

The One with Harry Potter

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The One with Harry Potter

by [Jana_C](#)

Summary

Joey's got a new roommate. And a new sexual orientation too, if Harry had anything to say about it.

Notes

Okay, first of all, I've been re-watching Friends, and I felt so sorry for Joey – you know, when he tells Rachel he's in love with her, and gets all depressed, that I decided he needed a Harry.

This started out as a oneshot, and then it grew to a series. Idek.

I hope you guys enjoy it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter One

Friends with benefits.

He had never even looked at a man like that, what was wrong with him?

That's what Joey Tribbiani thought as he silently watched his new roommate leave the bathroom and go to his room using only a towel around his waist.

Harry Potter had moved to New York two weeks ago, and found Joey's ad the day he arrived in the city. Apparently, the boy had money enough to pay the rent, and seemed to be fun enough to have around. He didn't really need the money, not with how well he was doing in Days of Our Lives, but he had gotten tired of living by himself, and he missed having a single friend with him, like it was when he and Chandler lived together – only it wasn't.

He had *never – ever* – thought about Chandler like... like that. But he couldn't seem to stop himself, Harry was just *beautiful*, even the girls had said so – well, the girls and Chandler, but there wasn't much of a difference there. He had long, completely black hair, as dark as it could be, and it reached to his shoulder blades. His eyes were so green Monica had asked him if he wore lenses, and he said he didn't – that was the natural color of his eyes, apparently a trait inherited from his mother. His skin was pale, as if he wasn't used to being in the sun, and his lips were a dark red, full and perfectly kissable.

He was a man, though. A man with manly parts, and manly bits, with a manly voice, even if he was a bit short and skinny. He wasn't built like Ross, who could compensate being skinny with his height, or like himself, as a perfect example of the male body, if he did say so himself. He was thin, a bit short, and his long hair gave him a... *weird* look, but it was a good weird – Rachel had called him *ethereal*, whatever that meant, and Phoebe had agreed, so Joey was all for describing him like that.

Ethereal.

But a man all the same. There was no mistaking the guy for a girl, even if he wanted to, and he didn't, he just didn't want to keep thinking about his brand new roommate like that.

He had been thinking things like that ever since the second day Harry had lived with him, when he came out of the bathroom in a towel, just like he had done a few seconds ago.

Apparently, Harry couldn't remember to take his clothes with him. He must have some sort of memory problem or something.

It never occurred to Joey that Harry might be doing that on purpose.

He had nothing against gay people – he liked them quite a lot, actually, he had a lot of gay fans, and that helped him keep on the show. He just had never pictured himself as one. He had never felt attraction to a guy before, he was Joey Tribbiani, the terror of the ladies – only he hadn't been a terror for the past few weeks, because of the Rachel situation.

Just as he was getting all depressed all over again, Harry came out of his room, wearing simple black sweat pants, and a white v-neck t-shirt, with his wet hair down.

He was beautiful.

“Hey, Joey, something wrong?”, he asked, his voice soft, and his eyes wide, as if the mere thought of something bothering Joey was a personal offense.

“Nothing.”, he answered, trying to hide his discomfort. He shouldn't be thinking his roommate was beautiful – hadn't he learned his lesson with Rachel? Hadn't he learned he shouldn't be crushing on people who lived with him?

And most of all, hadn't he learned that he shouldn't be crushing on a *guy*, who probably had a girlfriend somewhere in London, with the same cute accent, and the way he pronounced the words, and...

Damn it, he was getting all worked up just thinking about a girl touching Harry.

He was insane, it was obvious.

“Are you sure?”, the shorter of the two asked, looking worried, “You seem to be really angry.”

“Just... thinking about them girls. They make me mad.”, he said without thinking, sounding completely crazy, and now Harry must think he was an idiot.

Against all odds, Harry laughed.

“You know, girls *do* drive you crazy. That’s why I gave up on them.”, he said, casually leaning on the kitchen counter, so close to where Joey was sitting on the stool they could hug – not that Joey was thinking about hugs. He wasn’t. He totally wasn’t.

“You gave up on girls? You don’t date anymore?”

