

Veggie!H/D Episode I: Eggplant Parmesan

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A shopping cart romance featuring Eggplant!Draco and Tomato!Harry. Recipes be damned – some love is just not meant to be. Entry for the yet-to-exist hd_vegemagus fest.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Eggplant Parmesan

The sprinkler went on, showering the world with sparkling droplets; Draco swallowed as he gazed towards the other end of the produce section, feeling his rod getting heavier and his nub taut and sensitive – why must Harry look so damn edible all the time? He shifted uncomfortably, using the water as lubricant, and immediately lifted his hips for the palm that had just reached for him.

Oh, the heat! Draco groaned, purple with fiery lust. His leaves were curling, his eyes shuttered closed only to snap open at the voice of the owner of the hand, whose fingers caressed so lovingly, no, covetously, along every inch of his skin.

"This is a good eggplant – nice and firm," Ginny Weasley was explaining to a child beside her, both with hair flaming like spaghetti Bolognese. Draco instantly deflated; she didn't seem to notice, however, and soon he felt cold steel rods pressing beneath him.

He was going to be taken by the Weasleys, of all people. As the sight before him diffused to a blur, Draco willed himself to believe the moisture in his eyes was from the sprinklers before.

Just as he was contemplating a jump from the shopping cart to defend his Malfoy pride, he heard the child scream, "Mum, I thought we were making guacamole today!"

"Right," the mother answered, resigned; she must have hoped to neglect a promise she had made. Draco smirked. So typical of these low lives.

But then, all ceased to matter within a second. Draco had to suppress a yelp when the tomato of his dreams landed close to him, glowing in a sea of guardian avocados that were engaged in a convenient orgy. The eggplant fumed with jealous rage. Harry, who was always surrounded by admirers ... Harry, whose fellow veggies managed to steal the spotlight of every dish of which he should be the star – even eggplant parmesan.

An ovenful of envy, breaded with desires, consumed him, and Draco was hard again. He leaned forcefully back against the metal bars; it was easy with the child steering

the cart like a monster truck.

He was close, so close. He swung his hips for better contact, his imagination taking flight – Harry's smooth skin flush against his, the bulge that shone scarlet in the light desperately rocking against his own.

A bump on his shoulders startled Draco out of his thoughts.

"Stop doing that, Malfoy," the *real* tomato huffed, almost indignantly, "it leaves a Dark Mark on the flesh. Or," the look turned suspicious, "do you already have one?"

This git really did have a saving veggie thing, didn't he? Draco swallowed; before he could respond, however, Harry rolled over and sealed his words with a kiss.

Draco returned the gesture, inundated by a fresh scent as his senses sang praises of the way Harry tasted – a little sour and a tad sweet, just like a tomato. The firm body, indicative of years of being thrown around like a Snitch, was shoving towards Draco, who turned so that the curve of his purple length hugged the scarlet contour.

"I want you. I've wanted you forever," Harry whispered. "I've tried to follow you but ..."

Draco continued for him, "It was Voldie, wasn't it? That grocer boy who pitched you back in place every evening."

Harry nodded, blushing. Draco decided to not let him know of that time when he had tried to slither his way into Harry's corner after a wash, only to have knocked several of his mates on the floor. How this red and gold species consented to valiantly sacrifice so many lives for one, Draco had not been able to fathom, but now, looking at those leaves that fluttered so slightly with embarrassment, Draco thought he could appreciate the effort.

"It's all over now," he consoled, nudging closer. Voldie had been fired several days ago after attempting to pelt Harry on a customer's face. He had been replaced by someone with a much better temper, if less tidy.

Eyes, brilliant green, focused on Draco. The world closed upon them, banishing even the avocados, who had inched very close, their rugged appearance betraying none of the greasiness that signified a more than sad love life and by extension, an appetite for free porn.

Harry seemed to feel the same way. "Take me," he said, almost inaudible.

Draco did. He thrust his length against Harry, gently at first, but the sight of Harry squirming beneath him was far too much for his control. He went harder, faster, never feeling more wonderful and so eager to please, and Harry was moaning, his succulent flesh yielding to Draco's incessant pounding –

"Getting there, Draco, gonna ..."

Draco was about to burst too. His vision swirled, shelves and groceries spinning above him; he had heard in childhood tales that one passage to heaven looked like this – a space of revolving white. He almost expected a bell that would sound and the phantom of a flash that read *Food is ready*.

But they didn't come. Instead, the toned body slumped beneath him as seeds sprayed all over on his chest. Draco let out a sigh, one of satisfied bliss, before crooking his head to look at his lover.

No.

NO!

All that was left beneath him was a wet, imploded mess. Draco stared in horror as it fell through the gap between the metal rods and landed in a plop on the not-so-pristine floor.

In a blink of an eye, the wheels of their shopping cart rolled right over it; and the tomato who lived, the courageous veggie that survived Voldie's legendary wrath, had disintegrated into a trail of vegan blood.

Even his love was venomous, suffocating as the colour of his skin; despair overcame Draco, who did the one thing that would be his last. Remembering Harry's words, he frotted against the cart, this time, harshly, mechanically, his body cold as the steel that was slowly destroying him; patches of black soon mired his skin, and his smooth flesh sunk into shadows of decay.

Death was his destiny, after all. He gave a bitter smile as he levitated near the cashier, listening to the Weaselette gently telling the child off for rattling the cart too much and to grab another eggplant from the produce section. Did she even notice Harry was missing?

That bitch.

The sound of coins against plastic drawers rang his death knell. As Draco lay on the magazine rack, swathed in a kaleidoscope of spring fashion and weight loss tips, he thought he saw a land where eggplant parmesan was the staple dinner item, where Dumbledore, that old loon with cheesy taste, would preside over his and Harry's bonding ceremony ...

Wait for me, Harry.

~ Finis