Title: Beware of Open Water - #2 in the Harry and Draco's Honeymoon Series

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Summary: Harry and Draco were going scuba diving, because Draco loved Harry more than anything in his life. He knew that this would make his husband very happy. Besides, Harry had promised some really hot and mind-blowing sex in the suite's hot tub when they returned. REPOST from 2004

Pairing: Drarry

Rating: M, only for mild swearing

Genres: Romance, Humor

Warnings: Adult language, M/M slash

Beta:Gavilan

Disclaimer: JK Rowling owns all the Harry Potter Universe. I don't even own the plot. It's based on the movie "Open Water". This is a sequel to "There Are No Palm Trees in Paris: #1 in the Harry and Draco's Honeymoon Series.

Beware of Open Water

By Cyane Snape

The day started off sunny and warm, just what you would want for a diving adventure off a Caribbean island. Harry and Draco Potter-Malfoy had decided that this wizard's resort would be the perfect get-away for two newly-married, but famous, wizards. No one would know who they were on this island. Most natives didn't even speak English. It was the perfect choice for the Savior of the Wizarding World and his beloved non-Death Eater husband.

Harry spent two days working on Draco so they could go diving. The blond's delicate sensibilities balked at many outdoor activities, especially stressful, energetic ones. His idea for the day was to stay on the

chaise in a foot of water, baking in the hot tropical sun.

Today they were going wizard scuba diving, because Draco loved Harry more than anything in his life. He knew that this would make his husband very happy. Besides, Harry had promised some really hot and mind-blowing sex in the suite's hot tub when they returned.

~*~

After nearly an hour underwater, the gillyweed that helped them breathe was beginning to wear off. Harry and Draco had loved exploring the dive site and even spotted a mother humpback whale with her calf.

Two wet heads, one blond, one dark, broke the surface of the crystal blue water.

"Wow, Draco, did you see that? Wasn't that incredible?"

The blond continued to tread water and swam in a tight circle around his new husband.

"I mean, think, a mother and her baby; does it get any cuter than that?"

"Harry?"

Harry swam close to his lover and looped his hand through his mate's vest. "What, love?"

"Harry, where's the boat?"

“What do you mean, Draco?”

“Look around you, my love. WHERE’S THE FUCKING DIVE BOAT?”

Harry swam in a nearly identical circle around Draco.

“Uh, Draco…where’s the boat?”

“Are we having a sense of déjà vu here?”

~*~

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

“Harry?”

“What?”

“Something just bumped my foot.”

“It’s probably a grouper.”

Bump. Bump.

“It’s BIG FUCKING GROUPER, Harry!”

“It’s a grouper…maybe a tarpon…but nothing dangerous.”

“IT’S A FUCKING SHARK! I KNOW IT IS!”

“It’s not a shark.”

“How do you know that?! You don’t know everything, Harry. It could be a shark.”

“It’s not a shark.”

“I say it’s a shark and it’s going to eat me alive.”

Harry smirked, “If it eats you, you won’t be alive.”

“Ha. Ha.”

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

“It’s a shark.”

“No, it’s not.”

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

“I’m thirsty, Harry.”

“Do not drink the sea water, whatever you do, understand?”

“Ooops.”

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

“Harry?”

“What now?”

“I’m feeling a little nauseous.”

“Try to vomit.”

“Eeeew.”

“You’ll feel better.”

“Harry, I sincerely doubt that puking up my breakfast while stranded in the middle of the ocean will make me feel better.”

BARF!

“Feel better?”

“Yes. Damn you. I hate it when you’re right.”

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

“This is your fault, you know.”

I knew it. It was only a matter of time. “I’m sorry, love. I didn’t plan for the boat to leave us stranded in the middle of the ocean.”

“It’s still your fault. I wanted to go shopping, but you wanted to play with the fish.”

“God forbid you miss a day in the shops!”

“Don’t yell at me. I’m under stress.”

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

BUMP.

“THAT FUCKING SHARK IS BACK, HARRY!”

“IT…IS…NOT…A….SHARK!”

“Yes, it is.”

“Have you seen a fin? You know the big thing that sticks up on the back of a SHARK!”

“No.”

“Humph.”

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

“Harry?”

“What?”

“Wanna have sex?”

“MALFOY, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?”

“Just thought I’d ask.”

30 minutes later

Floating. Treading water. Floating some more…

“Harry.”

“What?!”

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Draco.”

“I don’t want to die like this.”

“Me neither.”

“SO HOW LONG IS IT GOING TO TAKE FOR YOU TO FIGURE OUT THAT YOU ARE THE MOST POWERFUL WIZARD ON THE FUCKING PLANET AND YOU COULD JUST APPARATE US THE BLOODY HELL BACK TO THE HOTEL?”

“Oh. Sorry.”

Crack!

~*~fin~*~