“Oh, I do. But only guys. Girls are *way* too much trouble.”, he answered unconcerned, shrugging slightly, and turning to the refrigerator, looking for something, while Joey was there, frozen.

He-was-gay. Harry was *gay*. Harry dated boys. That changed everything—

-- except it didn’t because Harry was gay, but Joey wasn’t.

“I’m not gay.”, he said, loud and clear, and he heard Harry chuckle, and turn around, a bottle of water in his hand.

The boy stopped right in front of Joey, and leaned in, his lips grazing Joey’s slowly, the mockery of a kiss.

“Gay is just a word, and those are just labels.”, he said very quietly, and leaned again, kissing Joey - and this time, Joey kissed him back, slowly, no consuming fire, but something slow, and burning, and tingling all at the same time.

Harry took a step back, and smiled at him.

“You *are* very cute, did you know that?”, he said, before going to his room and closing the door.

And Joey just stood there, staring.

He had just kissed a guy.

And apparently, he hadn’t known what he was missing.

Chapter Two

Friends with Benefits

He had moved to New York because he was sick and tired of being the boy who lived, the boy who killed Voldemort, the boy who whatever.

Sick and tired.

He wanted, for once in his life, be himself. Be a regular guy, be whoever he was supposed to be, and hadn't had the chance to find out.

For once, he wanted to be selfish, and think about himself first. So, two years ago, he had left his auror degree, his crappy apartment in London, the offer of being a teacher in Hogwarts, and just... left.

Hermione, of course, had had a fit, and thought him irresponsible. Ron didn't quite know what to make of his decision, so he was sullen and quiet the four days it had taken him to put his things in order before leaving.

As a surprising happening, Ginny had been the one to fully support him – she had grown up quite a bit since the war, and they hadn't been working out as a couple – not that any of them were to blame, but Ginny wanted to do well in life, she wanted to grow, and be acknowledged as more than The Chosen One's girlfriend, and it was quite hard to do that with Harry around.

So she had been supportive, and said she understood him, and there Harry went, to Egypt.

He stayed there for a few weeks, and then went to Japan. There he had learned how to cook really strange food, and also had noticed he didn't quite look at *girls* anymore.

The guys, though, were a completely different matter.

He started to take a Japanese class, and had had the hugest crush on his teacher, and then he had run away from Japan the same night.

It had taken him three more countries before he accepted that, well, wasn't he being a complete hypocrite, saying that love had saved him, and that despising Muggleborns were wrong, when he himself had freaked out when he had noticed he didn't like girls.

In France, barely a year before, he had had his first lover. A much more experienced muggle, someone who liked him because he was shy and awkward, and who liked to laugh at him every time he got embarrassed. He learned quite a lot with Pierre in the four months they spent together, but Harry knew it wasn't love.

It was something else, maybe, a fondness, attraction, a liking and admiration for his bright red hair, his amazing accent, his well built body, and the way he seemed to be able to hold Harry completely, as if Harry was safe between his arms.

But then again, Harry had barely been hugged before in his whole life, so it wasn't quite a good comparison.

In the year that followed, Harry had gone back to Britain three times, seen Ron and Hermione in their wedding, met Ginny's newest boyfriend, congratulated Neville and Luna in their engagement and noticed he was... different.

Hermione had seen it, and finally acknowledged he had made the right choice – Harry was his own man, not the one chosen to defeat some wizard, not the small, shy boy who had grown up with a despicable family, not a weapon bred to die on demand, but a mature, happy, free man, who loved to laugh, was confident in himself, and who still had no idea what to do with his own life – but that was okay, because he sure was enjoying the ride.

After traveling around the world for almost two full years – something that was eating through his own vaults, and Sirius's – he decided to settle down, somewhere muggle, somewhere big, where he would be just another man in the crowd.

Hence his being in New York.

He saw the ad for the apartment in the newspaper and had to laugh, and immediately answer to it – it was just too fun to pass it up, as the guy who had put it forbid women from seeking him out, because he was a TV star, and couldn't take having fans living with him.

And then he had met Joey, in a little coffee shop, on the first floor of his own building, and it was amazing. Joey was sweet, there was no other word for it, he was sweet and innocent in a somewhat oblivious way, and Harry couldn't help the fondness he felt for him.

