

Unknown passwords and telltale hearts

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Disclaimer: No, Harry Potter is not mine - I think it's better for the figure's health, anyway ;) - and I will not earn any money with this.

Pairing: Blaise/Ron

Warnings: None... a bit fluffy perhaps.

A/N: This was written on a train trip to my parents' so... don't expect to much.

Cautiously as a cat Ron Weasley moved through the castle. It was way past midnight and if Filch or Mrs Norris - not to mention Peeves!! - crossed his way... he'd better not think about it. >If I'm lucky Harry and Herm are already in bed. But I doubt it. That'd be too much to wish for for one night.< Slowly he peered around a corner. He was almost there. Now he just needed to tell the Fat Lady the password, pass through the portrait hole into the Common Room and up into the dorm room. Well, at least that was his plan. As he stood in front of the portrait, he said "Dragon eggs!" and looked expectantly at the Fat Lady. But she didn't even move half an inch. "Why aren't you opening up? I told you the password!" - "Yes, you told me the *old* one! You're a prefect, aren't you?" Ron nodded impatiently. He was fucking tired and just wanted to catch some sleep. He had double Potions first thing in the morning. "So you should have known it changed this night at midnight. No entrance without password." She stated. Ron fumed. "But you *know* me!! I've been a Gryffindor for the last 6 ½ years!!" - "That doesn't alter the facts: You need to know the correct password to get through. Now if you would be so kind as to tell me the right one or leave, so I can get back to sleep." - "I don't know it." He bellowed and turned on his heel.

After a few steps, however, he stopped. Where should he sleep now? A thought crossed his mind. But could he...? >I'll have no choice but to try. I hope he's still awake.<He took out his wand and slightly tipped the thin silver ring around his left thumb. The thin blue line engraved in it was illuminated by this, but only for a few moments; then it returned to normal. Now he could only hope that the action had not been unnoticed. He walked on until he reached a corridor on the first floor in which lay two Potions "laboratories" for the NEWT-level students to practise. He slid down the wall and sat on the floor - and waited.

"Hey gorgeous!" The soft voice stirred him back into reality. Had he dozed off? He blinked and looked into Blaise's almost black eyes. "How come you're not in your tower?" The Slytherin asked and kissed him tenderly. Ron blushed a little. "The

password changed at midnight... and I didn't meet Hermione, so she could've told me the new one..." he admitted. "Hm.. I guess my sweet Gryffindor'll have to sleep in my dungeon tonight, hm?" Blaise laughed softly. "If you'd be so kind..?" Ron looked at him with a begging expression. "Sure thing. Come on, the floor is way too cold!"

While Ron followed his boyfriend, he mused over this evening. It had been more than half a year now since he and Blaise Zabini were dating - in secret, of course. None of their friends knew, except Draco Malfoy, who, as Ron had had to admit, wasn't so bad after all. But if he passed the night in Blaise's bed, everyone would know. That much was for sure. Was he ready for that? Was *Blaise* ready for that? When this thought occurred, he stopped. They were just a few steps from the entrance to the Slytherin Common Room, he remembered it from his second year. "Blaise?" He asked softly. The other turned. "Yeah?" - "You are conscious of the fact that we'll no longer be... well, a *secret* after that? I mean, if I'm spending this night in your bed..?" The Redhead said, sounding insecure. The Slytherin started to smile at these words, and pulled Ron into his arms. "Actually..." he whispered into the Gryffindor's ear, "I've been hoping for an opportunity to tell the whole school for a while now... and so this is more than okay with me, if it is with you." Ron gave it a thought, then nodded. "I'd *love* to tell them!" The black boy smiled even broader, took Ron's left hand in his own and kissed the thumb with the ring.

This ring had been Blaise's Christmas present. The Slytherin wore the pendant on his ring finger - silver, too, but with a black line engraved; the color of his eyes, to match Ron's. The Slytherin had almost gone mad when the ring hadn't fit on any of the Redhead's slim fingers, but finally it fit on the thumb. The rings had an additional function to being a symbol of their love: They could tell the other when to meet.

"So... shall we?" The Ravenhead asked. "Yup. Let's get some sleep." Ron yawned. Silently they crept through the Slytherin Common Room and into the 7th years' dorm room. Blaise led his boyfriend to his bed, started to undress him. After having done the same to himself, he climbed into the bed, and Ron immediately cuddled up to him. Blaise loved the feeling of his beloved's warm body so close to him, and it didn't take them long to drift away into sleep.

"What is *he* doing here?" Theodore Nott's voice was what woke the couple in the morning. Ron didn't really understand what was going on; he wasn't the morning type. But luckily enough, Blaise was and answered. "He's sleeping in my bed. And before you ask why - he is my boyfriend. If you don't like it, it's your problem." He glared at his fellow Slytherins. "Draco! Say something!" Vincent Crabbe looked at the blonde Malfoy. "There's nothing to say. I knew before that they're a couple, so stop it. And now let's get to breakfast, everybody." No one dared to say anything against this and so they left the room - and therefore Ron and Blaise.

"So, how did you sleep, sweetheart?" The Slytherin asked after kissing his lover. "I could get used to this... it's cosy and warm in your bed..." the Redhead smiled. "Well... if you like you could do that more often..." Blaise proposed. "I'll think about it, darling. But let's get up - I won't survive Potions without having breakfast!"

As they entered the Great Hall, the murmur seemed to have spread already, for everyone went quiet. Blaise smiled wickedly and kissed his boyfriend. "See you after breakfast, beloved." He said, loud enough for those sitting nearby to hear. "I miss you already, love." Ron planted a kiss on the Slytherin's nose and turned to go to his table. Harry, Hermione and all the others stared at him, shocked, surprised, disgusted... but

Ron could only smile. His love was no longer a secret. And somehow he now felt complete; for the first time in a very long time he had no fear when he thought about his future - his no longer lonely future. And so he stepped forward to meet his future - in direction of the Gryffindor table.

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