was never meant to.

That was why, when Ron took his sister’s wand and locked the doors of her house, he didn’t feel a shred of doubt. Why, when his little sister had started punching and kicking him, he had held her down until she stopped. Why he had ignored the redhead girl’s questions about why she had seen him and Hermione naked in bed, why he had ignored her shouts at him and silenced her with a kiss. Why, when she had told him “No!” he had just kept undressing her until her protests grew weaker. Why, when he finally had her beautiful body lying naked in Harry’s bed, he had positioned himself and sunk into her without a second to reconsider. Why he had kept pounding into her until her tears turned to moans; until the scrapes of her ring against his back had turned from deterrents into spurs for him to go harder, deeper. Why he had refrained from cumming until Ginny was in a sweat-soaked orgasmic stupor. Why he had coaxed his little sister around to ride him until her flying red locks stuck to her back and her burning breasts collapsed on top of him, her hips rolling of their own accord to milk the last of their illicit sex.

He had taken her from Harry; the girl he was never meant to have: his little sister. Yet another thing he had taken from Harry, and not the first girl. He remembered he had had a girl blow off her date with Harry to sleep with him in the Room of Requirement by polyjuicing himself as Harry, telling her very clearly he only did one-night stands (being muggle-raised and all) and that he never wanted to be romantically linked with her. He had never told Harry why the girl had blown him off and never contacted him again, had barely comforted his friend by pointing him in the direction of other girls that he could never touch — like Ginny. He knew that if Harry ever did find out, however, he would know that Ron had been destined to take from him, and accept it. He would know that limits were meant to be pushed and broken. He would understand that the desire had been unbeatable, that the temptation was there to be succumbed to, that there had been sexual tension between Ron and his would-be girlfriend. The same sexual tension there had been with Hermione and, if he was honest, the same sexual tension that had, for a long time, existed between Ron and Ginny. Harry would see that it was for the best that his wives slept with his best friend; that Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Black now made love to Ron Weasley.

He had betrayed Harry.

He liked to betray Harry.

It was good to betray Harry.

He would keep betraying Harry.

And when Ron found a naked Hermione gently stirring on his right and a naked Ginny on his left; when he guided the brunette’s adulterous mouth down, down, down; when he kissed his little sister deeply and passionately while Hermione got him erect with her too-long-denied lips and tongue; when Harry’s wife removed Ginny’s scanty panties, kissed her, spread her legs, and guided Harry’s other wife down to where she belonged to lovingly mount Ron’s straining manhood so she could ride him well into the morning he realized that Harry, when he found out, would just have to
live with it. After all…

He would keep betraying Harry.

End Notes

Ron/Ginny/Hermione is my OT3…

Not. Still, it is pretty smutty.

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