It was just too cute for words.

Harry noticed Joey's staring at him days before Joey himself had noticed – and that was the reason he was always “forgetting” his clothes in his room when he showered, or why he was always with no shirt on as soon as a little bit of heat started to form.

He hadn't met Joey's friends yet – he left early to hunt for an occupation, and came back late from walking through the city, and the day after he had kissed Joey was the day he would meet the guy's friends.

He was just *dying* to see how Joey would be the next morning, after having his first guy-kiss.

If he was honest with himself, he didn't quite know what he was doing. Joey obviously had issues about being straight and manly, and that was what made Harry want him the most – to prove to him that there wasn't anything wrong with being who he was, and if Harry was reading him right, he wasn't the first crush Joey had had – this guy Chandler, about whom he had talked *a lot* when Harry had first moved in was a sure candidate to had been Joey's first man-crush.

He got dressed in simple jeans and a black Ralph Lauren t-shirt, form fitting and brand new, because he had developed a certain phobia of old, loose clothes after his months with Pierre

and his fashion sense, and left his room to see Joey sitting on the counter, a cup of coffee in his hands, and a brooding look on his face.

“Hey, Joey. Good morning, sleep well?”, he asked, taking a cup of coffee for himself.

Joey just stared at him.

And stared, and stared, and then he stared some more.

Harry started thinking maybe he had taken his own game a little too far.

Maybe Joey was offended now, and was going to ask Harry to leave.

Maybe he would punch Harry.

He could too, he was way bigger than Harry.

And then, in a really fast move, Joey was right in front of him, pushing him flush against his body, pinning him against the counter, and *devouring* his lips, in a scorching kiss – there was no other way to describe it, no matter how cheesy it sounded.

“Now I kissed you too! You don’t get to do all the kissing!”, Joey said, really proud with himself, and Harry could only nod.

Man, that was some kiss.

“Monica invited us over for breakfast, come on.”, he said and left, leaving the door open.

And Harry followed.

For a kiss like that, Harry would follow him to the ends of the Earth and back.

Chapter Three

Friends with Benefits

Ross was weird, Harry decided once they were all sitting around the table, eating a breakfast worth of Molly Weasley.

Monica, Ross's sister, was a bit like Molly, only way more paranoid and crazy, but still, with a bit of I'll feed everyone all the time that was nice. Rachel was nice enough, a bit loud and self-absorbed, but really pretty people usually had that problem, and she wasn't all that bad. Phoebe was hilarious, and reminded Harry of Luna a little bit, and Chandler was fun, he and Monica really worked out as a couple, in a way very few couples did.

But Ross was extremely weird. Harry wasn't sure he liked him at all.

Joey had opened the door with no ceremony, and then had introduced him to the guys, and asked the girls if they remembered him, which they did. Phoebe had been calling him elf-boy ever since he said good morning, but it was okay, he had been called worse things. Rachel had complemented his outfit – it turns out she worked for Ralph Lauren, and his t-shirt was one of her favorites on the new collection, so he was really nice in her eyes, and they had talked for a bit, trading fashion opinions, before breakfast was served.

His roommate was currently sitting across from him, doing everything he could not to meet his eyes, and Harry could not help but think what would happen when they were alone again.

He had kissed Joey. Joey had kissed him.

What now?

“So, Harry, what do you do?” Chandler asked, trying to make small talk.

Harry put down his cup of coffee and shrugged.

“Right now I’m trying to find something to do. I’ve been travelling these past two years, but I think I’d like to stay in New York now.”

“Wow, two whole years, just travelling? That must be great!” said Phoebe, and Harry smiled at her.

“It was, but it gets pretty tiring too. I want to settle down now, find a place I can call home, built something for myself, find something I want to work with.”

“So, you don’t work?” Ross asked, in a really condescending voice. That guy was getting on his last nerve.

“No, I don’t. I was in a special police force for about three years after I graduated, but then I decided that wasn’t what I wanted to do with my life, and then I left England all together. My best friend and I had always talked about working for this specific police force, my father worked there too, but you have to let the past go sometimes, right?”, he finished, smiling tightly, and he saw Monica glaring at Ross for making him uncomfortable.

