

Harry Potter had serious issues. Issues he didn't even realise he had until this very moment. Issues that you didn't talk to your friends or family about unless you wanted to be a laughing stock for generations to come. No, this was a problem you mentioned only in therapy, with a lengthy contract about patient confidentiality and perhaps an endless supply of polyjuice potion. "Get this thing off me, Longbottom!" Draco yelled as his hands swivelled back and forth, trying to get out of the tight grip of the oak tree whose branches decided to come out to play as soon as Draco had run into the clearing.

Harry clutched his Auror robes tight as another breeze went through him. He stared at the muddy ground, trying to subtly shift his torturous bulge, which would get a nice talking to as soon as they got home. Perhaps Ron wasn't wrong when he called him a 'Drama Queen', but what other than a mental breakdown could make this scene so bloody hot.

In hindsight, it had probably taken Harry far longer than it rightly should have to realise that he was very much gay. But then, could you really blame him? What with having a Dark lord after his arse since he was a baby, surely it made sense that certain teenage discoveries had been less of a priority. However, after a very awkward breakup with Ginny, which involved far too many discussions of erectile dysfunction, Harry had been determined to do some self-discovery. Coming to terms with his sexuality had been easy enough. Unfortunately, it came with the rather horrifying realisation that his brain had an utterly kinky and very much unhealthy obsession with none other than Draco bloody Malfoy. Why was he attracted to the wanker? Harry had no clue, nor did his therapist, though they had recently been speculating that he could be a masochist.

"Hold on, Malfoy, just hold on," Neville said, brows furrowed.

"It's... it's going in my pants," Draco whimpered, his voice laced with horror. "This tree is trying to molest me!"

"Merlin help me," Harry whispered under his breath as he watched the vines flip the blond in the air, his legs splayed wide and his bound wrists dangling below his head. Merlin, apparently Harry was a lot kinkier than he had originally thought. Was this some sort of test? Because if so, he was failing spectacularly. And here he thought maybe his obsession was simmering down. .

"You have to stop wiggling and calm—" Neville began.

"Have a horny plant after your arse, then tell me to calm down!" Draco interrupted indignantly.

Harry could feel his lips curling, but he refused to laugh at the blonde git. After all, that would draw Draco's attention, and if the blond turned those grey eyes on him in his current state, there was a very good chance he would cum in his pants, after which he'd have to let the plant eat him to avoid the humiliation.

But then, a stifled snort escaped from his left. "Should we give you some privacy?" George asked.

Harry's head snapped up, his eyes widening in surprise. The ginger was completely relaxed, watching Draco with a vindictive smile. Harry had never seen such a look on his face. Illuminated by the moonlight, his expression seemed all the more cold. It sent a chill down his spine.

"Now's not the time for you to finally speak, Weasley," Draco snarled as he continued to struggle in vain. "If you aren't going to help, then fuck off and go back to being invisible!"

George's smile faltered, his expression turning sombre—an expression that had become all too familiar since the war. . It was something that the whole Weasley clan was affected by, though they hid it well most days.

Harry glared at the blond, who was now swaying left and right as Neville finally managed to get one of his feet out of the branches' clutch. He was silently thanking the gods that his erection had finally faded. "You're being a git, Malfoy."

"If you want my help on this case, I would suggest you shut it, Potter! Plus, this is your fault!" Draco snapped back.

Right, another reason why Harry has tried to get rid of this ridiculous obsession. Draco was an utter arsehat that despised him. but since the war, his hatred had grown to an unprecedented level, which was impressive considering how they'd hated each other as kids. Every chance the Slytherin had he would try to pick a fight with Harry and his friends, almost as though he sought them out for that reason alone. Not that Harry was any better, but Draco always managed to get under his skin so easily. The point was Harry James Potter and Draco Lucius Malfoy would never EVER happen, for so many reasons that Harry could not list them all, but despite this his body refused to listen to reason.

"Hello?! Earth to Potter?!"

Harry blinked, focusing on the still very irritated Malfoy, who was finally out of the lifting “horny plant’s” grasp and glaring at him accusingly. “Erm, right, I did try to warn you about all the traps for the house,” Harry murmured.

Draco rolled his eyes and began attempting to remove the leaves from his hair.. “Salazar, Potter! You said the house would have traps. The *house*! Not the bloody forest it resided in! Truly are you so much of an imbecile that you can’t give a bloke a proper rundown?”

“If you would have let me fully debrief you, then maybe you would have known...and don’t call me an idiot, prat.”

“I didn’t call you an idiot! I called you an imbecile,” Draco retorted, rolling his eyes again before picking up his wand that had landed in a muddy puddle. He grimaced as he used the edge of his robes to try to remove the mud. “If you hadn’t specifically requested I take this mission, I would have declined.”

Harry closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. “You don’t have to be here unwillingly. I’m sure we could find someone else.”

“You know damn well you can’t solve this case without me,” Draco sniffed, spelling his robes and hair clean with his wand. . “I’m the best in the department. You lot would perish trying to find all the curses and traps in here.”

Harry winced as his head began to ache. He shook himself, resolved to ignore it; this wasn’t the first, and it wouldn’t be the last. He’d been plagued with recurring headaches for the past year or so. Hermione had tried everything from warnings to lectures to outright threats to get him to have it checked out, but he truly didn’t think it was a big deal. Having to constantly block spells coming at you, being tackled, punched, and even whipped... Yeah, whipped. The occasional headache seemed like a normal response.

“Look, Malfoy, we have a way of doing things here, and they call us the suicidal division for a reason. We have plenty of experience dealing with the extreme cases, so if you want to leave—.”

“Spare me the considerate act, Potter. Draco sneered. “Don’t think I don’t know that you not only rejected my application to your little ‘Happy Campers’ unit, but your stated reasoning was what again?” He tilted his head to the side as though in thought before giving a smile that was colder than the night wind blowing through the forest. “Hmm, what was it? Too wild? Too passionate? Ah, no, no, too *emotional*, yes, that was it!” He seethed. “Malfoy, you shouldn’t know—” Harry began.

“Ah, yes, was it classified?” He replied. “Guess the rumour mill is stronger than you thought. So imagine my surprise when two weeks later, Shacklebolt himself requested for me to join your little merry crew on this adventure. I suppose my *emotions* didn’t matter then, seeing as your own very less qualified curse-breaker almost kills himself and you lot!”