“Any ideas about what you want to do? Maybe something to do with fashion?”, Rachel asked, and he shrugged again.

“I’m not sure. I mean, there are so many options, but I think I’d like something light and fun.”

“Not a fan of hard work, huh?” Ross commented, and Harry looked straight at him, annoyed enough to answer at last.

“Do you have some kind of problem with me or something? Because if you do, you can say it.”

Everyone was really quiet, and Ross was trying to find something to say.

“I don’t have a problem with you. I just don’t think it’s appropriate for you to keep making passes at the mother of my daughter, that’s all”, he said it really fast, and Rachel, Phoebe and Monica screamed “*Ross!*” in a really exasperated tone.

That was when Joey decided to say something for the first time ever since they had said good morning.

“He’s not making passes at Rachel, he’s gay.” When everyone turned to look at him, astonished, he continued, “But I’m not.”

Slowly the five other people in the table turned to look at Harry, who was calmly sipping his coffee, as if waiting for him to start denying what Joey had said.

“Well, it’s true. And I really don’t see *how* I would have made a pass at Rachel, as I haven’t spoken to her anymore than I’ve spoken to Monica or Phoebe or you, Ross, but, well, yeah, I’m gay. But don’t worry, you’re not my type. None of you are, actually, except, perhaps, for Joey”, he finished with a huge grin and a wink, making the other man choke on a piece of pancake he had been swallowing.

With a smile, Harry got up from the table.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, I had an appointment about some business I might be buying, so I gotta go. It was a pleasure meeting you, Chandler, Ross. Ladies, a pleasure talking to you again”, he looked at Joey, “Honey, I’ll see you later at home”, and with that he left.

All five pairs of eyes turned to Joey, who seemed oblivious to it until Phoebe managed to kick him under the table.

“Since when have you known?!” Monica asked.

“What? That Harry is gay? Yeah, he told me last night. Why, do you guys have a problem with it?”

“No, but do you?” Phoebe followed, looking at Joey in that speculative way of hers.

“No.”, he said, shrugging slightly, “Gay is just a word, and those are just labels, right?”, and with that he left too, leaving his five best friends staring at the empty space where he had been before.

Who was that person, and what had he done to Joey?

Chapter Four

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Friends With Benefits

“I think we need to talk” Harry said one morning, after he and Joey had, yet again, kissed each other senseless in the living room of their small apartment.

Things were... weird. Monica and Chandler were just waiting to hear back from the Adoption Agency, and Harry felt that they'd be moving out of their apartment soon enough. He had started writing a fantasy book, and the idea sold well enough, which meant he spent most of his time at home or at Central Perk, writing.

And he and Joey spent an awful lot of time kissing, and doing things that couples normally do, and yet, for anyone else, they were roommates and nothing else.

It wasn't... fair.

“Ok, about what?” Joey says, holding Harry close to him, his hands on the shorter man's waist.

“About us” Harry explains, frowning a bit, “I mean, I know we're having fun, and that we are great together, but, Joey, I... I don't want to be just a distraction to you, and nothing else. I... *like* you. A whole lot. And I don't want you to just up and leave one day, leaving me behind, or asking me to leave, or having a girl in the apartment one morning when you get bored. I need to know what *we* are, Joey.”

Joey steps away and frowns, as if he's thinking very, very hard about something.

“I thought we... we were having fun?” he asks more than states, and Harry sighs.

Deep down he knew it'd end up like this.

Thing is Joey doesn't seem like the commitment type. He's never even had a girlfriend for more than a few months, and the circulation of girls in his apartment seemed to be pretty high before Harry had moved in with him. And now they were... well, having fun, but it had been three months already, and Harry was... falling.

Falling hard for Joey, in a way he hadn't been expecting, and now he was so completely screwed, because Joey probably saw him as an experiment or something, a different flavor in his life, when he could have all the girls he wanted.

And he was in love with the idiot.

“So, that's all we are. Fun” Harry says, and watches Joey for his reaction.

The man scratches his head, and tilts his head to the side, as if he's considering.

"Aren't we?" he asks back, and Harry sighs again.

"Yeah. Yeah, we are" he says, and leaves the apartment.

Maybe he should start thinking about moving out.

X

"I need to talk to you" Joey says, barging into Chandler and Monica's apartment. Chandler looks up from his paper and Monica raises her eyebrows.

"Sure, Joe, what's up?" Chandler says, and Joey looks as if his words are trying to choke him.

"Look, I kissed him too, ok? And I like kissing him. I even like the way he smells, because he smells awfully good, but not in the way girls do, okay? And we've been doing... stuff. And he was all weird this morning, and when I said we were fun he looked all hurt and stuff, as if I had killed his puppy or something, and now I don't know what to do, because I don't know what the problem is!"

The couple was staring at him as if he had been talking Greek, which, in a way, he was.

What the hell?

"Are you talking about Harry? You and Harry have been kissing, is that it?" Monica asks eagerly.

"Yeah! And now he's all weird, and I think I hurt him, but I don't know how! I mean, we *are* fun, and I haven't had any girl in the apartment in the whole time we've been doing stuff! I don't even want to! I like being with him, and he's fun! *We* are fun! I don't know what I did to make him do that face!"

Chandler was still quiet, his mouth hanging wide open, but Monica sighed and went to sit beside Joey on the couch where he had thrown himself onto when he finished his ranting. She put a hand on his shoulder, squeezing it reassuringly.

"You and Harry have been together this whole time, then?" Joey nodded, still looking miserable, and Chandler was still with his mouth open, "What *did* he say to you, then?"

"He said we should talk about us. And then he said he didn't want me to kick him out. And something about me being bored and girls staying over, but I don't want girls anymore! I want him! What do I do?" he wails at the end, putting his head in his hands, and Monica smiles, while Chandler shakes his head.

Figures that Joey would fall in love by the *guy* he's living with, and not know what to do to keep him.

“Joey, you need to tell him that. Why don’t you go over there, and tell Harry what you told us?”

Joey is quiet for a while, and then he nods decisively, getting up.

“I’ll do that” he ends up saying, leaving and closing the door firmly behind him.

Monica and Chandler look at each other – Chandler with barely disguised shock, and Monica full of glee.

“Did you know Joey was...”

“No!” Monica answers, grinning manically.

“You think they’ll...”

“Yes!” she says, almost shouting.

“You are totally being a fangirl for them, aren’t you?” Chandler ends up asking, resigned.

“I KNOW!” she squeals, and calls Phoebe.

Weird people, man.

X

“I don’t want you to move out!” is the first thing out of Joey’s mouth when he goes back to the apartment. Harry looks up from the screen he has been writing on and fixes his glasses in place, before frowning.

“Okay” he answers, and Joey goes to him, sitting by his side.

“I’m no good at this, okay? But I like... us. I like you. A lot. More than I’ve ever liked anyone else this way. I don’t want this to end, but I’m not good in this kind of stuff, so I need you to *tell me* what you want to know. I don’t want to lose you because I’m too stupid to understand when you’re being all subtle and stuff.”

Harry smiles at that and closes his laptop, staring at Joey.

“You really want us to be together? Like a couple? With people knowing?”

“Yes.”

“And it won’t bother you that this will probably end up in the magazines that talk about *Days of Our Lives*?”

“I have a big gay fan base. They’ll keep me in the show” Joey answers very seriously, as if he’s thought about it a lot.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“You’re not just saying that? Do you really mean it?” Harry asks again, but Joey has done enough talking.

He pulls Harry close, and the man squeaks when he hears his laptop hit the floor, but Joey doesn’t let him go – his hands press Harry close to him, and they kiss.

And it’s perfect.

X

Eventually Harry will tell Joey about his past, and the fact that he’s a wizard. They’ll grow as people together, Harry will learn how to trust and love all of Joey’s friends, and Joey will understand the value of the love they share. Eventually they’ll all move out of that building, with kids or work or life taking them away.

But it’ll be all worth it.

Because they are together.

Chapter End Notes

The next one will have the pack of Teen Wolf in it, because I’m weird that way.

Thank you for reading it!

End Notes

REVIEW!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!